

The journals of Washington Irving (hitherto unpublished) ed. by William P. Trent and George S. Hellman. Volume 1

THE TOUR IN WALES—1815

FRANCE—1820

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, ETC.

THE RHINE COUNTRY—DRESDEN, ETC.

VOLUME I

IRVING IN 1820, LONDON AFTER PAINTING BY G. STUART NEWTON

Aston Hall, Near Birmingham Sketch of Bracebridge Hall, that gave the title to the second of Irving's famous works written in England. "Bracebridge Hall" was published in 1822. From the pencil drawing made in 1870, by Thomas Wakeman, and now for the first time reproduced.

THE JOURNALS OF WASHINGTON IRVING (HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED)

EDITED BY WILLIAM P. TRENT AND GEORGE S. HELLMAN

PRINTED FOR MEMBERS ONLY

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FOREWORD

The original manuscript journals of Washington Irving from which this work is printed, consist of twenty-four small volumes, mostly measuring four by six inches, bound in calfskin. They are written chiefly in pencil, though partly in ink, and range from 1815 to 1842. After remaining ensconced in the archives of the Irving family for many years, they were recently purchased by Mr. George S. Hellman from Irving's grandnephew, Mr. Irving Van Wart, and soon thereafter they passed into the collection of the late Isaac N. Seligman. The rights of publication were, however, reserved by Mr. Hellman, from whom The Bibliophile Society acquired them.

As to the contents of the volumes, it would be superfluous to dwell at length here, since the salient features have been referred to by the editors in their joint Introduction. And on this point it may be remarked that it has been the usual custom of editors and authors to proportion the length and argumentative force of their introductory matter to the merit of the book,—always expostulating at greatest length and vehemence upon a dull work,—with the feeling, perhaps, that what the book lacks in interest should be made up to the reader in the front matter. It only remains to be said that the editors of this work have made their Introduction very short, though very readable; and neither in phraseology nor extent viii does it come within the stricture that Jonathan Swift passed upon this ancient method of advertising the contents of a book when he said: “I do utterly disapprove and declare against that pernicious custom, of making the preface a bill of fare to the book.

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For I have always looked upon it as a high point of in-discretion in monstermongers, and other retailers of strange sights, to hang out a fair large picture over the door, drawn after the life, with a most eloquent description underneath. This hath saved me many a three-pence; for my curiosity was fully satisfied, and I never offered to go in, though often invited by the urging and attending orator, with his last moving and standing piece of rhetoric, 'Sir, upon my word, we are just going to begin.' Such is exactly the fate, at this time, of Prefaces, Epistles, Advertisements, Introductions, Prolegomenas, and Apparatus To the Readers. This expedient was admirable at first. Our great Dryden has long carried it as far as it would go, and with incredible success. He hath often said to me in confidence, that the world would have never suspected him to be so great a poet, if he had not assured them so frequently in his prefaces, that it was impossible they could either doubt or forget it. Perhaps it may be so: however, I much fear, his instructions have edified out of their place, and taught men to grow wiser in certain points, where he never intended they should; for it is lamentable to behold with what a lazy scorn many of the yawning readers in our age do nowadays twirl over forty or fifty pages of preface and dedication (which is the usual modern stint), as if it were so much Latin

"Having thus paid my due deference and acknowledgment to an established custom of our newest

Self-Caricature of Irving, Shaving From the original pencil drawing made in London, 1805, and now for the first time reproduced.

ix authors, by a long digression unsought for, and an universal censure unprovoked; by forcing into the light, with much pains and dexterity, my own excellencies, and other men's defaults, with great justice to myself, and candour to them; I now happily resume my subject, to the infinite satisfaction both of the reader and the author."

And following the example of this great master, I shall "happily resume my subject" by observing that any part of an author's work which bears an intimate relationship to the whole is essentially important, and certainly Irving would not have taken the pains to make

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and preserve so exhaustive a record of his travels and observations covering a period of more than twenty years had he not considered it worth his while.

Irving, as a writer, is of course known to every reader, but in these journals he is presented for the first time to the public not only as a diarist, but in the rôle of caricaturist, as shown by the accompanying facsimiles. That he was a draughtsman of some talent is proven by the facsimiles of his numerous sketches scattered throughout this work.

As the interest in a painting is accentuated by some knowledge of the subject, an acquaintance with the artist and the circumstances attendant upon its creation, so the works of a writer—even one with an established fame—may take on an added interest in the light of biographical data, the sources of inspiration and other contributory elements of the author's genius. These journals, containing as they do a carefully detailed account of Irving's travels, experiences and observations during the development and productive periods of his genius, may therefore be regarded as having an important bearing upon American literature, entirely apart from their historic significance or their value as records of travel.

The transcription of the hastily scribbled text, with its multiplicity of names of persons and places, was a prodigious undertaking to which Mr. George S. Hellman, with his remarkable skill in deciphering difficult manuscript, has devoted many months of assiduous labor. To the average reader the original Ms. is in large part nothing short of an unintelligible conglomerate, and this may perhaps account for the fact that its transcription has not hitherto been accomplished. The fact that the text was intended only for Irving's private use makes it none the less interesting to the student or to the casual reader. The footnotes—which are the collaboration of Professor Trent and Mr. Hellman—are the result of careful analysis, scholarly attainments, and exhaustive research. They are brief and informative, and add greatly to the elucidation of the text.

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Here and there throughout his journals Irving jotted down incidents and ideas which later on were rounded out and became important parts of his literary works. The style is usually terse and comprehensive, and if the reiteration of topographical observations and chronicles of inns, dinner parties, and other unimportant matters border on the monotonous at times, they at least have the advantage of brevity. Entries that appear inconsequential to the average reader may contain much of biographical interest to the student; therefore deeming it unwise to take any liberties with the author's text we have thought best to give the journal entries in their entirety, just as he wrote them. The numerous vivid descriptions of historic places, the unrestrained comment

A Young English Girl From the original pencil drawing by Washington Irving—London, 1805—and now for the first time reproduced. The sketch recalls the drawings of Kate Greenaway.

xi on the manners and costumes of the people, the narrations of experiences and of legendary matter and folk-lore, will be found amply sufficient to sustain the reader's interest.

A few brief passages selected at random will suffice to acquaint the reader with the character of the work. For example, in recording his impressions of the French, Irving says: "The French woman dips into love like a duck into water—'t is but a shake of the feathers and a wag of the tail, and all is well again; but an English woman is like a heedless hen. venturing into a pool, who is drowned."

Again, Irving notes that in Germany "they make cows and old women work—women seem in this country to be among the beasts of burden—and it appears to be computed that a healthy peasant woman can carry as much as a donkey. They are of course broken down, destitute, etc., when old." In commenting on Scott and Byron he says: "The facility with which Scott and Byron produce their works has induced many to undervalue their talents.

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Nothing is easier than the flight of an eagle—he soars up to heaven without an effort and sails about in the clouds without labor. So do Scott and Byron in the heaven of narration.”

At Vienna Irving made the following journal entry,—interesting in the light of recent events: “Nations are fast losing their nationality. The great and increasing intercourse, the exchange of fashions, the uniformity of opinions by the diffusion of literature are fast destroying those peculiarities that formerly prevailed. We shall in time grow to be very much one people, unless a return of barbarism throw us again into clans.”

In narrating the adventures of his friend Phelan xii at an inn in the south of France, the diarist says: “He told servant maid to awake him early before the others—going to bed passed what had been chapel—at present a stable or warehouse—great boxes, bales—men at work by dull light of one lamp—slept in room that apparently had been a cell—in morning before daybreak awakened by knocking at door that seemed to rise in the room where he was—saw by light that gleamed thro' chink of the door some dark figure passing and repassing—attempted to spring out of bed—something held him back fast—fell and tumbled everything with him—inn alarmed—cry of thieves—odd figures that came out—man in greatcoat terribly alarmed—explanation:—a woman had been put in the same room with him who had just come out of a mad house cured, and was to go back to her friends by the same coach, so to save necessity of calling at various doors they had put her in same room. He had been held back in bed by the circumstances of there being but one sheet—which was doubled—and he was entangled in the fold.”

Irving records some rather interesting experiences in Spain. One of his entries would seem to indicate that the modern colloquial phrase, “ *Good Night!* ” was used by the Spanish in the early part of the last century, as shown by the following admonition by an inn-keeper who advised him against taking a journey at night through a section infested with robbers: “You have but two soldiers,” cautioned the host,—“If any robbers were on the lookout, they could post themselves so as to shoot down the soldiers, and then— *Buena noche!* ”

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Under date of August 15, at Barcelona, he made the following entry:—

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“Assumption Day—a holiday. At eleven o'clock” walk out with Mr. Sterling—visit the old municipality and the buildings of Gothic architecture—low, broad arches—visit the Cathedral. Shrine of Saint Olegarius, formerly a bishop, was admitted behind the altar and saw his body preserved in a glass case—a hideous relique—clothed in bishop's robes—face like a mummy—nose gone—teeth grinning—black, withered hands covered with rings and precious stones. When the French had possession of Barcelona and the Spaniards were approaching to attack it, there was a rumour throughout the city that the saint had raised one of his hands. It was hailed as a sure omen of deliverance from their invaders. Gen[era]l Suchet, an Italian general who commanded the French army, went to the Cathedral with a detach[men]t of his troops. He stationed some round the building and entered with others. Summoning the canons, etc., he entered the shrine of the saint and found that his hand was actually elevated in a menacing manner. ‘Come, come,’ said the shrewd Italian, ‘this will never do. I must have that hand down.’ So saying he replaced the hand upon the breast. ‘And now, Saint—,’ said he, ‘let me assure you one thing—if you raise your hand again, I will not only have you hanged, but all these good people of the Cathedral shot!’ The saint never lifted his hand afterwards.

“In the Cathedral, under the grand altar, is a crypt in which is the shrine and body of the St. Eulalia. A queen once desired to look into the urn. It was opened, but she was struck blind. She never recovered her sight until she made a present to the saint of a veil enriched with precious stones of immense value, which is yearly carried forth in procession. xiv There is a tradition that it will finally be stolen from the church by a band of reapers; wherefore, once a year, when it is carried forth, the gates of the town are shut.

“In the Cathedral are likewise the coffins of Bishop Berenguer and—, two counts of Barcelona. They are covered with red velvet and adorned with rich, gilded escutcheons and are supported on brackets against the side wall of the Cathedral. In the cloisters a

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curious statue in relief of a knight in ancient armour with the Virgin and Child appearing to him. Under the grand organ hangs a wooden head of a man with goggle eyes, open mouth, and immense beard. Once a year, upon the performance of certain music, the mouth opens, the head wags, and a stop of the organ imitates loud, incoherent sounds to the great amusement of the congregation.”

In printing Irving's journals it has not been deemed advisable in all cases to follow the methods of abbreviation he adopted in his hurried jottings, although we have preserved the original as far as seemed consistent with lucidity and good form. In cases where his abbreviated words have been spelled out in printing, brackets have been used to indicate the letters supplied. His spelling—sometimes inconsistent—has been followed, except where a misspelled word obviously resulted from a slip of the pen. He often spelled proper names in two or three different ways—sometimes right, sometimes wrong—and we have usually preferred to retain his own spelling, when intelligible. In many instances, where Irving adopted the old-style spelling of words, they have not been modernized in the printing. Punctuation has been added where it seemed necessary in order more easily to obtain a clear understanding of

Caricature of an English Officer From the original pencil drawing by Washington Irving, made in England, in 1805, and now for the first time reproduced. It is interesting to compare this sketch with similar drawings by Thackeray.

xv the text. The Ms. is replete with dashes, which oftentimes assume the function of periods, and they have usually been retained with a view to reproducing the form and flavor of the original, as far as this can be done in type without too great inconvenience to the reader. Irving was not always scrupulously accurate in the use of italics and quotation marks, or in his French, German, Italian and Spanish names and phrases, but there is an interesting quaintness about his attempts at foreign languages that we have thought best to preserve, since his meaning is fairly obvious in most cases. As a prophet, however, he was more accurate when he made the following journal entry in France: “Read ill-natured fling at me in American papers. *It is hard to be stabbed in the back by one's own kin when*

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attacked in front by strangers. No matter—my countrymen may regret some day or other that they turned from me with such caprice, the moment foes abroad assailed me.”

Our thanks are due to Mrs. Isaac N. Seligman, not only for her kindness in placing the original Mss. in the hands of the editors for comparison in proofreading, but for having furnished from her own collection a volume of original drawings by Thomas Wakeman, illustrating the life of Irving. From these we have made facsimile reproductions of Henry Van Wart's house in Birmingham, where Irving wrote “Rip Van Winkle”; Aston Hall, the original of “Bracebridge Hall” and “Sunnyside,” Irving's home, adjoining that of Mrs. Seligman, at Irvington-on-the-Hudson. Grateful acknowledgments are also due to Major George Haven Putnam, Mr. Irving Van Wart, and to Dr. Peter H. Goldsmith for their cordial interest and co-operation in the preparation of this work; and especially to Mrs. Lillian Lang Scheffer, xvi who has rendered the most competent and invaluable assistance to the editors in tracing up hundreds of historical and biographical references for elucidating notes.

Henry H. Harper.

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INTRODUCTION

By William P. Trent and George S. Hellman

The reasons that underlie the present publication *in extenso* of the Note-books of Washington Irving differ somewhat from those usually prevailing when publicity is given to diaries, correspondence, notes, jottings, and other posthumous materials for the study of the lives and works of famous men. Often the chief value of such materials is to be found in the fact that they illustrate the evolution of a masterpiece, or the development of a style or some other artistic method, or the growth of a philosophy or a theory, or the successive stages of an interesting career. Often, on the other hand, the chief value of such materials is more objective and external in character, and lies in the interest attaching to events

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participated in, scenes witnessed, lands and peoples described, important or delightful persons met, and the like—the writer of the letters, notes, or diary serving mainly as a medium, sometimes nearly disregarded, through which the reader secures enjoyment. In the one case we tend to move in the world of the abstract—in the fields of criticism, philosophy, science, or biography viewed as more or less a work of art; in the other, for the most part, we move in the world of the concrete, the real, the panoramic, the spectacular, a world delighting eye and ear, and only secondarily bringing into play the processes of reflection.

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Now although portions of these Note-books of Irving might easily be cited as justifying their inclusion in either or both of the classes into which we have ventured to divide this type of fragmentary material—for example, the later volumes, which furnish the notes out of which Irving constructed his “Tour on the Prairies,” and the volumes describing the life of the Saxon court and of the foreign residents of Dresden—the diaries and jottings here presented, when viewed as a whole, scarcely seem to fall primarily into either class, and justification for their publication, especially on a scale which involves the inclusion of some entries so personal and trivial as to be devoid of general interest, must be looked for along lines other than those indicated.

It seems to us that we offer the best justification for the appearance of these memorials of travel in their entirety when we lay special emphasis upon their attractively human qualities and their exceptional copiousness and variety. They do illustrate, as we shall see, Irving's life and character in interesting new and needed ways; yet if their provenance had been unknown, if no clue to the identity of the traveller had been given, one would have been repaid for following him from Wales to Spain—not perhaps for tarrying so long in Dresden and Paris—and one would have felt conscious of having been in the company of a singularly charming, cultured, mellow human being. That this delightful gentleman is Washington Irving, America's first great literary spokesman to the old world, and that we accompany him during the years which witnessed his evolution from a social essayist and

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story-teller into a biographer and historian, these are facts that add greatly to the value of the present volumes; but xix they do not primarily create it. A good deal was already known about Irving, and there is such a thing as a superfluity of biographical detail; but of intimate contacts with truly human personalities, who will be rash enough to pronounce himself wearied? One who is at all shrewd naturally forbears passing such a judgment upon himself.

Again, we can readily point to diaries or journals that introduce us to more thrilling scenes, that describe in greater detail cities and lands in which we happen to take peculiar interest, that are laid in periods about which we are better informed or else are more curious, that make us acquainted with a larger number of important or exceptional personages; but it would be hard to point to volumes of travel notes so varied in scope as these which begin in the picturesque scenery of Wales, cross the Channel to the France of the years immediately following the Napoleonic régime, visit the Rhine cities just recovering from the effects of years of war, traverse Bavaria, Austria, and Bohemia, tarry in Dresden, then return to France for sojourns in Paris, for tours in interesting regions of the country, and for visits to provincial towns, cross the Pyrenees into Spain, linger at Madrid, journey in slow fashion through the backward provinces, then—extraordinary contrast—transport us to what was then the great undeveloped West, to the prairies and the Indians, and finally, after giving us glimpses of primitive bits of New York State, enable us to accompany a newly appointed minister to the country to which he has been accredited. The “God's plenty” Dryden discovered in Chaucer's “Prologue” is a different sort of abundance from that which we find in these Note-books, but Dr. Johnson, giving credit xx to his assailant, the satirist Churchill, is good authority for our emphasizing copiousness of every sort as a merit not to be underrated. In these Journals, then, we are not so much concerned with Irving the writer or with the extent to which his Note-books elucidate his works or contribute to the stock of the world's knowledge as we are with Irving the man and what he saw in many lands during the years of his active maturity.

This is not to say, however, that we waive all insistence upon the biographical, literary, and artistic value of the materials here presented for the first time in practical completeness. It is our opinion that Pierre M. Irving, when he compiled the "Life and Letters" of his illustrious uncle, even if due allowance be made for the physical limits set to his undertaking and for the embarrassing wealth of material at his disposal, was not well advised in drawing so little upon these Journals. The touching and romantic legend of an Irving unvisited by love after the early death of Matilda Hoffman would have obtained little credence and currency if the pages of the Dresden Note-books had remained intact—some erasures having been attempted in bygone days—and if the personal details furnished by them had been more freely and intelligently drawn upon in the "Life and Letters." Of scandal there is fortunately not a breath, but that Irving was sufficiently human to wish to marry, and that he was capable both of deep attachments and of passing propensions to charming women, the entries concerning Emily Foster and Mme. de Bergh clearly prove. Once more the full truth rightly apprehended vindicates its superiority to sentimentalized legend and sophisticated record.

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That Irving was a man of flesh and blood, not merely a bookworm or an animated pen, is brought out in other ways. These Note-books show that he was fond of dancing, that he played whist and *écarté*, that he took part in amateur theatricals, that he did not despise the pleasures of the table, that perhaps he even indulged in an after-dinner cigar. His interests in drawing and painting and in the drama, and his desire to acquire foreign languages and information of all kinds are so marked as to require separate treatment. His social versatility comes out with equal clearness in many other ways. He made friends readily, and evidently took keen pleasure in observing character and in noting the surface peculiarities of the men and women he met. Inns with their *tables d'hôte* always appealed to him, and he was born to travel by stage or chaise with postilions cracking their whips. Nothing human was alien to him, and in particular the habitations of men, houses and chambers, with their furnishings arrested his attention. And just as plainly he was himself

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an object of interest and liking to his fellow men. Innkeepers talked freely with him, he was continually being invited to dine or offered a seat in a box at the opera, the list of his friends and acquaintances was extensive and varied.

In this connection one is tempted to call attention to a general human element that, as it were, lurks in the background of many of these Note-books, especially of those devoted to Dresden, Paris, and Madrid. Not ten years separated the men and women Irving met in those cities from that battle of Waterloo, which seems to us such an earth-shaking event, yet they appear to be leading their lives as though this had always been the most placid of xxii planets. Every now and then, as in some note upon a city on the Rhine, there is a reference to Napoleon and the wars from which Europe had just emerged, but in the main it is a world in which peaceful avocations are all in all. In Dresden, indeed, it seems as if men and women had little else to do than dance and dine, hunt and attend balls and receptions at a homely, somewhat sleepy little court. From our busy, tumultuous present we are tempted to look back at them with an astonishment not unmixed with disdain. Yet this would be unjust to ourselves as well as to them. It takes all sorts of people to make the world as interesting as we find it, and ease, leisure, and even desultoriness of life have uses which will not escape the philosophic student of human nature.

In this mingling with his fellow men and particularly with royal and noble personages at the Saxon court Irving was unconsciously preparing himself for his diplomatic career, which, in Spain, was not without its difficulties. But it is as a man of letters that he is chiefly remembered, and these Note-books add appreciably to our knowledge of him in this capacity. They furnish additional evidence of his sensitiveness to adverse criticism—a weakness that had its lovable side and was entirely consonant with his character. The hostile reception of “Tales of a Traveller” in some quarters weighed on his mind and occasioned not a few entries indicative of low spirits. More important is the fact that between his achievements as an essayist and a story-teller and his later labors as a historian lie years in which he not only enlarged his experience as a traveller, though never becoming one in the more offensive professional sense, but did a considerable amount of

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work as a xxiii translator and adapter of dramatic material. “Irving as a Dramatist” would cause some mild astonishment if used as the title of a separate essay, yet the writing of such an essay would be warranted in the light of his letters to Brevoort, of his relations with Colonel Livius, of his collaboration with John Howard Payne, and finally of his projects for dramatic writing on his own account—brought out here by the publication of his plot for a proposed play, “El Embozado,” in which he made some attempt to handle a theme especially impressive to us moderns, that of dual personality.

“Irving as a Poet” would be a title equally startling; yet some of the verses contained in these Note-books, whether previously known or hitherto unknown, are not without interest and are worthy of passing comment. More important is the evidence afforded by Irving's jottings that at a time of life when most men are averse to the drudgery requisite to the acquisition of a new language, this already popular author, who might well have been content to work and rework a successful vein, took the pains to make himself a competent speaker and reader of French, German, Italian and Spanish, and even seems to have gained a smattering of Arabic. The repeated entries with regard to the reading of Italian with Mrs. Foster may appear tiresome to the casual reader, but they help to explain the solidity of Irving's later work in history and biography, and they are specially noteworthy in view of the facts that weak health in his youth had limited his formal education and that as a scholar he was almost completely self-trained. The *dolce far niente* life in Dresden, Prague, Paris and other cities was not, we can now see, without its periods of serious reflection, useful reading in the xxiv great authors of several literatures, and sustained systematic study. On all these points Irving's Note-books are of definite service to students of his writings in particular, and of American literature in general. For it cannot well be repeated too often that Irving was not only a charming and a distinguished author in his own right and our first truly classic man of letters, but also of scarcely less importance in his capacity as an interpreter of new, crude America to sophisticated Europe and as an intermediary for transmitting to his own countrymen that old world romance and culture of which they stood in need.

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We may conclude this brief enumeration of the special features of these diaries, in other words, of the reasons that in our opinion warrant their publication in full, by calling attention to the fact that Irving's jottings often bear witness to his sense of humor and to his never flagging interest in legend and folklore. Their most significant characteristic, however, is surely their picturesqueness, which, despite the lurking paradox, we are inclined to regard as giving them their chief distinction as literature. Everywhere Irving exhibits an eye for landscape, an interest in architecture, a sense for color. He has a keen love for nature in repose, which does not at all interfere with his susceptibility to the exhilaration of motion. Whether his Note-books would have contained so many little pictures in words if he had not begun his travels furnished like an artist with materials for making sketches is perhaps a matter worth a moment's speculation. On his first visit to Europe he had met Washington Allston in Rome and had seriously thought of training himself to be a painter. He was doubtless better advised when he became the author of "Knickerbocker's History" and "The Sketch Book," and while one can scarcely feel sure from the references to painters and paintings made in his diaries that he would have won distinction as a critic of art, yet it is certainly pleasant to know that he frequently used his pencil and that he may thus be grouped with writers who were also in a mild sense artists,—such as Hugo, Thackeray, and Ruskin. The sketches here first reproduced—some dating from as early as 1805 and others from as late as 1833—have, in the opinion of competent judges, "a pleasing quality of talent," and taken in conjunction with Irving's verses, his attempts at play-writing, and his acting, they illustrate a versatility of powers not hitherto sufficiently realized and duly appreciated.

When all is said, however, about the special excellencies of these volumes, whether we view them as something worthy of attention in themselves or as materials for the study of Irving's character and career, it is their general interest and value as human documents that remain with us as we close them and ponder on what has passed under our eyes. We have been in the company, not of some extraordinary genius or overpowering personality, not of a man who was no small part of great events or the intimate associate

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of personages who stir our wonder and admiration, but of a singularly human and lovable and talented man of letters, who made good use of his leisure and opportunities to travel, who remained an unspoiled American despite not a little lionizing abroad, who, finally, was always and everywhere the genial, kindly gentleman we naturally suppose the author of "The Sketch Book" and the friend of Sir Walter Scott to have been.

A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE IRVING JOURNALS

Volume I

1. Tour in Wales.—July 31, to August 4, 1815.
2. France—1820. (The first few pages have jottings concerning Winchester, Southampton, etc., prior to Irving's arrival in France.) About the middle of August, 1820, to the end of November, 1820.
3. Germany.—Chiefly the Rhine Region—August and September, 1822.
4. Germany, continued.—The Black Forest, etc., September 6, 1822, to October 7, 1822.
5. Germany, continued.—Beginning with Munich October 10, 1822, and ending with Irving's approach to Vienna in the latter part of October, 1822.
6. Austria.—Vienna, Salzburg, etc., October 21 to November 15, 1822.
7. Bohemia.—Prague, etc., beginning November 18, 1822, and ending about November 28.
8. Dresden.—December 3, 1822, to January 19, 1823.
9. Dresden, continued.—January 20 to May 20, 1823.
10. Dresden, continued.—Second tour in Bohemia, etc. , May 20 to July 11, 1823.

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Volume II

11. France.—Paris and various tours—August 13, 1823, ending October 19, 1824.

12. France, continued.—Mainly Paris—October 20, 1824, to January 31, 1825.

13. France, continued.—Paris, February 1 to June 13, 1825.

14. France continued.—Mainly Paris, June 14 to September 19, 1825. (From September 21 to November 4 Irving jotted down his entries on slips of paper which were inserted in this note-book.)

15. France, continued.—November 5, 1825, to February 8, 1826.

Volume III

16. Spain.—February 10 to April 30, 1826.

17. Spain.—From Granada to Gerona—July 28 to August 23, 1829.

18. America.—Western tour, beginning with Cincinnati, September 3, 1832, ending September 14, 1832.

19. Western tour, continued.—September 26 to October 5, 1832.

20. Western tour, continued.—October 6, 1832, ending toward the last of October.

21. Western tour, continued.—Beginning October 31, 1832, ending November 9.

22. Western tour, continued.—Beginning November 11, 1832, and concluding the tour in the latter part of November. (The preceding American note-books of Irving are of especial interest in connection with his volume, "A Tour on the Prairies.")

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23. New York State.—Esopus and Dutch tour, September 11 to September 24, 1833.

24. Journey from New York.—To take up duties as Minister to Spain, April 10, 1842, to July 20, 1842.

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THE TOUR IN WALES 1815

July 31st, 1815. —Left Birmingham at ten o'clock in post-chaise with Renwick.¹ Weather uncommonly beautiful. After six miles ride thro' picturesque country, alight and visit the Leasowes² —formerly the *ferme ornée* [e] of Shenstone. The walks have been well laid out to produce scenic effect without encroaching on the grounds. The ornaments (such as grottoes, urns, etc.) are paltry and injure the whole.

¹ Irving's travelling companion on this journey was James Renwick (1790–1863), a graduate of Columbia College, afterwards for many years professor of natural philosophy and chemistry in that institution. He wrote numerous scientific treatises and text-books as well as biographies.

² This estate and Hagley, mentioned six lines below, were two of the most famous show-places in England during the eighteenth century. The first was laid out by the poet, William Shenstone (1714–1763); the second is perhaps chiefly associated with the name of “the good Lord Lyttelton,” George, the first baron (1709–1773), a liberal patron of literature and a writer of some consequence in his day. The Lord Lyttelton of the text (*Lyttleton* in Irving's spelling) is George Fulke Lyttelton, second Baron Lyttelton of Frankley of the second creation.

From hence to Hagley, six miles. Visit the noble seat of Lord Lyttelton. The house large and imposing, but heavy. Fine herds of deer—large obelisk, temples, etc. Fine lawns, forest trees, etc.

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Take a luncheon in the garden of the Inn, which was full of company.

Hence to Kidderminster. Fine old church on elevated ground commanding fine view of distant 4 country. Lion Inn, where we had fine bottle of Perry.¹

¹ A drink made from pears, as cider is from apples.

Hence to Worcester, where we arrive before sundown.

Cathedral interior very fine by sunset. Old sexton gives me much account of tombs.

August 1st. —In morning, visit china works.

Hoppole Inn at Worcester. Parlour on ground floor—rooms third story.

Leave Worcester at one o'clock—ride to Tewkesbury.

From Tewkesbury to Cheltenham. Put up at Plough Inn—not very good—walk in the grounds. In evening see “The Will”—Mrs. Edwin² played Miss Mandeville.

² This favourite actress was Eliza Rebecca Richards (1771?–1854), daughter of one actor and wife of another—John Edwin the younger. Albina Mandeville, in Frederic Reynolds' “The Will,” was one of her most noted parts. For the once popular play, see Genest, under Drury Lane, April 19, 1797.

August 2d. —From Cheltenham to Gloucester, ten miles. Cathedral a fine building—Saxon, with Gothic additions. Clambered up to the tower which commands a noble view of the valley in which Gloucester stands—rich and fertile, bordered by picturesque hills, with Severn winding thro'—old sexton locked me up in the tower while he accompanied other visitors round the church—fearful I might give him the slip. Service performing in the Cathedral and listened to the organ and the choir, resounding thro' the vaulted roofs.

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Old sexton who shews the church—by the name of Deane—a humourist—has shewn it to the King³

3 If the plural is meant, and if the old sexton was accurate, the royal visitors were George III and Louis XVIII of France, while the latter was in exile in England.

5 of England and France and prides himself on it—wears a foxy wig and black robe—has many odd stories and regular jokes—King of England abused a new altar-piece put up in the chapel and shewed great judgment in finding fault with all the innovations in the building.

Tomb of Edward II is in body of the church—also of Robert of Normandy, son of Wm. ye Conqueror. His figure in coat of mail with face painted like life—all of a single piece of oak—countenance fine.

Crypt of the Abbey—fine vaults—Saxon style. Shewn a place where two Bishops were immured, chained to the wall and starved to death.

From Gloucester the road lay thro' a finely wooded and romantic country. Stopped at the ruins of an old Abbey called Painswick, where we took sketches. From there thro' various villages, among the number Stroud—villages very old Gothic and picturesque—pass canal, manufactures, etc., to Radborough, where we take a luncheon at Fleece Hotel, situated in a valley with rich wooded country in front.

This valley thro' which the Stroud water runs presents the most peculiar and most beautiful scene I have seen in England. The valley is full of hamlets and edifices of the cloth manufacturers—buildings are principally Gothic and give an antique air to the landscape.

After passing thro' this valley we ascended high hills and continued riding along a ridge of heights—the country on these heights very bare—roads bordered by stone walls. Fine

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sunset. Sky coloured as in America. Descend the heights into the valley where Bath is situated and arrive at the York House about half-past eight.

6

August 3d and part of 4th. —Remained at Bath and walked thro' the principal streets. Visited a collection of Roman antiquities found at Bath and environs.

Evening—Spectacle—slack and tight rope and melodrama, “Tyger Horde.”

Avon Street inhabited by sweeps and trulls—sweep advertises that he “understands the smoke Jack.”¹

¹ “A machine for turning a roasting-spit by means of a fly-wheel or wheels, set in motion by the current of ascending air in a chimney.”—The Century Dictionary.

Leave Bath August 4th in the afternoon for Bristol—ride thro' a beautiful hilly country—distance fourteen m[iles]. The view down the valley towards Bath very fine—country well cultivated but soil poor—chalky. Arrive at Bristol between five and six. Beautiful view of Bristol as you approach it. Put up at The Bush—a vile, dirty inn, tho' highly recommended. Visit the Church of St. Mary's Redcliff[e] and see the room where Chatterton pretended to have found his papers.

August 5th. —Stroll about Bristol through the morning—town has some handsome squares, Queen's, Portland, etc. Many of the streets extremely old in style of architecture. Leave Bristol at twelve. Distance to New Passage nine and three-quarters miles, but in posting charged us twelve. Arrived just in time to cross with the mail. It requires a particular time of tide to pass here—tide rises and falls from thirty to forty feet—distance across three miles. Cross in about half an hour. Dined at the opposite ferry on excellent salmon. Quarrel and fight in kitchen between two ragged and drunken Irishmen who afterwards have a whimsical ⁷ reconciliation and cannot recollect what they quarrelled about.

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The ride hence to Chepstow is hilly, but the views beautiful. The country is wild and picturesque, and you have occasional views of the Severn.

At Chepstow put up at the George. A decent old landlady and plain but comfortable Inn. Visit the ruins of Chepstow Castle at sunset—they are extremely picturesque—built on precipices that overhang the river Wye which makes fine bends and sweeps just here. The Castle was shewn us by an old woman who has one or two of the old towers fitted up for her residence. She has lived here twenty years—has buried her husband and three daughters and has six grandchildren living with her—has gardens and wall front in the courts of the Castle. Village boys plunder her orchard. Pays the Duke of Beaufort £6 rent. Says it is cold and dreary in winter when the wind howls through the old courts and among the towers. The roof and flooring in one of the towers (where Marten¹ was confined) once fell in about dusk, and the people of the village crowded to the Castle expecting to find the old lady buried under the ruins.

¹ Henry or Harry Marten (1602–1680), the regicide. He died in Chepstow Castle, the last of his several prisons after his conviction in 1660 for his share in the execution of Charles I.

Her aunt lived ninety years—had been born in that tower.

Dungeon of the Castle a large vaulted room under the part she inhabited—windows opening on the river which rolls a great distance beneath—remains of grand chapel within the third court.

Sunday, 6th. —Rise early and visit the ruins of the Castle. After breakfast stroll around its environs—sea-gulls soaring around it and sweeping down to the river. A broad mass of light falling on the grey towers of the Castle—visit the interior of the Castle—sit on the grass in its large court-yard and listen to the distant bell of the village tolling for church. Walls of Castle overrun with ivy. Various birds have made their nests in the crevices of the

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towers and battlements and keep up a continuous twittering. Great hammering at the great gate and at length it is thrown open and enter thro' the echoing barbican *two jackasses*.

Great walnut tree standing in the centre of the court.

Leave Chepstow about eleven and have a fine romantic ride to Tintern. Cross a high hill and descend thro' scenery similar to the Glens in the Hudson Highlands.

Tintern Abbey¹ beautifully situated in the valley on the banks of the Wye—fine stroll along the banks to the village—villagers winding along the bank going to church—sound of the bell down the valley—church a little white stone building on the green. Church and churchyard on the hill above Tintern Abbey, commanding a beautiful view of the valley.

¹ Here, and often, Irving makes no reference to a literary association which a modern diarist would almost be sure to mention. Wordsworth's poem, which has given these ruins most of their fame, was first published in 1798.

Old Gothic church.

Dined at the Bramford Arms—a small indifferent tavern, the landlord of which shows the Abbey. Had excellent salmon for dinner taken from the Wye.

The road from this to Monmouth is extremely mountainous and so narrow (previous to entering the Turnpike) that two carriages could not pass each other in many places. Scenery very like America.

Wilton Castle, near Ross, in Herefordshire, England From the original pencil and pen-and-ink drawing, Made by Washington Irving on August 7, 1815, and now for the first time reproduced.

⁹ On reaching the Turnpike a vast and beautiful prospect breaks upon you of a large and fertile valley surrounded by fine swelling mountains.

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Reach Monmouth at sunset—a town beautifully situated in a valley with the Wye running through and the Monnow flowing by it—put up at Beaufort Arms—not very good—have difficulty in finding the ruins of Monmouth Castle, where Henry V was born—very few vestiges are left, consisting principally of a part of a tower where he was born and an adjoining hall.

Monday, 7th. —Leave Monmouth about ten o'clock. After passing thro' a beautiful fertile valley for some miles the road ascends a high hill, or rather mountain, from whence we have an extensive view of the valley with the windings of the Wye—not unlike the scenery of the Mohawk River.

The distance to Ross is fourteen miles—the valley in which it stands less beautiful than that of Monmouth. We are now in Herefordshire. The hills not so high or picturesque as those of Monmouthshire. Wilton Castle opposite to Ross—now in ruins—but the ruins picturesque—of brown freestone, like Newark stone—Ross an indifferent place but pleasantly situated—the Wye running close by it. Saw the walk of the famous Man of Ross.¹

¹ This was John Kyrle (1637–1724), a philanthropist, made famous through the third of Pope's "Moral Essays." He lived a life of much simplicity, and, with a comparatively moderate surplus income, managed to do a great deal of good.

Hence to Hereford—dine at City Arms, an excellent hotel—but as the house was full we were obliged to dine in coffee room. Large church with fine Gothic tower—curious fretwork to the angles of the tower.

From Hereford to Leominster—a very old town ¹⁰—houses of the old style—wood and plaster—curious wooden market-house with grotesque figures carved in oak.

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Post from hence to Ludlow, where we arrive after dark and put up at Angel Inn—very good.

Tuesday morning, 8th. —Castle of Ludlow¹ a noble ruin—commands fine view of neighbouring country—the situation of the Castle and town on an eminence in the midst of the beautiful valley—the Teme flows close under the Castle.

Left Ludlow about eleven o'clock. Wretched posthorses—players had engaged all the good horses to take them to Worcester—change horses about seven and one-half miles and then have a very pleasant ride to Church Stretton. The road for some miles is thro' a narrow romantic valley with high hills, or rather mountains—some quite naked. In the vicinity of church is Caer Caradoc where Caractacus² made a stand. Hence to Shrewsbury—the country more open—hills less.

In the evening, ramble about Shrewsbury Castle courts and towers. At present fitted up as a modern mansion.

Wednesday, 9th. —From Shrewsbury to Ellesmere—sixteen miles thro' beautiful scenery. Ellesmere Lake a very commonplace sheet of water—fine view from the Bowling Green on a knoll where formerly the Castle stood. Beauty of Ellesmere—in cream-coloured house opposite the principal street by which you enter—a lovely girl about eighteen. The ride from hence to Wrexham is very fine. Dined

¹ Here again we miss the natural reference to a notable literary event. Milton's "Comus" was acted in Ludlow Castle in 1634.

² A British king, who resisted the Roman invaders, but was finally defeated, apparently near Shrewsbury, in A. D. 50, and was sent captive to Rome, where he died.

Ludlow Castle, in Shropshire, England This castle, dating from the eleventh century, is famous in the history of literature. It was here that Milton's masque of "Comus" was given

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its first performance in 1634. From the original pencil drawing made by Washington Irving on August 8, 1815, and now for the first time reproduced.

11 at Wrexham, where we were waited on by landlady's daughter, a very pretty girl. Wrexham Church and town remarkably fine.

Hence to Llangollen, a most picturesque ride. Stop at the Iron Aqueduct to examine that stupendous work—1,000 feet long—stone piers 125 feet. Put up at the Land, a very good inn. Strolled to the grounds of Lady Eleanor Butler.¹ Lady Slack-Jacket in her flimsy muslin pelisse. Arrived in coach and hovered about the door of Lady Butler. Returned bootless to the Inn. Old harper played while we supped—trout and grayling.

1 A once famous recluse (1745–1829), whose eccentric costume is probably referred to below. For about fifty years she lived with a friend, Sarah Ponsonby, in great seclusion in a cottage in the vale of Llangollen. Tourists sought introduction to these “Ladies of the Vale,” as they were called, and they figure in the pages of contemporary writers, *e. g.*, Miss Seward and De Quincey.

Thursday, August 10th. —Walk before breakfast to Crucis Abbey, two miles, and return by eight o'clock. Old Lady Slack-Jacket sponging for a breakfast.

Owen Glendower² owned this valley and adjacent country.

2 The celebrated Welsh rebel (1359–1416), who rose against Henry IV. He is a character in the first of Shakespeare's two plays dealing with that monarch.

N. B.—Breakfast at Llangollen where we had a fine grayling, only 2/ each. Paid harper 2/6. From Llangollen the road wound up a hill for some distance, commanding a fine view of the valley and Val[le] Crucis, with the Abbey to the right. On the road passed on the right the place where Owen Glendower's Castle stood.

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Change post-chaises at Corwen, a small village, in rear of which is a rocky height called Owen Glendower's Seat.

12

From Corwen to Carnagoge, on which ride we get among the mountains where the valley is destitute of trees, and marshy—postillion drives furiously—his half-starved horses seem possessed of true Welsh spirit—harper playing at Carnagoge—inn almost solitary.

From hence to Llanrwst—a wild and almost savage country—precipices and rocks. The scenery at Llanrwst in the highest degree picturesque—bridge by Inigo Jones. Market, or rather Fair Day, and the wretched little town of Llanrwst crowded with country people—harsh featured. Leave them and find the road full of peasantry, whose horses prance and play the devil as we drive past them. After a most romantic ride arrive in evening at Conway and put up at the Harp.

Conway Castle. Immense strength—a sublime ruin—the tide being low we were enabled to stroll on the beach below it. Owls and bats alarmed by our intrusion and fluttering about the towers. The walls are many feet thick—one of the towers having been undermined by the people digging for slate has given way and large masses of it have tumbled to the shore. The rest hangs threatening from above. The huge masses on the shore shew the prodigious thickness of the walls.

The scenery in North Wales is not so luxuriantly beautiful as the scenery in Monmouthshire, but much more grand and sublime. Mountains rocky, huge and precipitous. The valleys are however rich and fertile.

Friday, 11th. —Leave Conway eleven o'clock. After rising a road winding up a mountain descend

Conway Castle, in Caernarvonshire, Wales One of the great feudal fortresses of Britain, rebuilt by Edward I in 1284, during his wars with the Welsh. From the original pencil

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drawing made by Washington Irving on August 10, 1815, and now for the first time reproduced.

13 a deep valley in sight of Penmanmaur¹ —then wind round the foot of that mountain —road cut along its profile like a shelf—steep precipices above and below with sheep feeding. (View of Anglesea, Atlantic Sea and Bangor Sea). After leaving Penmanmaur road lay thro'a beautiful country along the shore. Stop at Aber, a small village along beautiful and romantic valley. See the Miod (or Mood) whereon stood the Castle of Llewellyn² ab Gryffield. Interesting story of him and William De Braose and Llewellyn's wife, Joan Plantagenet, daughter of King John. Saw the place where De Braose was hanged.

1 The accepted spelling is *Penmaenmawr*. So below, *Anglesey* for *Anglesea*.

2 Irving seems to have confused Llywelyn ab Gruffydd, prince of Wales, who died in 1282, with his grandfather Llywelyn ab Iorweth, Llywelyn the Great, who died in 1240. It was the latter who married King John's illegitimate daughter, Joan, and caused her paramour, William de Braose, to be hanged openly at Crokeen on May 2, 1230.

From hence along a wild and picturesque coast to Bangor—a finely situated little city (more like a village). Walk in a fine public promenade thro' the Bishop's Grounds. Dined at Bangor in company with the Master³ of Rugby School and a wild Cornish miner who happened to be at the hotel. Cornishman's question to servant girl—"Have you never a garden here?"—(alluding to the scantiness of vegetables on the table). Thinks we should find the mines in Anglesea very picturesque. On paying the bill, 17/4, schoolmaster calculates four times four are sixteen and four sixpence—eighteen, but to his dismay Cornishman says five shillings apiece—that will leave something for the waiter. Cornishman

3 If "the Master" means headmaster, this was the Rev. Dr. John Wooll (1767–1833), a successful educator and the biographer of Joseph Warton.

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14 takes our chaise back and treats old man to a ride by way of company.

Rugby thinks he must be rich, he's so independent—the secret is I suspect, from his talk, he is on the expense of others, going to arrest some person at Conway.

Stopped at Bangor at the Mitre—but were not much pleased.

From hence to Carnarvon—nothing remarkable. Arrived before sunset and visited the old Castle—very extensive but by no means so sublime and picturesque as Conway. Put up at Hotel—a large building but poor attendance—all women—house crowded because last of the Assizes—and so much taken up with a larger dinner party that we could scarcely be attended to.

Saturday, 12th.—No post-chaise to be had in Carnarvon—all engaged taking home people from the Assizes. Procure a gig in the Goat Inn and a boy to precede us on foot and bring the gig back. Fare for gig half a guinea. The lad who was to bring the gig back a complete picture—hump-back and distorted in body—short legged—knock-kneed—small grey eyes sunk in his head and crossing each other at right angles. I could scarcely believe that this apparently crippled being could walk the distance, but on asking him, he returned the usual Welsh answer, “Yes, sure,” observing that we had a rough, mountainous road which he could tread as fast as a horse. I afterwards was hailed in the street and on looking round saw our *avant-courrier*. He had been home—arrayed himself in best blue coat with the skirts to his heels, a pair of blue and white clouded cotton stockings, and with huge shoes was shambling off on his expedition as lively as a true Taffy.

Landscape Near Beddgelert, In Caernarvonshire, Wales In background, the famous Snowdon range of mountains, frequently referred to in English literature. From the original pencil drawing made by Washington Irving on August 12, 1815, and now for the first time reproduced.

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Welsh women—costume white cap frilled around the face—coloured silk handk[erchie]f over it—tied under chin with corner hanging on shoulders—black man's hat over all—and a long blue cloth cloak with bord[er] of satin.

Dirty gentleman in market-place, Carnarvon, with old grey hat furbished up and twisted on one side—immense dirty neckcloth—thread-bare black coat—clouded stockings—pantaloon, etc.—black gaiters—with sprightly consequential look, pricing vegetables of market-women to make his dinner of.

Market Day at Carnarvon—the peasantry flock in from all quarters with cattle and hogs—the latter are harnessed in a kind of *leading* strings, though some will neither be led nor driven and several whimsical scenes occur, where a whole family, men, women and children, is engaged coaxing and banging some refractory hog that will go any way but forward—now and then a hog that had broken loose with a fiery little Welshman pursuing him threw the whole market in a hubbub.

About eleven o'clock the gig was brought to the door and our baggage piled in and tied with ropes. Our steed was a stout, venerable cart-horse. Off we set in solemn state accompanied by two or three tatterdemalions to set the animal going—but there was no getting him off a laborious walk as tho' he had the loaded cart at his heels. Having flogged him half thro' the little town of Carnarvon we relinquished the attempt to get to Carnarvon this way—and ordered the gig back to the hotel.

After dinner we were at length furnished with a post-chaise and set off for Beddgelert. The road lay up among the mountains, which were here bare, sterile and savage, but highly grand and imposing. 16 After a few miles we came to a little valley among the mountains with a small but silvery lake in it—Snowdon on the left, his summit wrapped in clouds—on the right is a mountain called Castel Cidwin with the rocky cliff overhanging the lake on which the castle stood that anciently defended the pass. This lake is called Llyn Cywellyn.¹ After riding some miles through the wildest and most romantic scenery arrive

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at Beddgelert—a small village, consisting of a few scattered houses situated in a beautiful green meadow and surrounded by vast rocky mountains where the little rivers Glaslyn and Colwyn mingle and pour out their pure waters. This place is called Beddacleff or Bethkellert (*i. e.* , the tomb of the greyhound) from the story of Llewellyn and his favourite dog, Cilian,² which he killed in passion and error and buried here, where since a church has been erected. The New Inn is a very neat and a very handsome establishment but was crowded with company so that we could not get admittance—old harper playing in the hall of the inn. At the old inn we applied—house had a most unpromising appearance, but we were very comfortably accommodated with two bedrooms and a sitting-room. Oak chairs—tables well polished—had fine trout for supper and fared extremely well.

Sunday, 13th. —Leave Beddgelert at half-past nine for Capel Curig. Road lies thro' valleys destitute

1 Apparently *Llyn Cuellyn*, the mountain named above being probably the precipitous *Craig Cwm Bychan*.

2 The name of the famous hound of Llywelyn the Great usually appears as Gelert (*cf.* the name of the beautiful Welsh village, Beddgelert—the grave of Gelert). The story of how Llywelyn killed his dog thinking that his own infant had been killed by the faithful animal who had really preserved the child from a wolf is pleasantly told in William Robert Spencer's poem, "Beth-Gelert, or the Grave of the Greyhound."

Off The Coast of Wales From the original pencil drawing made by Washington Irving in August, 1815, and now for the first time reproduced.

17 of trees and surrounded by high mountains—Snowdon on left—lakes. Pass thro' valley where Vortigern¹ retired and where Madoc² resided previous to his sailing to discover America. Goats on precipices—loud shouts echoing from opposite mountain. Arrive at Capel Curig, where is a fine hotel—beautiful little lake and noble prospect of Snowdon. The hotel is built of slate—sides and roof—and commands a fine view up and down the

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valley. From hence ride thro' a continuation of wild mountain scenery until we come out upon the valley of the Conway and arrive at Llanrwst. Visit the old church w[h]ere are several curious brass plates finely engraved with likenesses and monumental inscriptions of the Wynne family—also ceiling and gallery of oak finely carved from the old Abbey at Conway—but most interesting curiosity is the stone coffin of Llewellyn from Abbey Conway.

1 The British prince (*circa* 450 A. D.) who called in the Saxons against the northern tribes. In tradition, he is the traitor who betrayed his country for love of the beautiful Rowena.

2 The hero of Southey's poem, the supposed Welsh discoverer of America. His period is 1150–1180, but his existence is very shadowy, and his disappearance with his fleet of ten ships is first mentioned in a poem of the fifteenth century.

From hence have a tedious and uninteresting ride up the mountainous road of Cernogy.³ On the way meet Mr. Townsend⁴ and his brother making a picturesque tour on foot. Dined at Cernogy and not being able to procure beds there, the house being filled with shooting parties (grouse season) we take chaise for Ruthin. Road for some time thro' desolate country—blasted heath on top of the mountains

3 So in the original, but the place has not been identified.

4 Presumably the Mr. Townshend referred to in Irving's letter (Edinburgh, August 27, 1817) to his brother, Peter, at Liverpool. "Oh, for a little of Townshend ubiquity I made two or three rambles with him in London I feel really sorry he is going to India, for he is truly a worthy good fellow "

18 —clouds lowering around us. Afterwards rapid descent—boy drives furiously, being anxious to get in before dark. The twilight prevents our having anything more than dim views of rich valleys and embowered gulfs into which we seemed to be hurried down. Thus

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whirled along one moment, and dozing with fatigue and exhaustion the next, we are rattled after dark into Ruthin.

Monday, 14th. —Visit the ruins of Ruthin Castle, which are very scanty—built of brown freestone—one of the courts turned into a bowling green. This was the residence of the Lord of Ruthin, who was the antagonist of Owen Glendower and whose lawsuit first occasioned Glendower's opposition to the Crown. Glendower took him prisoner and compelled him to marry his daughter. Hotel at Ruthin—the White Lion—so-so.

The ride from hence to Denbigh thro' a rich, broad and beautiful valley—the upper part particularly so—where the surrounding mountains are uncommonly fine in their outlines and tinted with the blossoms of the furze, heather, etc.

Denbigh has a picturesque situation on the side of a hill. The Castle is an utter ruin, but the gateway I think on the whole the most beautiful piece of ruin I have ever seen—the posts are rich and the tracing exquisite. From hence we crossed the Vale of Clwyd and passed thro' a succession of small beautiful valleys until we came to the village of Mold—where stood a castle which formerly withstood a siege which Welsh bards extol as equal to the siege of Troy.

After leaving this we rode for some miles and came out on the rich plains of Cheshire. About five o'clock arrived at Chester.

19

FRANCE 1820

[*The first jottings in this note-book preceded Irving's arrival at Havre via Southampton.*]

Winchester—on river Itchen—six parish churches.

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Cathedral in which are interred several Saxon kings and queens in six small gilded coffins in the wall and side of the choir.

Marble coffin of William Rufus.

William of Wykeham.¹

¹ This incumbent of the see from 1366 to 1404, who was also famous as a statesman, transformed the larger portion of the long nave of the cathedral. Irving mentions most of the names of the worthies associated with the great edifice except that of Jane Austen, who had been buried in it about three years before. Many of those named had been Bishops of Winchester, *e. g.*, St. Swithin, or Swithun (d. 862), Cardinal Beaufort (d. 1447), the completer of the building, and Bishop Benjamin Hoadly (1676–1761), the noted controversialist, who held successively the sees of Bangor, Hereford, Salisbury, and Winchester.

Cardinal Beaufort.

Bishop Hoadly.

Queen Boadicea and Alfred the Great.

Isaak Walton.

On an eminence a shell of a palace built for Charles II.

St. Mary's College founded by William of Wykeham.

Henry IV married Joan of Navarre here.

20

Philip of Spain espoused Mary.

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St. Swithin buried here.

[*The next three pages have jottings again referring to Winchester, as follows:]*

Crusades de Foi.

Ghastly effigies of Bishop Fox and Bishop Gardiner.

Bishops in reign of Mary.

William Rufus in choir—plain stone coffin.

Isaak Walton.

Prior Sil[k]sted[e]¹ —a plain black stone.

¹ Prior Silkstede gave the cathedral its pulpit in 1498.

St. Swithin.

William of Wykeham in a beautiful chapel or chantry—had it done ten years before his death and so had benefit.

View down Cathedral 554 feet.

Round table ag[ain]st wall.

Small Gothic windows above.

[*Here Irving has made a sketch of Arthur's Round Table, indicating by their names where Mordred and "Sir L. Du Lac"—Sir Launcelot of the Lake—were supposed to have had their places.]*

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Red and white room in centre.

Below, the County Court.

King Arthur—pleasant face—grey beard—ermine robes—sword and globe—g[rea]t Gothic hall formerly a chapel.

Hall silent.

Grand jury—Ladies' seats—stone pavements and pillars—place for chafing dish of charcoal.

From Hall look down on Winchester.

Old gate-way—rich bosom of valley—naked hills.

Look down main street—gateway at top—cross at bottom—Cathedral away to the west.

21

From Winchester to Southampton. After leaving Winchester we see to the right the College, a monastic building with large church—fine trees about it.

Soft beautiful valley, with the Itchen wandering thro' it—naked hills around.

Beautiful view as we approach Southampton—the Itchen—with coast beyond—Southampton water, etc.

New Forest, where King Rufus was killed.

Southampton—pleasant seats with gateways as we approach.

Gateway with Sir Bevis¹ on one side.

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1 The paintings of this hero of romance and of the giant he overcame are now in the Guildhall.

Remains of castle—fine mall and walk along the meadows near the shore—streets with old houses with projecting bow windows like noses.

This day we passed Hounslow and Bagshot Heath² —the latter with much of Hampshire looks like Scotland.

2 Famous through the exploits of highwaymen.

Southampton—where Canute commanded the sea to stand still.

Evening starlight—sounds along shore.

August 18th. —Morning—voyage to Netley Abbey, 3 with little lass from the inn—Abbey beautifully situated in woods—fine trees grown up in the court—masses of stone covered with herbage.

3 A Cistercian monastery dating from the thirteenth century.

From Southampton—pass Isle of Wight, Cowes and Cowes Castle, Portsmouth, and Spithead with frigates at anchor—sun sets behind Isle of Wight.

Splendid evening—silvery moonlight trembling over the waves in one part of the prospect—last glow of daylight in another.

22

Strange assemblage of caps and coats—Gingerbread man in olive clothes—brown cap and brown face—Mr. Martin, wife and daughter—a worthy Englishman full of gaiety and jokes, but is suddenly brought up by seasickness—young brunette and her brother, laughing one moment, crying with impatience another—bivouac on deck.

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August 19th. —Beautiful morning—come in sight of French coast—French pilot-boat—men with caps—petticoat trousers of canvas—one comes on board—brown face—curling side locks—japanned hat—petticoat canvas trousers over blue ones—knotted silk handkerchief—silver chain at buttonhole—straddles water cask.

The packet lays to, not being able to get into Havre with the tide.

Many of the passengers embark in pilot-boat at two francs each and go to shore. Sad time with the ladies, who suffer violently from seasickness.

Havre. Great houses—throngs on the quay—various colours of the women's dresses—everything done out-of-doors—rags and clothes fluttering from every window—chattering in the street—monkeys and parrots—great difference between neat, quiet English town with few people moving silently about and the clamorous, garrulous French town. We are followed by a troop of boys all giving advice and talking at the same time. French houses high—everything at sixes and sevens—women in long flaunting dresses—slender figures of the women—red shawls, high caps—dirt and finery in houses.

Our Hotel Hammerton—vivacious landlady and cheerful good-humoured waiting-maid.

Houses with windows and doors all open instead of closed, reserved look of the English. In the evening 23 people on public walks in groups—women at fountain in centre of the street—picturesque groups.

From our hotel hear the sailors cry from the docks—nature of sailors' cry melancholy—reminds me of home.

Fine prospect from Beasley's by the hill over the mouth of Seine—Havre, etc.

Difference between quiet and system of an English inn and hurly-burly of a French one.

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Hôtel de la Paix—court-yard paved—house round [it]—high windows open—servants talking out of upper windows to those below—conversations carried on between all parts of the house—fountain in one corner of the court-yard—old chair hung against the wall—boot-cleaners in one corner—two sentinels in white uniform pacing up and down the *porte-cochère* (the officer in light-blue frock, white metal buttons, an odd foraging cap, and a pipe in mouth—short and thick)—great dirty staircase paved with tiles—galleries leading to chambers—chambers panelled—beds in niches—floors paved. *Salle à manger* decorated with equivocal pictures—a kind of grotto of shell-work—a clock on one side, a barometer on the other—birds of various kinds—landlady's seat—with flowers by her and gold-fish in glass—landlady and waiting-maid talk and joke with guests.

[*At the head of the next page Irving has made a little pencil drawing of buildings, probably a sketch of Havre. They are too blurred and indistinct to reproduce.*]

August 22d. —Embark on steam-boat for Rouen.

Honfleur—small town between woody hills—Suchet's Castle by a woody glen—white sea-gull flying across—green mountain—*château* abandoned—wild boars in the adjoining forest.

24

Weather windy with rain. Steam-boat machinery out of order. Put into Quillebeuf—small town on a point—at *auberge* order dinner—*éperlan* (or smelts).

Old church of Quillebeuf—Saxon architecture—images of wax and earthenware—these hung up and a miserable picture of a ship as a votive offering—flag with “*Vive le Roi et les Bourbons*” on it—painted glass in the windows—wind rushes around the church and among the trees.

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The people of Quillebeuf look comfortable and are well clad—no squalid poverty to be seen.

In our party is a young man, formerly of the Dragoons and an aid to Gen[era]l Ney—dark hair and blue eyes—very obliging and amiable in his manners—Dragoon's name, Mons. de Couvrer.

Dinner at Quillebeuf in a bedroom upstairs—oak table—images on mantelpiece of cupid, etc., and a cross in the centre—dinner of omelet, beefsteaks, éperlan, chicken, and salad. In the room where we dine is a large *armoire*, or clothes-press, full of linen, the treasure of mine hostess. In the evening, party plays at cards—effect of candle-light—Mrs. Hilles with her pretty face enamelled—hair in papers.

We are allotted to diff[eren]t rooms. Peter¹ and myself in one with the Pilgrim Goodintent—a man with one arm, black silk cap, spectacles, and book under his arm—stormy night—noise of sailors singing on the water—return home of Mons. L'interprète from Beauvais in his gig—joy of the household—kiss each other—waiting-maid takes the horn and plays part of groom.

1 Irving's brother, with whom he had been in business in England.

A story ought to be made. Scene, the little village of Quillebeuf on the banks of the Seine in upper Normandy—the interpreter, a man of consequence of 25 Hamburg, settled there—arrives home—his house of stone—just opposite is a cross on a mound with trees over it. The great men of the village, viz. , the Commandant, formerly of the Navy, and the—. They visit one another—old *château* on the opposite side of the Seine—neighbouring forest with boars in it.

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Quillebeuf, a great place of resort for mariners. The Hôtel des Marins—with ship for a sign—ships and paintings of shipwrecks hung up in the church—the hotel-kitchen a general resort—the hostess and her parrot—every body talks at once, servants and all.

De Couvrer's conversation—says the English an indiff[eren]t country—their horses run away with them—move them in two lines—they break the first—the others surround them. The French gamble as they ride—put coin on their sleeves and say head or tail. The Spanish are great gamblers and play for their dress and everything.

Leave Quillebeuf at eight o'clock—pass beautiful borders—forests—travellers along the height with donkeys, etc. Vieux Port—Villequier with old church and *château*.

Caudebec—old church built by the English—promenade with trees along the river—groups with coloured dresses.

Mailleray[e]¹ —old *château* —high, pointed roofs—windows with rich architraves—terraced walks—from window to garden great green alleys—statues

¹ Guerbaville—la Mailleraye. All these places are on the Seine between Havre and Rouen.

26 —clipped trees in alleys of neighbouring village. Women with high caps, arms akimbo—pigeons fluttering above roofs of the castle—royal forest adjoining.

Abbey Jumièges—high towers—Saxon architecture— *château* behind.

Banks willowed—willow hedges—people peeping out of willowed walks—river narrower, soft, gentle—banks rich and green—lively—full of people—women's odd shawls and white caps dotting the margin. Abbey situated in rich part of the valley. This river has never been described before—because not navigated.

At Abbey Jumièges the highlands begin—hills rise from the bank of the river—on opposite side a rich plateau—limekilns—(Story of Lime Kiln)—watcher on Hudson with old fellow

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who visited him in night and smoked his pipe—old fellow in big trousers tells him where his money is hidden near an old Dutch house.¹

¹ Irving seems to be jotting down hints for a story.

Quillebeuf is close by St. Aubin.

Vieux Port.

Villequier on left.

Caudebec.

La Mailleraye, *derrière la forêt de Brionne*.

Abbey of Jumièges.

Château of Iville— *forêt de Magny*.

Ducler or Du Cler [Duclair], on border of river where I saw man with cocked hat—Bois de Marivaux.

Bardouville, in *forêt de Magny*.

La Bouille.

Old Abbey of St. George on left bank of the river in rich part of the country—towers Saxon—long 27 buildings appertaining—now a manufactory—open rich country—high green hills—opposite St. George on a height is the Château de Corset Rouge, so called from a tradition of a young lady who had an intrigue with a monk of St. George and made signals from her window with the *corset rouge*—rich country about the *château*—chapel adjoining—wide sunny landscape—rich borders to the river—old Felix playing on his mandolin as we pass by—the charm of these traditionary anecdotes of beauty—the sunny valleys of

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France and her gay population. *Château* looks over one of the fairest scenes of fertile Normandy.

La Bouille—situated under lime rocks—women with caps like those in old wood-cuts. The shore for several miles below Rouen is a line of villages and seats—the shores were crowded with people of which the greater part was women—bright colour of the houses—at the village a little deformed fellow, a mere caricature of a man, fired off three small guns—people huzzaed.

Beautiful valley just before reaching Rouen—manufacturing houses, etc.—Rouen, with its lofty rich Cathedral towers rising from the midst of the valley.

Port—spotted with boats of bright colours. Promenade along the shore—Cathedral built by the English—fine rose-windows—people passing in take holy water, bow to the altar and pass on.

Old Frenchman in spotted or rather ringed silk stockings, cocked hat, white locks and queue, and a long light-blue coat.

Church of St. Ouen by moonlight—old monastery by moonlight—Hôtel d'Orleans—fine *salle á manger* where we dined with Mr. and Mrs. Hilles, Mr. Green, Mr. Church, Mr. Strobel, M. de Couvrer.

28

Place de la Pucelle,—where the Maid of Orleans was burnt—her statue—old gateway.

August 23rd. —Leave Rouen at half-past six.

Fleury—small village in a beautiful valley with a silvery stream winding thro' it. Church-spires in distance—meadows—woody hills—poplars—our diligence slowly winding up hill.

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Old Frenchman, thin face, grey hair in papers on ears, pigtail, long coat, figured velvet waistcoat, small dog under his coat.

Postilion—little withered, weazen-faced fellow, black beard, lanthorn jaws, small coat with red lapels, huge buttons and long whip. Horses with shagged fetlocks, long ragged tails and manes—old harness of ropes and leather and wood, decorated with worsted tassels. Postilion lashes them, cracks his whip, and makes them scamper like devils.

Dine at Magny¹ —hostess bustling and active—throws her weight on her guests at table as she puts down the dishes—old Frenchman at head of the table in travelling cape—fresh complexion—large man—one near him, dark olive with great whiskers—navy buttons.

¹ Magny-en-Vexin.

Pontoise—great place for mills, grain and wheat—the Oise flows by it—fine fertile valleys about it—bridge over the Oise—old walls along the higher part of the town—fine old church, with a dome that may be compared to a crown.

Passed by—, where is the Palace of the Prince of Mohun—situated down in a valley. Pass thro' Franconville—St. Denis—old church in which the kings lie buried. See Montmartre on the right—enter by Faubourg St. Denis and Rue St. Denis.

29

[*It is to be noted that Irving has thus reached Paris towards the end of August, 1820. His stay there he does not, however, record in this note-book, which is continued on November 8, 1820, as follows:*]

November 8th. —Leave Paris at half-past two in company with Mr. Ritchie—for Rouen. Our conveyance a kind of cabriolet with two horses, one large, the other small and shagged—miserable—our driver short, square fellow in blue velvet jacket, white night-cap, and blue cotton bonnet—whips and cracks his horses and makes them go at rapid rate.

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There is something grand in the nakedness of the landscape near Paris—great plains tinted with yellow grass, etc.—solitary houses, enclosed between walls—distant hills with large buildings on them—majestic avenues of France—great paved roads bordered with trees. Objects seen at great distance—grow from a mouse to a horse—a little confused object grows to be the house where you dine—country people kind and good.

Passed the house of Gabrielle de B—¹ the balcony where she used to come out to receive Henry IV—house of brick—beautiful view of the Seine—with range of fair hills beyond marsh at a little distance and further on the rich height of St. Germain.

¹ Gabrielle d'Estrées, (1571–1599), who had been created Duchess of Beaufort by her royal lover, Henry IV, was as ambitious as she was fascinating, and if it had not been for the opposition of Sully, coupled with the refusal of Marguerite of Valois to consent to a divorce desired by so hated a rival, Gabrielle would probably have become Queen of France.

My skulking when we passed gay equipages.

Our coachy drives us triumphantly into the Hôtel de Montain at St. Germaine² —great court-y[ar]d—different offices—shewn up into one wing of house

² St. Germain-en-Laye. See Irving's notes at the end of this notebook (pp. 47–48).

³⁰ into state bed-chamber—snug dinner—good bottle of Bordeaux[x]—fire—seat ourselves cosily by it.

Mr. Twining's house back in a court-y[ar]d—ring at gate—he is here with his two sons—has English servant or two—English servants rather isolated in France—adhere to their own household—his two boys flying kites at night and sending up lighted papers.

We are waited on at hotel by a good-looking girl and a fat porter or chamberlain in a cotton cap, or bonnet.

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November 9th. —View from Castle Terrace—great valley with Seine winding thro' it and avenues branching off in different directions thro' the forest—country richly tinted with yellow and brown—Marly in the distance and *château* of La Breton Gabrielle—barking of dogs—crows—blush of approach(in)g sunrise behind Mount Calvary—sun slowly emerges a red disc. Streets of St. Germain silent—shops not open.

Take leave of hotel with the good wishes of the fat host, the hostess, and all the serv[an]ts—find in the gallery of the diligence a thin pleasant-faced Frenchman, a manufacturer, and a little, smart, talkative fellow of eighteen, Parisian born, but engaged in a cloth manufactory at Louviers. Bridge over Seine, branching in diff[eren]t directions—breakfast at Mantes—a neat little town—pass thro' large kitchen where breakfast is cooking—waited upon by good-humoured girl in long-eared cap—one of the company, stout fellow with something of an English face and large foxy whiskers, exclaims at the roast fowl,—*toujours volaille* ¹ —insists that he had seen *grives* ² on the fire—the conductor goes out and shortly after a

¹ Always poultry.

² Thrushes.

³¹ plate of small birds is brought in, which appeases the stout gentleman.

Pass by Rosny, where Sully¹ was born—belongs to Duchess of Berry—see the foundations of chapel of which she laid the stone and where the heart of the Duke de Berry² is to be deposited.

¹ Sully, the famous minister of Henry IV, was born here in 1559.

² Charles Ferdinand de Bourbon (b. 1778), second son of Charles X. He was assassinated February 13, 1820, by Louvel, just as he was coming out of the opera.

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Vernon—an old town on the frontier of Normandy—a church of highly ornamented Gothic architecture—walls to the town—a round tower—the buildings of the town in the old Callimanco styles³—some whimsically carved—the view after leaving it is fine—a long bridge over the Seine with large stone mills.

3 Houses of plaster striped with timber, thus resembling the glossy, woollen, satin-twilled stuff called *calamanco* (also *calimanco*). Irving spoke of such houses later in “Bracebridge Hall” (1822). Farther on, under November 11 and November 14, he calls houses of this style “calico.”

Normans very litigious and fond of lawsuits.

At—take in a stout good-humoured fellow in travelling cap, a manufacturer who has retired on a small competency.

At Louvier[s] Ritchie remains, intending to visit the manufactory with the little Parisian—fine old church in Louvier[s].

The manufacturer in travelling cap tells me his mode of life—has his small *ménage* not far from Rouen—has his wife and domestic—in morn[in]g has his cup of coffee, his bread and butter, and cream—costs eight sous—lets his servant get what she wants—has his dinner: viz. , his *potage* , his *bouilli* , his *rôti* , his dessert, and his coffee—lives for one hundred louis a year. If he wants an excursion he takes his 32 wife and domestic to Rouen in the boat at eight sous—need not spend any money in Rouen—comes back to dinner—his wife can see her family, his domestic, her friends, and he amuses himself about town. Has his friends to dine with him now and then—gives them good *potage*, *bouilli*, *rôti* , a good bottle of wine, coffee and a *tasse de liqueur*—if they want more than one *tasse* never asks them again—sometimes he puts by a little money and makes an excursion to Paris.

He talks of visiting England—he has a relation settled in London—he would go there for eight or ten days—is willing to spend fifty or sixty louis on the excursion—was once on

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the point of starting but a relation died just two days before he was to set out and his wife thought it would not be proper—he was quite annoyed at it—if the person had died two days later it would have been quite another thing, because once *en route* he would not have minded it.

St. Matthieu—church at Rouen—richly carved images around the altar—devout little peasant girls with high caps kneeling at the altar—old windows richly painted with Fathers of the Church— *reliques* of English taste—old buildings about Rouen—parts of convents, etc.

In café women and girls with high caps—lofty air. of one of the girls—her high cap ornamented with a gold band.

St. Ouen—there is a grand simplicity in this church—the nave and aisles are of great extent—arches spring from clustered pillars of grey stone—a sombre air in church—altar surrounded by iron gratings—lights burning at distant altars—silence of the church. The only objects are old women here and there crawling about—they haunt these 33 churches—and a priest kneeling at a distant altar—ringing of bell—clapping of door. High painted windows—mumbling of prayers at a distance.

In these vast religious buildings the distant sounds from without have a strange and solemn effect, as they are tempered by the building and its vaults.

House at the corner of Place de la Pucelle d'Orléans, where Francis I staid on passing thro' Rouen—beautiful relief representing the meeting of Henry VIII and Francis I.¹ The relief is battered by time and abuse, but many parts are in fine preservation and exquisitely carved—faces with great character—graceful positions—fine draperies—horses with spirit—graceful meeting of the sovereigns.

1 At the famous Field of the Cloth of Gold, 1520.

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Embark on boat for La Bouille—country people with high caps—Commander of the Port obliges the boat to halt.

In cabin pretty Normand and three country fellows playing at dominoes. Women with red dresses, golden ornaments and high caps.

Enter into conversation with a young Frenchman who lives not far from La Bouille—would have liked to have me pass the night at his father's.

Before reaching La Bouille passed *château* once occupied by Lord Courtney—red brick—a church adjoining. On a hill about one and one-half miles from La Bouille the ruins of castle of Rob[er]t le Diable.²

2 The father of William the Conqueror. See p. 41.

Arrive at La Bouille at half-past four—throngs ashore—great bustle in the little village on the arrival of the boat.

Our luggage carried on ass to the White Horse kept by Chartier—a little inn. Enter into the kitchen—dresser of wood—coppers and kitchen utensils— 34 ask for dinner—landlady offers us eels—the eels are squirming about the floor. Mine host in cap—pretty daughter—we are shown into the *grande chambre*—paved with tiles—papered—two beds with calico curtains—huge *armoire* containing the household linen—large fireplace with wood fire—glass vase with roses, cupids, etc.

On board the boat this day was the *garde de bois* ¹ of a Marquis—a peasant was cursing him and using all kinds of hard words and names because of his having prosecuted one of his friends.

¹ Gamekeeper.

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Pass a ship partly built which has stood in the same state for thirty years—a process being carried on because of it. The roof over it covered with moss.

The *garde de bois* on board the boat had a plate of silver on his sleeve with the arms of the Marquis and a game-bag slung over his shoulder.

On board was an old traveller—had been in Germany, Italy, etc., etc.—grey eyebrows—a Dutch countenance—a leathern kind of knapsack slung on one side and a staff in hand. He complained of the theatre in Rouen always playing the same piece.

The White Horse at La Bouille—mine host had been coachman to—who had once been president of the Convention—once in driving home they took the Abbé Maury² into the cabriolet and the coachy was obliged to rest ag'st the Abbé's knees, which he mentioned with pride li he was at Versailles when the people came out from Paris in search of the King—he is a small man with sallow countenance and pleasant black eyes.

² Jean Siffrein Maury (1746–1817), noted as a defender of the cause of royalty in the Constituent Assembly—afterwards made Archbishop of Paris and a cardinal.

Our supper was excellent—stewed eels, a roast 35 fowl, good bread, apples, pears and nuts and very good wine.

November 11th. —Fine view from the hill above La Bouille—great bend of the river round a rich tract of country.

Sounds of rural life—crow'g of cock—birds—peasants clattering up and down the road in wooden shoes—pretty Norman lass on a donkey—all going to [*here Irving makes a pencil sketch of the girl on the donkey, showing the high Norman cap*] the port to take rural merchandise—sun glanc—ing along the valley—rich brown and yellow tints—smoke rising from cottages—sun shining against the limestone cliffs of the Seine.

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Auberge on the hill above La Bouille, whence we start in whimsical diligence—man eating *gigot* ,¹ with double-barrel[le]d gun—greyhound—soldier with knapsack—great fireplaces — *eau-de-vie* —women with high caps getting into low diligence.

¹ A leg of mutton. The syntax raises a smile.

Lovely valley before we come to Pont Audemer—river like a silver thread winding thro' it—looks like the softer scenery of the Mohawk.

Pont Audemer—old Norman town—houses calico—old walls with the river running between them—fine old church with painted windows—image of St. Nicholas with little child getting out of a keg—the whole gilded—bells ringing solemnly—rich tracery in the church.

Leave Pont Audemer in diligence for Havre after walking thro' the town and thro' by-paths to 36 meet it outside of the town. It was not the regular day of the diligence, and the driver wished to avoid the duty. We were guided by a fellow traveller, a short fellow of Honfleur with a cast in his eye—nose like P. Rheinlander¹ —had a double-barrel[le]d gun which he had had mended at Rouen. The streets thro' which we passed remarkably quiet and neat —beautiful walk in vicinity of the village—along a limpid rill with high trees bordering it. On mounting the *voiture* we continue to ride along the valley—then mount a hill where we go on foot—have long talk with little fellow of Honfleur—tells us that the people of Normandy are scattered about in farm-houses and are not gathered together in little towns as in the other parts of France.

¹ Philip Rhineland, who married Mary Hoffman, sister of Irving's *fiancée*, Matilda.

Chapel de Grâce at Honfleur—on the height, or côte—fine walk up to it—shaded walk with peeps out at the Seine—Chapel is surrounded by a fine grove—looks out towards Havre—

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image of Virgin,² over the door of the Chapel with inscription: “ *Etoile de la mer, priez pour nous* ” (Star of the Sea, pray for us).

2 The Virgin is looked upon by the French sailor-folk as the especial guardian of those who go on the waters.

Chapel is in the form of a cross with altar in three of the crosses—it is finely painted—and hung around with pictures of ships in danger of wreck, etc., votive offerings, models of ships hung up, vows to Notre Dame de Grace, images, pictures of saints, etc. Place where prayers are sent up for voyages, etc.

Peasant girl, called Vilette.

November 14th. —Cross in steam-boat from Havre to Honfleur.

37

Great noise and turmoil in front of the Inn of Cheval Blanc getting pig on board passage-boat.

Take cabriolet for Pont l'Evêque. Country thro' which we travel is like England.

Pont l'Evêque—calico wooden buildings. Inn—we enter low, large room—fire at one side—passengers in diligence—old gentleman in grizzled wig makes way for us. Gendarme enters to examine passports—fine stout fellow—head rather bald.

Our hostess and two handmaids, the latter in caps—row of candles, matches, etc., hung ag[ain]st ceiling—lighted to our room—old oak stairs with massive balustrades rather roughly hewn—disturbed in night by ringing of bell—bedroom with two beds in recesses—room papered—paved with brick—some fine furniture, mahogany, with brass ornaments. Inn has a wooden gallery around two sides of a court—the other sides taken up with stables, etc.

[*Here Irving draws the figure of a man with a basket over his left arm.*]

Houses of two stories—wood and plaster-tiled roofs—paved streets—looks like an old English village—some of the girls have Creole h'k'fs.¹ The village has an appearance of cleanliness—windows clean—interiors resemble English village houses—people fresh.

¹ Here, as elsewhere, Irving abbreviates this word.

Dozulé² —small village where we saw the two horsemen in large boots sitting by the fire broiling apples—in another room party eating—twelve o'clock—women with cotton night-caps.

² Dozulé-Putot.

38

Troarn—situated on side of a hill—a soft valley with a beautiful stream winding thro' it—along the foot of hill and edge of valley poplars, willows, etc.—ruins of a convent—town old and not very neat. Post-house without the town—little garden before it with flowers—rose trees—walls of posthouse with pictures of generals and battles—over the bed religious picture of our Saviour on tree with this inscription, “ *Représentation—Christ qui est apparu dans un chêne de la commune de Bolbecquet¹ —près Rennes en Bretagne le 14 Novr. dernière veille de la descendance devant la Chapelle de Saint Main.* ”

¹ This name does not seem to appear in P. Joanne's monumental “*Dictionnaire Géographique*,” but it would be unsafe to infer that Irving miscopied the inscription, of which one or two words are difficult to decipher. The sense of the singular entry relating to an apparition of the Saviour in an oak tree in a little commune in Brittany is, however, as a whole quite clear.

Caen—in choir St. Etienne before grand altar,

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Hic Sepultus est [Here is buried

Invictissimus The ever unconquered

Guillelmus Conquestor, William the Conqueror,

Normanniae Dux, Duke of Normandy,

Et Angliae Rex, King of England, and

Hujusce Domus Founder of this Edifice,

Qui obiit Anno MLXXXVII who died in the year Conditor 1087]

Lights from windows near roof—silence—wind—distant sounds of life—steps of sacristan—choir paved with marble—part of the church of Saxon architecture. Wind rushing and howling around the old Abbey—building whitewashed—skull and bones of St. Fidello, martyr. In sacristy picture of William the Conqueror—red hair and beard—attitude 39 like Henry VIII—overdress black—under, red—a vaulted chapel with light from one window—Saxon and French architecture mingled.

College adjoining—cloisters—refectory—dormitory where formerly the monks lived—beautiful view of the valley with the Orne and Odon winding thro' it.

Old Church of St. Laurent before which the funeral service was performed—corpse lying on straw in a cart. Old castle, at present a kind of fort, commands fine view of town—old walls and deep fosse of the castle—yellow walls—remains of old chapel, now an arsenal.

Table d'hôte—Young man next me from Meaux—handsome and polite—German—Italian—the latter a wag—speaks a little English.

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St. Pierre—very large church—paintings of our Saviour's history—between seven and eight o'clock in the morning women here and there saying their prayers—clattering of wooden shoes—shops built ag'st outside of the church—bustle in Place St. Pierre—women in high caps clattering about.

Cloudy morning—a little snow had fallen in the night and lay here and there in small patches—women at prayer with pots of coals.

Hôtel de Bel Épée—go down over archway and up a staircase into a kitchen—huge copper vessels—civility of bakers who leave their ovens to shew me the way to Bel Épée, notwithstanding that they had customers in their shops.

Abbey St. Trinity—subterranean chapel—bones of the abbess—gathered and put in walls—fragments of tombs of abbots above graves—in the subterranean chapel fragments of stone coffins—[e]scutcheon broken leaning ag[ain]st wall—columns 40 —dust—light thro' two narrow apertures, falling between columns—rude altar of stone.

Approach to the Abbey—silent streets—great gate-way—deserted court—shattered hall—great fireplace—silent—nuns gone—sound of chant and silence—walls that overlook the town and beautiful valley where run the Odon and the Orne. Grass-grown courts—Saxon architecture—flight of rooks—long narrow staircase to descend into the chapel. This Abbey was once used as a fortress.

House where Malherbe¹ was born—a black marble slab is inscribed, *Ici naquit Malherbe*. We enter *portecochère*—porter and his wife shew the house—go up winding stone staircase—room where he was born—rafters and posts—old house—shewn into the cellar, which is vaulted.

¹ François de Malherbe (1555–1628), the distinguished criticpoet, founder of French classicism.

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Beautiful walk along the boulevard—fine avenue of trees—meadow—distant view of Caen, towers, etc.—the rivers join their waters.

Make a tour round part of the Isle de St. Jean by the fierce little stream, the Orne—cross it and walk round by the Convent aux Dames and the field-gate of the Castle— *tour de diable*.

November 17th. —Leave Caen at nine o'clock in diligence for Falaise—old fellow from near Falaise, who is a strong Republican and seems well acquainted with America—round, red face, hair tied behind—a chevalier with the ribbon of his order, a mild gentlemanlike man—an *émigé*—two strapping peasant women with high caps and red cotton cloaks.

Arrive at Falaise² after dark and put up at Hôtel de la Place.

² The Norman town in which William the Conqueror was born.

41

The church as usual near-by and keeps one awake with its carillons.

November 18th. —Repair to kitchen—great fire—chevalier and the old Norman at the fire. Breakfast in *salle à manger*—have the old Norman to breakfast with us—tries to impress us with an idea of his gentility—father carried Cross of St. Louis, etc. At other tables peasant in blue frock, reading book, and lads in caps.

Castle of William where William the Conqueror was born—square—Saxon arch[itecture]—hall with chimney—communication with tower—passage from door formerly—circular tower—dungeon, for prisoners—circular hole to put them down—hole through which light was admitted—walls thirteen feet thick—stairs winding in the thickness of the walls—subterranean passage leading to the tower shut up. Window from whence Robert saw the pretty girl¹ —castle built on high rocks—stream away below—mills—ivy.

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1 Arlette, the tanner's daughter, with whom Robert le Diable became enamoured when he saw her washing linen at the foot of his castle. By him she became the mother of William the Conqueror.

View from below—impending crags—pigeons among them—walk along the rocky hill called the rocks of La Bruyère in search of the Maison des Fées—enquire at a cottage and the good woman sends her little boy with us—walk down a wild little valley, two sides formed of rocky hills and a bushy meadow between with the river running along—clamber up a hill and find the Maison des Fées, a small cave, with water dropping within. My little guide told me of the devil having been seen within seated at a table and with a candle. On returning we stop at the cottage—woman has eight children—saw several—fresh, hearty 42 and handsome—their dinner stood on the table—large dishes of milk porridge and bread—while talking the father came in—thin pale man in drab surtout. Mr. Blanchard took us to shew us several rocks in his garden, supposing us to be amateurs of rocks—talked of America—would like to go there—wanted to know if we had works of science there—should like us, if I repassed by that part of the country, to call on him—would give me a précis¹ of a work he is about—a copy of which he intended to send to the Royal Academy of Art and Science. It was a natural history of the world and would be in several volumes, all the result of his own observations and meditations—while talking with him our old Norman, Mr. Billiard, broke forth into a short rapturous sally. He afterwards told us that he did not think much of the philosopher—that he could make better books and that he was quite a poet. Place de la Poissonnerie. Place de la Marché.

1 A summary, or abridgment.

At our hotel find Mrs. La Valler, who had been in New York—a fine, pleasant, talkative French woman. Leave Falaise in *voiture* for Argentan—pass by—, where the Fair is held—fine old church with Gothic porch—country open, with beautiful valley on left—distant village of Lancy.

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Arrive at Argentan about dark and stop at Hôtel des Trois Maries. Enter as usual into the kitchen—large fire, dresser, coppers, stove for cooking, etc., etc. Pretty hostess and good-humoured bustling serving-girls with large caps. Our bedroom with deep fireplace and walls roughly painted in fresco—girl twists napkin in form of rabbit—gets pears from closet in room.

Saturday. —Eight o'clock in the morning—walk 43 about Argentan—neat town. Great church with magnificent Gothic portal—side chapels well decorated—columns of nave with tapestry against them—lamp twinkling in midst of choir before grand altar—grate of iron—tinkling of bell—only two or three persons at early prayers—sun shines mellowly through the side windows.

Back of the ruins of the castle is an old deserted convent—great gate-way—entrance to the church thro' three arches.

[*Irving here makes a drawing of these arches, but they are too indistinct for reproduction.*]

Over the portal is still faintly seen the picture of the Virgin slaying the devil, who has human body, huge horns, and a serpent's tail—grass grown yard—remains of castle with ivy.

Reeking meadows not far from the convent—poor fellow who begged off me with soldier's cap—recollect Leslie's Welsh vagabond¹ —good hero for a tale. Remains of convent near public walk—square tower with high, pointed roofs—windows of diff[eren]t sizes.

¹ Charles Robert Leslie (1794–1859), the painter, who was born in London, but was the son of American parents, was one of Irving's warmest friends.

Beautiful ride from Argentan to Nonant—see Sées at a distance with its lofty cathedral—pass thro' part of Forest of Alençon—old man in blue frock, round hat and wooden shoes,

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with shovel on shoulder, in the Forest—pass by Bourg—Chateau of Chevalier de Bourg in rich valley—pass in sight of Pays de l'Ouche² —rich, beautiful country—English scenery.

² To the transcriber it seemed that Irving wrote here “Pays de L'Ouche.” Whatever his orthography at this place, it is plain that he meant the “Pays d'Ouche” mentioned a little later, a region lying mainly in the Département de l'Eure.

Nonant—at the entrance an old Gothic *château* ⁴⁴ —round, small towers—pointed roofs—belonging to the Narbonnais.

On our way stop at—, to see the stud of the King kept there—fine stallions, fine carriage and fine saddle-horses—beautiful English horses—young rattler—rampant capers of the horses when they hear the bell sound for them to have their feed.

St. Gauburge—at the post-house pleasant-faced woman for hostess, with her only child, a son of whom she seemed extravagantly fond—her husband a fine, manly fellow—invites us to take a glass of *eau-de-vie* before mounting—his postilion was sick and he was obliged to officiate in his place.

The ride from St. Gauburge to Laigle thro' a beautiful country—English scenery—arrive at Laigle at six o'clock—put up at Hôtel Croix de Fer.

Sunday morning. —Old church at Laigle with high Gothic tower—richly decorated with saints—figures on the pinnacle of the tower, one with lance—great many of peasantry at mass. Old *château*—heavy masses of brick—walks between trees clipped flat at top—pretty little valley below Laigle. Women of this part of Normandy short and thick—fresh good-humoured countenances.

Tillières— *château* of brick—village in a green platform—beautiful little valley with the Tillière¹ winding thro' it—little plots of land laid out with small patches of vegetables—look

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down the green valley with silver threads of water and distant church—trees bordering the river—mill—sun sets at end of the valley.

1 So the text. Joanne gives no “Tillière” and Tillières is usually stated to be on a branch of the Arve. Perhaps we have a slip of the pen, or a local name.

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[*For Irving's other notes in this volume one must turn the book around and begin at the other end. Here we shall find on the first page these jottings:]*

Caen—rivers Odon and Orne—castle with dungeon—university one of the oldest of the kingdom—academy—frequented by the English—situated in Bourg l'Abbé.

Abbey St. Étienne founded by William the Conq[ueror].

Lisieux—capital of Lieuvin in Normandy—on the Orbiquet at its confluence with the Touques.

Evreux—capital of the Pays d'Ouche—cathedral—Château de Navarre.

[*On the next page we come to an itinerary from Havre to Paris.]*

Yvetot—Old Norman King

Havre de Grace Vernon

Honfleur Bonnières

La Mailleray Mantes

Moulineux Menton

Rouen Triel

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Pt. St. Ouen St. Germain

Vaudreuil Nanterre

Louvières¹ Paris

Gaillon

1 If the transcription be correct, Irving probably intended to write Louviers, which he describes below.

Honfleur—town and port of Lieuvin in high Normandy—drive to Lisieux, seat of a vicomte, *état-major*—garrison and some artillery—make bone things and hats—smoked herrings—8,800 inhabitants—inhabitants make² long voyages from this

2 This name seems to be written in the text “Chinot Pallmier”—one transcriber got it as “Cheriot Daulsnier”—and it was hours before the proper form was settled, numerous works of reference having been consulted under the letters D and P. Fortunately one of the editors, interested in narratives of voyages prior to Robinson Crusoe's, had heard of Gonneville, and, with the generous aid of Miss Mudge of the Columbia Library, he finally ran the fox to cover. Binot Paulmier de Gonneville was in 1503 driven on the coast of Brazil by a storm, and brought back to France after some months, the son of a king of the country. This son, Essomeric, he promised to restore within “twenty moons,” but, being unable to keep his word, he finally married him to one of his own relatives. A descendant of Essomeric, the Abbé Binot Paulmier de Gonneville, “*chanoine de Lisieux*,” gave in 1663 an account of the earlier Gonneville's adventures under the title “Mémoires touchant l'établissement d'une mission chrestienne dans le troisième monde, autrement appelé la terre australe, méridionale, antartique et inconnue.” It used to be thought that Gouneville reached Madagascar, but this notion was exploded in 1868 by D'Avezac.

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46 place—Binot-Paulmier [de Gonnevillle] gentleman of the vicinity, made in 1503 the discovery of the *Terres Australes*.

Rouen Cathedral—Church of St. Ouen—college—bridge of boats—hotel—Chartienne half a league distant. Old town where stands the chapel of St. Romain—Place of Marché aux Vieux. Rouen famous for its *gelées de pomme, ses noix confites, son veau de rivière, and ses pâtés du même veau*—grand course, or promenade, along the river.

Louviers—small town of the Pays d'Ouche in a beautiful plain on an arm of the Eure—4,600 inhabitants—walled—Convent of Penitents of females of the Order of St. Francis.

Vernon—small town of the Pays d'Ouche in high Normandy on the left side of the Seine—3,600 inhabitants—most considerable parish is that of Notre Dame, collegiate and parochial at the same time—chapel composed of twelve *chanoines*, 800 *livres de rente*, each, etc.—Convent of Condolière—Capuchins—old castle very high with thick walls. A forest belongs to this town.

Mantes—chief place of Mantois, Gov[ernor] Gen[era]l of the Isle of France—eleven leagues from Paris—1,000 inhabitants—walled town—one of the finest bridges in France—its situation and pure air make it so agreeable a residence that it is called “Jolie.” In the Convent of Celestines situated in the Haute de la Côte is buried Jean Martel, chamberlain of Charles V, who was killed at the battle of Poitiers.¹ The close of the Celestines is renowned for the goodness of the wine gathered there.

¹ If Jean Martel really was killed at the battle of Poitiers, September 19, 1356, he cannot have been chamberlain of Charles V, since the battle was lost to the Black Prince by King John the Good, and Charles V did not succeed his father, John, until 1364. But documents are extant (cf. Durant and Grave, “La Chronique de Mantes,” 1833, p. 239) which show that Charles V gave 128 “francs d’or” for exhuming the body of his chamberlain, Jean Martel, from a church at Rouen and transporting it “aux Célestins-les-Mantes.” It would seem that either he was chamberlain of Charles before the latter became king, or he was

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not killed at Poitiers as Irving states. It appears also to be very doubtful whether the tomb Irving saw was really that of Jean Martel, no matter where and how the latter died.

Mantes—said to have been founded in the time of the Druids. In 1096² Mantes was burned by William the Conqueror, Duke of Normandy—Henry IV was here at various times.

² This date is plain, but William the Conqueror had been dead for nine years. The burning of Mantes was one of the last acts of his life.

Triel—1,900 souls. In the parochial church of St. Martin is the Adoration of the Magi by Poussin.

St. Germain—Château Royal—one of the finest residences in France for the beauty of the apartments and gardens—Charles V in 1370 laid the foundations—Francis I from his love of hunting bought the old castle and built more—Henry IV built the Château Neuf in the mountain nearer to the river, extended the gardens to the border of the Seine and had them supported on terraces at great expense—Louis XIII embellished it with many ornaments and Louis XIV, who was born there in 1638, added five large pavilions⁴⁸ which flank the corners of the old Castle. He also embellished the interior, the great terrace, the house and the *jardin de val* and made many roads thro' the forest.

The Château of St. Germain was occupied at the end of the century before last by the King of Eng[lan]d and the Court of England. Old King James was lodged there in 1689 when the revolution in Eng[lan]d obliged him to retire into France and he died there—Mary Stuart, his daughter, and Mary d'Este,¹ his wife, also died there.

¹ The text reads Joseph Mary, but the Dictionary of National Biography merely gives Mary of Modena (1658–1718), only daughter of Alfonso IV of Modena of the house of Este, and second wife of James II of England, the additional baptismal names of Beatrice Anne

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Margaret Isabel. Eleanor, by which she was familiarly known in her youth, was not among them.

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AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, ETC.

August 1, 1822. —At the Redoubt Champêtre.

A little brisk man, with wily, prominent eyes, large veins in his forehead, scanty hairs brushed back and standing on end as if they were going to leave his head in sheer affright.

Opposite my lodgings a poor family has a helpless child six years old, that has no strength in its limbs or neck. After the mother has got thro' her housework she sits by the door with it on her lap and pets and fondles it for hours. I was told the lower classes think such a child brings good luck to the family and that the poor people in question set great store by the child on that account.

The Germans brand dogs with St. Bernard's key—they think that if such dogs go mad their bite will not be noxious.

Redoubt gambling tables. At the Rouge et Noir—at one corner sat a tall, thin old fellow who looked like a man extinguished—prominent nose—thin, withered cheeks—eyes bluish but dim and hazy—a nervous mumbling of the mouth—but a young wig, of flaxen hair in curls, or *boucles*—sat pricking a card and watching the run of the table—spectacles on nose. Every now and then he fingered two or three pieces of money that lay before him but appeared afraid to venture. At length he puts down one, thinks he has lost and seems in despair, but 50 suddenly finds he has won and claps his withered hands in rapture.

Tall German with huge mustaches, a long neck and a hawk's face with specs and a ribband at button-hole, who was always hovering about the table and playing. Another, short thick-necked fellow who stands behind and straining to look over the shoulders

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of others makes an odd mouth, like a frog gaping out of a pond. Some with orders and crosses.

Among the frequenters of the Newbath where I lodge is Mynheer—, director of the Museum of Nat[ural] Hist[ory] of Amsterdam—thin old gentleman in drab cotton travelling cap and gouty shoes—speaks English very well—is followed by a little yellow, long-bodied, short and bandy-legged dog, named Dash, with long tail, large ears, and huge paws, which he turns out as tho' he had been to dancing school. These little dogs are whimsically constructed, being apparently the members of large dogs cramped up together. Another old Hollander, Mr. Van der Beck and his wife—they live at the Newbath. Young Russian, Mr. Rall, son of the Baron Rall, banker of St. Petersburg—a very able, frank, pleasant young man—speaks English very fluently.

Aix-la-Chapelle—Old Town Hall— *Chambres* with heavy panel work—grand *salon* where the Treaty¹ was signed—paintings of those who signed the Treaty—all seated at a table, with a family likeness running thro' the company. Square in front of

1 The treaty here referred to by Irving is presumably that of 1818, which settled the European questions arising from the Napoleonic wars. In 1668 the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle ended the war between France and Spain, while in 1748, the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle terminated the War of the Austrian Succession, the conflict between Frederick the Great and Maria Theresa.

51 Town Hall—fountain with bronze statue of Charlemagne—lively appearance of streets of continental towns on Sunday evenings—Charlemagne's chair in Town Hall.

Dinner at Aix on the King of Prussia's¹ birthday—young Blücher² sat near me—great numbers of officers with insignia.

1 Frederick William the Third (1770–1840).

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2 Son of Field-Marshal Blücher, the celebrated Prussian general, who turned the tide at Waterloo.

August 5th. —Monday morning. Leave Aix in company with Mr. Brandram—for Wiesbaden—beautiful rural scenery some time after leaving Aix.

Juliers³ —formerly the seat of a little government—fortified, but the fortifications in a dilapidated state—bridge over fosses—outworks—sentinel lolling over the works, his gun lying by his side, gossiping with a soldier below—broken cannon lying about. As we enter the gate of the town pass a number of galley slaves.

3 The capital of the little duchy of Julius, or Jülich, incorporated with Prussia in 1814.

Pass thro' a little village jammed in between old walls—a drowsy, idle little place—Herr Postmaster seems to be a man of importance—idlers about in groups talking lazily. Farm-houses with gateways and base-courts⁴ —lonely look of some. Beautiful view of Cologne as we descend a hill—great plain with grass of various kinds—old walls, towers, etc., of Cologne.

4 Secondary courts or yards, usually at the back of the house.

Arrive at Cologne at seven o'clock.

The large plain that we passed before arriving at Cologne had something fine about it. Various cultivations—the harvests getting in—sheaves of wheat standing—strips of woodland—with steeples rising 52 from them. There is something grand and sublime in a great plain—like the ocean. Squalls of rain blowing about the horizon and resting darkly on a line of distant hills—broad tracks of sunshine. Away to our right we see the shadowy mountains of the Rhine.

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Cologne—put up at the Hôtel de Cour Impérial.¹ At the table *d'hôte*, German with large face, small squinting eyes and a profusion of greyish elf-locks—a great laugher and something of a wag—fond of boar's flesh and sauce *à la diable*.

1 So the text, but *cour* is feminine.

August 6th. —The exit from Cologne is very picturesque—a number of gateways and outworks—old tower—long walls with towers. Extensive plain after leaving Cologne—variegated with culture—groups at work—men and horses—sometimes a man on horseback moving across the plain at a distance—fine appearance of Cologne with its many towers. Scenery about the seven mountains peculiarly picturesque. Arrive at Coblentz in the evening of Tuesday, August 6th. Fine approach to Coblentz—Castle of Ehrenbreitstein² on the opposite side of the river on a high rock—towers and spires of the tower—fortifications on hill to our right, with batteries bearing upon the road and solitary soldier walking along the rampart in relief ag[ain]st sky.

2 The “Gibraltar of the Rhine.” The present fortress dates from 1816–1826.

Fine bridge over the Moselle—yellowish stream—groups of soldiers, peasants, etc., upon it—old rambling houses of the town commanding the view—groups of Prussian officers and soldiers about the streets—put up at the Three Crowns—hostess and pretty daughters at the *table d'hôte*—two young-English 53 officers—one Lieut. Humfrey, Royal Artillery.

Pleasant effect in entering a continental town in the evening—passing thro' old gateways—the streets lively with people—the gay colours of the women's dresses—the groups of soldiers—costumes, etc.

August 7th. —Cross *pont volant* ¹ to see Ehrenbreitstein—Commandant not at home—return and ride up to Castle Alexandra—commands the town—grand view up and down the Rhine and the valley of the Moselle—troops exercising on the plot of land behind the

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fort—Prince—, nephew to Frederick the Great, witnessing the exercise—firing with bombs—squad of troops, suttlers, etc.

1 Explained by Irving himself a little farther on.

On our return a number of officers drinking at a table before an inn on a height that commands the scenery of the Rhine—their servants drinking at another table. Soldier's life on the continent is full of variety—very captivating to young men roughly brought up.

The scenes for pictures afforded by the old towns—officers in the costumes of the time of Turenne²—among old walls and towers, or in pannelled, grotesque rooms—officers on the continent have more of the rough, brigand look of the vagabond—more haphazard spirit than English officers—they like a carouse and a haphazard repast and have a rough vigorous mode of enjoying themselves. The officers are more like the men—they have merely been brought up to the trade of arms and are mere men of the sword.

2 The great commander of Louis XIV lived from 1611 to 1675.

Leave Coblenz at two o'clock and arrive in the evening at Bingen—on our way we pass St. Goar, where is the ruin of the Rheinfels, one of the noblest castle ruins I have ever seen. Part of the road between Coblenz and Bingen is wrought along the foot of the mountains and passes for miles thro' mountainous defiles, covered with woods and vineyards.

August 8th. —Bingen—rambling house for an hotel—in the morning I ascended the Castle of Klopp, from whence is a lovely prospect up the Rheingau, and up the Moselle with the bridge of Drusus¹ over it. Just below Bingen is the Mouse Tower² and on a height opposite, the ruins of the Castle of Ehrenfels.³ From Klopp I had a fine view of Johannisberg—Rüdesheim,⁴ etc., etc., where the finest wines are produced.

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1 Mainz (Mogontiacum) was founded by Drusus, the son-in-law of Augustus, about 14 B. C. Roman remains still exist.

2 The Mouse Tower, on a rock in mid-stream, where, according to legend, the tenth-century Archbishop—Hatto II—was devoured by mice. He had, during a famine, compared poor people to mice devouring corn, and had caused a number of persons to be burned in a barn.

3 In this castle, Emperor Henry IV (1056–1106), who was excommunicated by Hildebrand (Pope Gregory VII), was imprisoned.

4 Irving omits the umlaut. The celebrated wine of this place is said to be the oldest of the wines produced in the famous wine-growing district of the Rheingau mentioned just above.

Cross the Rhine in scow to Rüdesheim and continue up the river, with Johannisberg and the fine vineyards of the best wine on our left and the Rhine on our right. The scenery here is soft and beautiful, the Rhine wide with verdant and woody islands—Mayence in the distance—cheerful villages and cheerful, good-looking people. Arrive at Wiesbaden, August 8th, at three or four o'clock—put up at the magnificent Hôtel des Quatre Saisons, room No. 49.

August 10th. —Saturday. Make an excursion 55 with Mr. Brandram to Hochheim, Mayence,¹ etc. Hochheim is an indifferent little *château* belonging to—

1 Irving uses the French name, although the city which had fallen to France during the period of the Revolution had been restored to Germany after the Napoleonic wars.

The best wines grow just about the *château*, but tho' this estate gives its name to all the white wine of the neighbourhood, very little, if any, of the real Hock reaches England. Indeed I am told it is a wine used almost as medicine. The Johannisberg wine is the real "nectar of the Rhine," as the Germans term it, and is charged here within a few miles of

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the vineyard, seven florins a bottle (about twelve francs). The hill on which it is raised is sheltered by the bend of the Rhine and by the range of the Taunus Mountains from all the harsh winds, and the sun shines on it all day long. This lovely region of the Rheingau is spoken of with ecstasy by the Germans and one of their writers calls it “a piece of heaven that has fallen upon the earth.” Of the best Hochheimer wine they make about sixty pieces, or hogsheads, a year—about 700 or 800 from the whole estate.

From Hochheim we went to Mayence, crossing a floating bridge of boats, or *pont volant*. Cathedral—red—very old—tomb of Charlemagne's wife—Cathedral injured by a bomb during the siege.² Hôtel de Darmstadt³ —John A[r]dnot, the landlord, a fat jolly publican, with some humour and waggery. *Table d'hôte*, a Mess of Austrian⁴ officers. Mayence is guarded by the Confederate troops and there are

2 Mainz was captured by both the French and the Prussians during the period of the Revolution.

3 Here Irving wrote the introduction to the “Tales of a Traveller.”

4 The Congress of Vienna decreed that Austria and Prussia should take turns in appointing the governor, and the commandant of the forces, at Mainz.

56 troops of diff[eren]t nations and uniforms. Old philosopher who has set up a vapour bath is *homme de la loi* ¹ —has post in same house with him, etc.

¹ Irving seems to use the phrase as equivalent to magistrate rather than as one learned in the law.

[*This entry is followed by two full-page pencil sketches by Irving.*]

August 11th. —Sunday. Made a little tour among the Taunus Mountains to Schlangenbad, Schwalbach, etc.—beautiful little valleys or laps of land among the mountains. At Neuendorf a village girl in white—hair well put up—green shoes—carrying fawn in her

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hand. Schlangenbad—romantically situated among mountains—Schwalbach in a valley. On returning from among the mountain woods of birch 57 we look out over the whole Rheingau-Hochheim with the rays of the sun glittering on the windows of the palace at Mayence.

August 12th. —Monday. Mr. Brandram sets off for Frankfort—dine that day in the saloon in comp[an]y with an English party, viz. , Mrs. Hassell, Miss Snow, Mr. and Mrs.—, the latter a French gentleman with an English wife.

The German postilions—dressed in a uniform which varies according to the territory—generally blue short coat, with band and facings of yellow, orange, red, etc.,—japanned hat—high boots that reach above the knee-pan—horn slung by their side, to sound on entering any defile that they may apprise any one approaching from the other side. This horn has come to be a mere insignia of office. I have only heard it sounded once by our postilion from Cologne as he returned from Bonn, which I am told was a signal that he had been well paid.

Germans dine at one or two o'clock—do not make their *toilette* until after dinner—have hearty suppers in the evening—go to bed early—rise at six or seven o'clock.

Long serene days of lovely weather, when the sun rises bright and clear, rolls all day through a deep blue sky and sets without a cloud.

August 21st. —Leave Wiesbaden for Mayence, where I put up at Hôtel de Darmstadt, kept by Ardnott. These little old German towns taken and retaken by sack and ravaged in every war seem to have the fate of the unfortunate Miss Cunégonde¹ who was ravished at every turn. Hôtel de Darmstadt, formerly Villa de Paris—very flourishing in time of the Revolution—fallen since. Mine Host

1 The heroine of Voltaire's "Candide."

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58 says the fall of Bonaparte cost him 400,000 francs. Has two sons and two daughters who live with him. *La belle Catherine*, his youngest, about sixteen—very pretty and amiable—educated in a convent.

Col.—, a Russian, has his room opposite to mine. *Malade imaginaire*—room littered with books—clad in *robe de chambre*—formerly in the suite of Kutusoff,¹ etc. *Table d'hôte*—sunshiny man that frequents it—blonde hair—light, languorous countenance—Roman nose—spectacles. *Voyageur* who arrives and throws the whole hotel in joyful confusion—little grey-headed bachelor, who has been upon tour of Germany and Italy in old crazy carriage and with long-tailed horses.

1 The noted Russian general (1745–1813), who opposed Napoleon in 1812.

August 24th. —Beautiful morning on the banks of the Rhine—strolled along the quay of Mayence—large clumsy packet-boats for various parts of the river—smaller barges with awnings and flags—groups of peasants—girls with quilted caps—others embarking in boat which pushes off and floats down with the tide—old towers of Mayence—trestle along the river—silvery look of the water, with tender tints of the distant Taunus Mountains—Palace of Biebrich in the distance—*island of the Rheingau*.—old towered palaces of Mayence.

August 25th. —Sunday. Fête at Castle—groups under the trees at the toll-house—postilion on horse-back with return horses, horn by his side, talking with soldiers—peasant woman—at a little distance the Hotel of the Bear, with band of strolling musicians singing and playing on guitars and organ before it—old fortifications—groups in shade—mountains—bridge of boats, etc.

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[*The following September entries properly belong in the next note-book, commencing September 6th. The inference is that during the nine days beginning September 13th, Irving was carrying the August note-book in his pocket.*]

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September 13th. —Leave Mayence about twelve o'clock in *voiture* , in company with Capt. Wemyss of the Dragoons, for Frankfort. Pass thro' Hochheim—by old Palace of—. Before arriving at Frankfort we have pleasant view of Taunus Mountains to our left—difficulty of finding lodgings—get two rooms at a shoe-maker's at a ducat a day (twelve francs).

Great assemblage of *boutiques* , or booths in the Roemer Platz—little streets of shops—booths along the quay—old bridge, tower, and old buildings along the river—boats of various kinds—busy scene on the quays—Odenwald¹ in distance—Town Hall—the chamber where Emperor was chosen—Burgomaster chairs, etc. Mrs.—, with her *farouche* ² virtue, who arrogates great merit in preserving what nobody was ever tempted to steal—as ugly as she is virtuous.

1 A wooded mountain district lying between Darmstadt and Heidelberg.

2 Savagely rude, roughly displayed.

September 16th. —Monday. Leave Frankfort at four o'clock P. M. in *voiture* with Capt. Wemyss for Darmstadt, where we arrive half-past eight.

September 20th. —Go to Darmstadt. See opera, “Der Freischutz.”³

3 Weber's famous opera was then a novelty, having been first produced in 1821. Its theme of the seven magic bullets belongs to old German folk-lore.

Leave Darmstadt by the way of Erbach, thro' Odenwald. Oetzberg Castle on distant height—60 road winds thro' uneven plain—variously cultivated—great fir tree standing solitary—mount[ain]s bound[ing] horizon—Odenwald—Taunuswald. Stop at Reinheim—straggling village—old gateway, something like *seigneurie* ,¹ with old town and garden—girl singing. Baron—, the great man of Reinheim.

1 About equivalent to barony, or feudal domain.

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Michelstadt—little town in pleasant valley—old town—or market-house.

September 21st. —Erbach. Little village in soft pleasant valley amid the mountains of the Odenwald. Old town and *château* of Erbach—Rittershalle, or Knights Hall—armour of Goetz von Berlichingen² —Gustav Adolph,—Wallenstein³ Clear brook running thro' village—old walls—tinted towers. Evening—a smoke lying along valley—boys driving home cows and cracking nuts—shouts and whistling of children—long lowing of cows—noise of mills.

² The hero of Goethe's poetical drama which Irving's friend, Sir Walter Scott, had translated.

³ The hero of Schiller's play, the famous Imperial General (1583–1634), in the Thirty Years' War.

[*The next page contains a poem in rhymeless verse, as follows:*]

We look forward to better hours;

What better times can I hope?

My sunny days of youth are over.

Oh, the days, the happy days of youth.

When I lay by the brook and dreamt of love and of distant lands,

When all the distance was so lovely.

Oh, the morning, the sunny, sunny morning of love and youth

Oh, the beauty on which my soul has doted!

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The happy bowers, the rosy chambers, the evening walks, the morning greetings—the early days of love.¹

1 In this poem (an example of unrhymed verse, long before Whitman began to write), Irving assuredly refers to his love for Mathilda Hoffman, whose death was the great sorrow of his lifetime.

[*On the next page Irving gives the following description of Heidelberg Castle:*]

Heidelberg Castle—way up thro' the vaults—broken watch-towers—view of the Neckar, bridge, etc., thro' port-holes—vault under terrace—supported by great pillars—dripping—coming out from under vaults—look up a kind of gangway—façade of the Castle—brambles, etc., shaking in wind about the tower—hawks screaming about it—broken cisterns filled with rubbish—vines and brambles about the walls and courts—broken staircases.²

2 The next three pages of Irving's note-book are given over to memoranda concerning routes of travel. It seems hardly worth while to print his detailed tables of the cost of journeying from town to town, the main interest in this record consisting in the small number of florins that then sufficed to carry the traveller onward. There is also a page showing a comparison of the Fahrenheit-Réaumur systems, with the design of a thermometer drawn by Irving. The remaining pages of the book include the jottings reproduced.

The luxury of lying on the grass and looking up to the summer sky.

Swallow high up turning up yellow breast.

A weight rested upon my mind,—there was a soreness of heart as if I had committed some hideous crime and all mankind were justly irritated at me. I went about with a guilty look and sought to hide myself. It was not without some effort that I occasionally threw off this

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weight and recollected that 62 my only crime had been an unsuccessful attempt to please the world.¹

¹ This paragraph affords good evidence of how keenly Irving felt the criticisms that were, at that time, directed against him by some of his reviewers and by a small part of the reading public.

New Rochelle—qu[estion] whether it was not settled by French refugees after the repeal of the Edict of Nantes² —in honour of Rochelle in France once the bulwark of Calvinism?

² This Edict affording toleration to the Huguenots was issued by Henry IV in 1598, and revoked by Louis XIV in 1685. The revocation was accompanied by the horrible persecutions known as dragonnades.

Owl that lived in a hollow tree—like a decayed gentleman in his old tottering castle.

German, his pipe made of clay, or wood, perpetually in his mouth. He is so accustomed to it that he has no need of holding it, but it hangs down from his mouth as naturally as the proboscis of an elephant.

French woman dips into love like a duck into water,—'t is but a shake of the feathers and a wag of the tail and all is well again, but an English woman is like a heedless hen venturing into a pool, who is drowned.

63

THE RHINE COUNTRY, ETC.

[This note-book begins with the entry for September 6th, 1822, but the page is so very badly blurred, that it is almost impossible to decipher it. The few words that can be made out show that Irving left Mainz on the morning of September 6th in company with Lieut. Humfreys of the Royal Artillery; he travels to the country "where the best wines are"; he passes through the large basin of the valley, meets on the boat "people of amazing

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ignorance” in regard to the topography of the country as well as its history—“they neither of them knew how Bonaparte acted after the Battle of Waterloo,” etc., etc.

The remaining notes for September 6th are more easily decipherable and are as follows:]

Dined at half-past eleven at Bingen—stop ten minutes at Cassel—passage money about six francs and a half, twenty-four kreutzers *trinkgeld*—arrive at Coblenz eight o'clock.

September 7th. —Leave Coblenz at half-past four in the evening in *voiture* for Mayence by the road thro' the Taunus Mountains—twenty-five florins the *voiture*—companion, Lieut. Humfreys—after crossing river road winds steeply round Ehrenbreitstein¹ — beautiful view from the heights, the Rhine winding among mountains for several miles—the Swiss mountains in distance—Ehrenbreitstein and

¹ Irving had much trouble with the name of this famous fortress. His manuscript shows various spellings.

64 the steeples of Coblenz below—peasant women crossing the fields. Solitary and quiet effect of evening among the hills—whistle of a man a mile off.

Valley of the Lahn—the prospect of Emshausen from the height—looking down on roofs of the houses—primitive look of town—old cross with sword hanging to it by wall—lovely ride thro' the valley of Ems.

Pass the little village of—, with octagonal tower—the Lahn—clear pastoral stream.

Nassau—castle on height—fine effect in dusk—Hotel of the Crown—old houses—watchman blows horn at night to mark the hours. Supper—chicken, meat, fruit (grapes), cheese, and bottle of wine—bed—breakfast of coffee for two, three florins thirty-three kreutzers, about eight francs.

September 7th. —Sunday—Schwalbach—alleys of trees—soft, mild, pure air—first fall of the leaf, last chirping of birds—contrast the opening of spring and closing of summer

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—the first putting forth of the leaves and song of the birds—the first fall of leaf and last song of birds—leaf rustling to my feet—bird faintly chirping—bell of church—distant lowing of cattle. Very breeze seems diff[eren]t—one brings with it the smell of the blossom, the other seems to whisper mournfully thro' the groves and brings the rustling leaf to our feet. My summer is nearly over—the shadows of autumn begin to come—the leaves of past pleasures are strewn around me—the joys of youth, how have they passed away—friendships faded—loves untimely fallen—hopes blighted—what fruit is there to repay this illspent summer?

On the way from Nassau to Schwalbach a carriage was for some time before us in which were a gentleman 65 and his serv[an]t—one of the post-horses fell dead—took the gentleman in our carriage to Schwalbach—dined together—gave me his card at parting and invited me to visit him if I came in his part of the country—found it was the Baron de Berstatt,¹ prime minister to the Duke of Baden.

¹ Wilhelm Ludwig Leopold Rheinhard Freiherr von Berstett (1769–1837) had a career in the Austrian army, before, in 1809, he entered the service of the grand-duchess of Baden. Under her successor his success was distinguished as minister and diplomat until his retirement in 1831, which was due to the effects of the revolutionary movements of the period.

September 11th. —Evening, half-past six—seated in summer-house above garden of Cassino—lovely view over the Rheingau to the Taunus Mountains—grapes ripe—partridges in neighb[ou]r[in]g field—Rhine gliding along—river under poplars—Biebrich with groves behind it—fortifications on this side of stream with solitary Austrian sentinel—waggons wheeling along the roads thro' gardens on the fine plain below Mayence—sound of evening bells from red towers of Mayence—fine aërial tints of the Taunus Mountains.

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[*Between this and the entry relating to Hirschhorn, Irving has jotted down the name of “Joseph Eckel, Grossherzoglich Hessischer Hofbuchbinder”—(Court Binder to the Grand Duke of Hesse) and a note regarding Munden, the actor.]*

Munden² —took small country box near Highgate—climbed over wall to avoid leaving money with his wife when he was going to Liverpool.

² Joseph Shepherd Munden (1758–1832), the famous English comic actor, to whose genius Charles Lamb devoted an essay. The inclusion of this anecdote here may warrant the inference that Irving met Munden in Germany.

Hirschhorn—small town on the Neckar—dine there on Tuesday, September 25th, on our way from Darmstadt to Heidelberg—old castle above the town. A very indifferent country inn—landlord a red faced, pot-bellied little man in old military trousers with red stripe along seam and some remnants of tarnished lace and a white night-cap on head—his belly had outgrown his trousers and was gradually intervening between his waistband and his waistcoat—his high military cocked hat was ostentatiously hung up in the eating room and upon our asking if he was an old soldier he brought in his military coat with epaulets and let us know that he was captain, or amtsman, in the Landwehr, a kind of militia, or yeomanry.

Little German court of Duchess of Baden—vast, desolate palace—yawning court—the *grand maître* has the habit of yawning—real dull little town.

Homburg—two ladies of Honor—two gentlemen of the court.

Route from Heidelberg to Strasburg,¹ etc.

¹ This is Irving's usual spelling—a compromise between the French *Strasbourg* and the German *Strassburg*.

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September 30th. —Monday. Leave Heidelberg for Carlsruhe in *voiture* —eleven florins to Carlsruhe, *trinkgeld* and *chanson*.

Half-past two—seated beside the road under a tree—beautiful, serene day—broad, rich plain with villages, spires, and tracts of forest land—trees tinted with autumn—line of blue Haut2 Mountains on frontier of France—herd of cattle grazing in plain—labourers in fields—last songs of birds, or rather chirping—lowing of cattle—cawing of crows—distant line of Odenwald Mountains with shadows resting upon their forests.

2 Apparently the Hautes Vosges.

From Carlsruhe to Strasburg.

67

October 2d. —Leave Carlsruhe. Beautiful plains like table with mountains of Black Forest to the left—misty—fine day—peasants at work in fields—cocked hats—large blue coats.

Story of Wemyss—officer shot thro' with musket ball—put hand to breast—“Oh, it's nothing”—rode on—turns pale and sick—falls dead from horse.

Baden Vehmgericht.¹

¹ More usually *Fem*—or Fehmgericht. For these important Westphalian courts of justice, see Scott's “Anne of Geierstein,” especially the introduction.

Pastoral scenes in Swabia—tracts of verdure—Eberstein among black pines.

At Bühl—old town where we drank wine—we entered upon the Pays d'Or, so called on acc[oun]t of fertility—country similar to that of the Bergstrasse, but richer. New wine carried in waggons with ribbands and flowers in spigots.

Pass the little village of [Sasbach] where Turenne was killed.²

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2 In 1675. The celebrated French Marshal was engaging the Imperial General Montecuccoli.

Arrive at Kehl late in the evening and put up at Rehfuss.

Rastadt³ —in Swabia on the Murg—1714, peace between Emperor of Germany, Charles VI, and Philip V, after fourteen-year war—1796, French defeated the Austrians—1799, French plenip [otentiar]y assassinated. Old Margravite palace red with flaming

3 Rastadt, or Rastatt, was the scene of the peace between France and Austria—represented by Marshal Villars and Prince Eugene of Savoy—which completely ended the War of the Spanish Succession begun in 1702. Irving's details, as often, are loosely given. Philip V of Spain had already acceded to the Treaty of Utrecht of 1713. The Congress of 1797–1799 between France and the Germanic powers led to no results, and at its close two French delegates were mysteriously murdered by Austrian soldiers. Rastadt was also important during the Baden Revolution of 1849.

68 gilt figure on top—soldier, dark green with light blue cape—straight street.

Sleep at Kehl.

October 3d. —Take *voiture* to Strasburg—fine view from Cathedral—windings of Rhine and its tributaries—mount[ain]s of Black Forest, Vosges, etc.

Leave Kehl at three o'clock for the Black Forest—pass over the ground between Kehl and Strasburg—scenes of Turenne's last exploits. Ride by dusk and moonlight thro' the beautiful valley of Kinzig—old Castle of Ontenberg¹ —good wine, best in Baden territory.

1 It is hard to say what Irving wrote—Oterburg, Olenburg, or Ortanburg—but the text seems to represent what he wanted to write, presuming, as we must, that he desired to get his details straight. There is evidence in his note-books that he was often puzzled as to the spelling of the names he jotted down.

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I am writing in the inn of Hansach—a little old village in the valley of Kinzig, Black Forest—the inn such as is shewn on stage—great rambling staircase—huge room where waggoners, etc., are boozing—great dusky kitchen—Patagonian² women—old-fashioned chambers—hostess in peasant's dress— *hausknecht* in ditto, red waistcoat—a simple, good-looking girl, mine host's daughter.

² This epithet was chosen on account of the large stature and uncouth manners and dress of the women.

Old castle that looks down upon the little village—owls hooting on it and answered by others in the pine woods—cottages of village of wood and plaster—mills—stream thro' village—walk on bridge of wood—moonlight and theatre of black hills—dark firs—forges at distance—Kinzig a pastoral stream, in winter rises like a torrent—watchman singing the hour—mine host sits by us at supper and entertains us—a pleasant old fellow.

Wild ride in dusk of evening and by uncertain moonlight among black hills—across streams—crossing and recrossing valleys.

Morning—ride one post along the valley of—wild stream—houses like bee-hives, with overwhelming thatches—pigeons, etc., under eaves—bleak dwellings—little patches of farm with farm-houses—peasant women dressed in coarse cloth—dirty straw hats of jaunty form—pretty faces of peasant girls. Hornberg—little village jammed in top of valley with old castle looking down on it—at present a watch manufacture—post—large room, with stag's horns.

Villingen—little town in open plain in midst of Black Forest on the river, or brook—walled town—formerly six convents—now desolate old bleak tower to the left on entering. Münster¹ with statues outrageously gilded—cannon-balls and bombs hung up.

¹ An early Gothic church—the thirteenth-century Münster-Kirche.

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Donaueschingen—neat buildings—source of Danube—green-mantled fountain in court —pass over plain with Danube winding through it—preserve of Prince Fürstenberg—old Château of Fürstenberg. After dark leave Black Forest and descend along hill to Engen—this hill commands view of Lake of Constance—singular effect of moonlight and mist in the prospect. Put up at Engen—miserable accommodation at the post and very dear.

October 5th. —Saturday. Morning, ride to Slotrach² —peeps at Lake of Constance with view of castles on high rocky points. Pass thro' little principality of Hohenzollern³ —palace —like English

² This seems to represent what Irving wrote, but no such place has been found on the maps and in the gazetteers consulted.

³ The ancestor of the Hohenzollern family was that Count Tassilo, who built the castle of Hohenzollern in Swabia in the ninth century.

70 country—squires established—village dependent on it—peopled by old women—naked country. Little kingdom of Wurtemberg—naked country—but frequent villages—Danube increasing in size, but still small.

We ride great part of the night and about half-past four in morn[in]g we enter the town of Ulm—gate closed, but opened for us. Postilion wound his horn thro' the quiet streets—houses large and old-fashioned, painted, or¹ gabled ends towards street—put up at the Black Ox.

¹ Possibly Irving intended to write “and.”

October 6th. —Sunday. Dine at small *table d'hôte* —very good and very cheap—inn with rambling galleries, ornamented with deer's horns and old paintings.

Cathedral of Ulm turned into Lutheran chapel—organ and good singing—pictures of Luther—good painted windows—escutcheons of noble families—crest and motto of

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Katzenellenbogen, cat for crest—from portico to Cathedral. Dress of women—golden caps of gold tissue with two broad ribbands like tippets hanging down behind—peasants with three-cornered hats and profusion of buttons on their coats.

(In Black Forest, inn at little town of—deer horns in the rooms—old castle scene from the windows.)

October 7th. —Leave Ulm Monday morning, seven o'clock—cross Danube on old bridge—postilion sound[in]g horn. Enter kingdom of Bavaria and pay *chanson geld* 2 at amthuse—open country—broad

2 The usual phrase is “trinkgelt,” *i. e.*, drink money; but here Irving uses the phrase “song money,” for his “tip” at the custom-house.

71 hills of Bavaria—grain—many villages scattered about the great swelling plains—woody hills along the Danube in distance—company of chasseurs in waggon in sporting party with dogs, guns, etc.—fine looking young man with moustaches. Pass through—heim—little town on Danube with flimsy little *château* that a ball would go through and through—peasants civil—well dressed in old-fashioned costumes.

Günzburg—on banks of Günz and Danube—large town house—Market Day—great number of peasants in main street before the Crown. Costumes of head-dresses—little gold patch with black cap and broad bl[ac]k ribbands—cheerful look of peasantry.

[*Here Irving paused to make the following sketch:*]

After leaving Günzburg pleasant country—Danube on right—woody lands—frequent villages.

Lauingen on banks of Danube—fresco-painted houses—old convent on bank of Danube—picturesque 72 view from a little distance—towns improve—peasantry also.

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Dillingen—handsome little town—funeral scene there.

(For memoranda of Blenheim see another part of this book.)

At Donauwörth take leave for a time of the Danube—road runs thro' open country—rather uninteresting—villages in this part of Swabia often cons[is]t of neat cottages with little gardens, as in England—towns and villages have a look of cleanliness—country well and cheerful—peasantry very civil.

Arrive eleven at night at Augsburg—put up at the Three Moons—house shut up—rec[eive]d by Serv[an]t half asleep—great gloomy courts and stair-cases—just come off a cold night ride—cold—large rooms lit by single candle—bed not made up—fires out—no likelihood of supper—everything comfortless tho' fine—but in a quarter of an hour our rooms are put in order, snug smoking supper bro[ugh]t in of mutton chop, pigeon, woodcock and a bottle of Bordeaux and we are as happy and cozy as kings.

N. B. Throughout the journey people busied getting in potatoes and treading flax—great quantities of hop gardens.

Morning—music at half-past six in street—military band—a large body of Bavarian light cavalry parading—green uniform—rather loosely caparisoned and arranged. Augsburg Fair—principal street full of fairs—fountains with bronze figures—bright, clear, cheerful look of the town. Hôtel de Ville—Salle d'Or—rich carved ceiling—paint'g of Albert Dürer. Arsenal—statue of St. Michael over the door.

73

Maison de Comte Fugger.¹

¹ Of a famous family of bankers. Jakob Fugger, the Rich, founded a separate quarter of Augsburg about the time of his death, 1519.

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Road to Munich thro' wide naked plains, then small neat villages—patches of firs—Tyrol
Mount[ain]s.

[*In order to find the other notes that Irving wrote in this little volume, one must turn it
around and begin from the other end. While some of these memoranda are directly related
to his travels, there are others of a miscellaneous nature.]*

Old fellows looking cross at newspapers.

Another going quietly to be killed. I made many valiant resolutions how I would withstand,
but I was summoned and went to be killed.

When the barr[e]d windows and the smokeless chimneys and the grass-grown carriage
road tell that the soul of hospitality is departed, or worse than all, when the stranger and
the upstart sit in the fraternal hall.

Gossamer—fairy bal[l]oon.

SPEECH OF A SATYR IN GOETHE'S SATYROS

Arsinoë: Von was, O Fremdling, lebst du dann?

Satyros: Vom Leben, wie ein andrer Mann.

Mein ist die ganze weite Welt,

Ich wohne wo mir's wohl gefällt.

Ich herrsch' über's Wild und Vogelheer,

Frucht auf der Erden und Fisch im Meer,

Auch ist auf'm ganzen Erdenstrich

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Kein Mensch so weis und klug als ich,

Ich kenn' die Kräuter ohne Zahl,

Der Sterne Namen allzumal,

74

Und mein Gesang, der dringt in's Blut

Wie Weines Geist und Sonnen Flut.¹

¹ *Arsinoë*: On what, O stranger, do you thrive?

Satyros: On life, as every man doth live. The whole wide world belongs to me. I dwell wherever I would be. Both beast and bird yield to my wish The fruits of earth, the ocean's fish.

Nor any wight so wise as I, So clever, lives beneath the sky. For I can name all herbs that grow, And all the heavenly stars I know; And through man's veins my song doth run, Like soul of wine and heat of sun.

These lines are quoted from “*Satyros*,” a dramatic poem on the theme of Pan, written by Goethe in 1773, when he was still a very young man

[*After these excerpts from Goethe, the page is devoted to some notes, very possibly the plot for a story.*]

Soldier in battle—remarks one of the rebel enemy—a peasant warrior—at a distance with peculiar dress—fires at him and wounds him.

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After the battle, being wounded and taken prisoner is in hospital of the enemy—meets with same peasant whom he had wounded—his sufferings, his story, his kindness to the one who had wounded him—his anxiety to return home to his family—death.

Soldier escapes—his risks of being retaken—sheltered in the home of a peasant, the master absent—kindness of wife—her children play about him and caress him. She is often expressing anxiety for her husband's return—preparing humble comforts and surprises for him—soldier accidentally discovers that the husband of his protectress is the man whom he wounded and who died in the hospital.

[*On the next few pages are found notes concerning Marlborough and the battle of Blenheim, memoranda 75 concerning which Irving made a reference on a previous page of this note-book.*]

When Marlboro[ugh] finds a difficulty in getting the Dutch States to enter into his plan of a campaign he writes pathetically to the Duchess, "I am afraid this world is made more for trouble than happiness; for at this time, I am haggard out of my life, so that I long extremely for Monday, which is the day I intend to leave this place."

Battle of Blenheim—Marlboro[ugh] and Prince Eugene reconnoitre the enemy from the steeple of Dapfheim church—lines of Allies along the elevated ground stretching from Blenheim, or Plintheim, to Lutzingen—Tallard stationed at Blenheim, Marsin at Oberglauheim and the Elector of Bavaria at Lutzingen. Two water-mills a little above Blenheim. Troops of Marlboro[ugh] formed on the ground stretching from Welheim to Kremheim; those of Eugene along the skirts of the hills on the rear of Wolperstetten—Berghausen and Schwenenbach.¹

¹ The proper names in this paragraph have been deciphered or corrected in accordance with the account of the famous battle given by Coxe in his "Memoirs" of Marlborough, the authority Irving seems to have followed. (*Cf.* ed. of 1820, I, 384 *seq.*; also "The Cambridge

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Modern History," V, 409 seq.) The chief commanders opposed to Marlborough and Prince Eugene were the French Marshals Tallard (Camille d'Hostun, Comte de, 1652–1728), Marsin (Ferdinand, Comte de, 1656–1706), and Maximilian Emanuel, Elector of Bavaria (1679–1726).

Disposition

Tallard ordered brigade of dragoons to dismount and form between village and Danube, behind barricade of waggons. Infantry in village with eight officers, left of dragoons. Behind the hedges at left of village he posted brigade of Zurlauben with centre 76 among the houses. Two hundred men thrown into castle and church-y[ar]d and small bridges formed across the Meulweyer to facilitate the communications. Enemy from the heights above Blenheim swept the foot of the Nebel with grape-shot. Troops remaining in Blenheim defend themselves—Lord Orkney¹ attacked the churchyard, etc., etc.—compelled to surrender unconditionally—burnt their colours and burned their arms.

1 This was George Hamilton, Earl of Orkney (1666–1737), a distinguished Scottish soldier, who in 1714 was made governor of Virginia. At Blenheim his forces captured 12,000 men and 1,300 officers.

[*With these historical notes, Irving has given some memoranda concerning the locality around Blenheim, these notes having been made by him on or about the 7th of October, 1822*].

Höchstadt² —white tower—old convent—four corner towers—grey. White village, left of Höchstadt among the hills and trees. In Höchstadt, small square—large house with towers—market-place—brook by Höchstadt and bridge before old gateway—winding road—bushes—hops.

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2 A village near Blenheim which also gives its name to the great battle, and where the Elector and Marshal Villars had, the year before (1703), defeated the Imperial forces under Count Styrum. Irving spells it "Hochstett."

Nebel—small stream—open country on a rising ground—Höchstadt in distance behind enemy—solid square convent ag[ain]st sky.

The field of Blenheim is a broad plain with hills covered with forests to the right and the Danube to the left. The Nebel which crosses it is a small brook—tolerably deep but narrow.

October 7th. —Fine clear autumnal day. Beyond Blenheim towards Donauwörth the Danube winds in silver links thro' thicketted country with villages 77 —the whole landscape gentle and agreeable—unlike the stern purposes of war—a country of peace and cheerful husbandry. I looked at the little mild landscape and the clear sky,—Good God! can man defile thy peaceful works with his passion.

The husbandman had fled—the affrighted village—lowing cattle—the distant opposite side of the Danube gazed from the towns in quiet security.

Superb view of winding of Danube thro' rich plain before arriving at Tapfheim¹ —the Danube winding thro' rich plain makes island. Donauwörth—old town on slope of hill with broad valley before it—slight walls and brick towers—gateways and ditch.

¹ This seems to be identical with the "Dapfheim" mentioned above.

78

MUNICH TO SALZBURG

October 10th. —Tuesday—Munich. Arrive a little past six. Put up [at] Goldener Hahn¹ —theatre— *Bettlerstuden* ¹ —Ballet Wildschütze¹ —superb theatre.

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1 “Goldener Hahn.”—Golden cock. “Bettlerstudent”—Beggar student. “Wildschütze”—Poacher(s).

Things to see

Château de Résidence—magnificent intérieur—superb salle *impériale* —Cabinet, 130 miniatures—Galeria Maximiliani—bed of Charles VII—chapel, a painting by Michelangelo—little altar of Marie Stuart when in prison.

The Palatine Pearl.

Palais Guillaume.

Parochial Church of St. Pierre—the oldest in Munich.²

² Erected in 1181, but often restored. It would be superfluous to comment exhaustively upon Irving's list of curios, but we may note that the “little altar” was an enamelled pocket one, a French work of the fourteenth century, and that the “Pearl of the Palatinate,” which ranks with the blue “Hausdiamant” as one of the finest of the Bavarian royal jewels, is half black, according to the omniscient Baedeker.

Palais de l'Académie— *un superbe collège des Jésuites* —the most magnificent that they possess in Europe.

Promenade near *château* with arcades.

Jardin de la Cour—now *jardin anglais* par Comte Rumford.³

³ Sir Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, scientist and statesman, born in Massachusetts in 1753, died at Auteuil in 1814. During the revolution he served in England as an under-secretary of State and later was a cavalry leader against the Americans. He won reputation as a versatile scientist and administrator, and became the Chief Minister

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of Charles Theodore, Elector of Bavaria. Count Rumford organised and supervised practically everything in Bavaria, including the embellishment of Munich, and the planting of the “English Garden,” a park of six hundred acres. Among the biographers of this remarkable man, was James Renwick, Irvings companion on the tour through Wales.

79

Cabinets-Musée du Prince Royal, where are the celebrated marbles of Ægina.¹

¹ From a temple of Minerva in the island of Ægina, found in 1811, and purchased the next year by Crown Prince Lewis. Restored with the aid of Thorvaldsen, and important in the history of art. Now in a special hall of the Glyptothek.

The Royal Gallery of paintings—the second in rank in Allemagne² —enriched by a great number from Man[n]heim, Düsseldorf, from suppressed convents, etc.

² Irving wrote it “Allemand.”

Library—400,000 vol[ume]s. Bible of Gutenberg-Faust³ —two globes of celebrated Appian.⁴

³ “Bible of Gutenberg,” the forty-two-line “Biblia Sacra Latina,” the first book printed from movable types; Gutenberg and Fust, 1450–1455. The Library now has over 1,100,000 volumes and 50,000 Mss.

⁴ Irving seems clearly to mean, not the ancient historian, but Apianus, father or son, Peter (1495–1552), Philip (1531–1589). The elder astronomer and cosmographer was really Peter Benewitz, or Bienewitz.

Munich. Warlike matters—how the humble employments of peace creep upon them! The ditches round the walls of Munich converted into drying places for dyers and

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washerwomen. Old hanger on of gov[ernmen]t allowed in reward to live like a rat in one of the rubbishy towers of the old walls.

On approaching Munich saw from afar the two tall towers of the Cathedral, with their windows glistening in the red rays of the sinking sun like two burning eyes. My window looks into place in rear of Cathedral. Monumental tablets and carvings around the exterior.

80

Peasant women at Munich wear a kind of fur turban and an enormous quantity of petticoats that scarce reach below the knees—wear a corselet instead of stays.

Tyrol Mount[ain]s seen from Munich. Fine music of band of the Artillery—church and theatres—rich, but overcharged architecture—the Church of the Court—small organ behind altar—a proper place for it as to effect—an orchestra accompanying it.

Cabinet of paintings in the Palace—the misery of being walked thro' galleries of paintings. How sad that so many fine paintings should be doomed to be only glanced at by the world! The little courts of Germany are so busily employed in amusements that the people seem to look on their amusements as matters of such¹ importance.

¹ Perhaps Irving meant to write “much.”

Munich, one part rubbish; the other, fine. Orchestra number of grave-looking persons seriously employed in the art of making pleasant noises. The importance of a maker of pleasant noises. How much he arrogates to himself—how much is ceded to him—Catalani,² etc., etc.

² Angelica Catalani, 1799–1849, Italian singer, who was for seven years the greatest prima-donna in England, and who was acclaimed throughout Europe.

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Gallery Royal at Munich rich in paintings—fine Rembrandts and Vandykes, Murillos, Ostades, etc.

Fine view from summit of the Theatre over the great plain around Munich—Tyrol Mount[ain]s in distance, Isar winding thro' plain. Nymphenburg—garden—summer palace of King—lake with islands—singular machine for sailing, with paddles worked by the feet.

Beer garden.

81

Palace of Prince Eugene,¹ in a delicate but magnificent taste—choice collection of paintings. Statues—Three Graces by Canova—Madeleine by ditto. Various articles of furniture formerly belonging to Bonaparte and Josephine—Theatre of the Palace with Apollonicon.

1 Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, the step-son of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Library of Munich, 500,000 vol[ume]s—Director very attentive—displeased with Dibdin²—complained that Dibdin from seeing a review lying on his table had pronounced him a great reader of reviews—rich manuscripts, missals, etc., with superb bindings enriched with jewels—“Romance of Sir Tristrem” by Sir Thomas of Erceldoune³—work on Mss. by Albrecht Dürer—Nibelungen in Mss. an original national poem—fine arrang[emen]t of Library—every kind of work classed.

2 Thomas Frognall Dibdin (1776–1847), the noted English bibliographer. It is interesting to recall that Dibdin valued the Gutenberg Psalterium at £10,000, the sum that in our times has been obtained for the Gutenberg Bible mentioned above.

3 Thomas of Erceldoune, or Thomas the Rhymer, the mysterious thirteenth-century Scotch poet and prophet, believed by many students of literature to be the first singer of the

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Tristram legend. The credit may more properly be given to Gottfried of Strasburg, or to an unidentified "Thomas of Brittany," mentioned by the German poet.

October 11th. —Isarthor, old gateway leading to the Isar—bridge over that river—Isar rapid⁴ and greenish—broad gravelly bed. *Maison de force* some distance beyond the bridge—formerly convent—regulations intolerable—too many sleep in a room—rooms kept too warm in the cloth works—beds in the working rooms and slovenly put up during the day—men obliged to work from two in morn'g until nine at night—scantily fed, but

⁴ Compare the lines of Campbell's "Hohenlinden"—

"And dark as winter was the flow Of Iser, rolling rapidly."

⁸² allowed to add to their food by the surplus profit of their labour—obliged to answer during the night to the challenge of patrol, otherwise have *coups de bâton*—many in for life—confined three in room—strong double doors, and ironed with twenty-four-pound balls to their chains—prisoners do not look healthy or over-clean. Those in for life never pardoned—sentences seldom, if ever, mitigated.

Saw a man who had been charged with a robbery accompanied by murder of four persons—had three accomplices who confessed and were executed—they charged him with being the ringleader—he denied and persisted in his denial and as no man can be condemned to death without personal evidence of the fact or his own confession, he was repeatedly interrogated. Finally he said, "Well, if you will not take my word for truth I will never speak more." He has remained silent five years though tortures have been inflicted on him to make him speak—lies on his bed with eyes closed all day—blows will not arouse him—eats at night—turnkey seized him by the hair of the head and turned him towards us holding up his head that we might see his face—he kept his eyes closed. A wretched, ghastly face—on turnkey letting go his head he fell back into his former position like one dead and tho' he struck his arm with some violence against the frame of the bed he never stirred.

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In one of the apartments, among those who were carding wool, I saw the Jew who so dexterously purloined the box of jewels from Remdell and Bridge, who was arrested in this territory—doomed to make good the deficiency of the goods that were found on him, to pay all costs, etc., and to be imprisoned for eight years. He complained of the severity of his treatment and the regulations of the prison, being obliged to labour hard and not having sufficient food, while his family (wife and four or five children) were starving—said he had been ruined in London by a seizure and the confiscation of a large quantity of contraband goods and that he was in a state of despair, when he was persuaded to commit the act for which he was confined. He said that a banker of London named Sampson (no such banker in London, possibly a Jew broker) had been for some time trying to persuade him to the act showing the facility of it and the little *risque* of detection—that many agents were employed to operate upon him until he at length consented. He is a good-looking man, with rather an open, prepossessing countenance.

Officers of the prison armed with cutlasses and have something of a military air, according to the passion of the country—no doubt have formerly been soldiers—large dogs kept in the prison that patrol at night. Prisoners occasionally make attempts to escape and some have even succeeded but were retaken. It is difficult to evade the police of these rigid military countries.

Evening—theatre—new piece, “Pilgrim”—splendid dresses—theatre beautifully lighted up on account of the pending fête of the King¹ —Well attended, and audience had a gay appearance.

¹ Maximilian I. Joseph.

Profound reverence of Germans for men in office and titled characters.

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October 12th. —Saturday. Grand mass in Church of St. Michael, formerly belonging to the Jesuits—all the military attend—fine bands of music—splendid band belonging to the Cuirassiers—silver trumpets.

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Shew of cattle and horses preparatory to the distribution of prizes.

Bavarian troops—regiment of Grenadier Guards—3,000—fine men, well equipped and disciplined—Chasseurs indifferent—Artillery good—National Guard grotesque.

Museum—an excellent reading-room for news-papers.

October 13th. —Sunday—Munich—Fête in honour of King. Nine o'clock—town in bustle—people in best clothes—Cathedral place into which my window looks is quite alive with people coming from mass. In next house are people of lower class—house locked up—women and children finely arrayed—take key in pocket and set off to see the shew. (N. B. At Munich made the acquaintance of Mr. Walter Buchanan, 33 Mark Lane, London. At *table d'hôte* conversed with Sir Archibald Edmonston[e],¹ on his way to Italy.)

¹ Scottish traveller and man of letters (1795–1871).

Horse race on a plain about a mile from town—ridge of ground on one side makes a complete bank of faces—stage with awning for the Court—booths, restaurants, etc. A great number of horses race—one (an English horse) takes the lead at a great distance ahead—the others follow in a drove—shouts of people when the King appears.

Evening—theatre, “Freischütz”—the principal part by Mad. Vespermann,² who has a delightful voice. The part of Max by Herr—.

² This may be Catherine or Claire Vespermann, both of them famous Bavarian vocalists at that time.

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Eugène de Beauharnois Palace—fine painting by Albani—Belisarius by Gérard.

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Even'g service at sundown—the Angelus, or Ave Maria.

October 17th. —Thursday—Leave Munich for Salzburg, by Rosenheim, etc.—set off at one o'clock—road after leaving Munich goes thro' level, uninteresting country—pine forests—villages of log houses—Tyrolean Mountains at distance—towards dusk we come among fine scenery, broken and hilly with Tyrolean Mount[ain]s more at hand—put up for the night at—.

At the post, good-natured civil people—landlord said he had *elegant s [c] hoöne* apartments—the way into the inn like a cannon—rooms clean though old-fashioned, with old paint'gs and engravings—hear the shrieks of hen killed for our supper—rainy night. My room—three beds in it of ponderous woodwork, with pictures of inlaid wood on the head—and foot-boards representing shepherds and shepherdesses—a crucifix over the looking-glass with our Saviour in white earthenware.

Leave Coblenz at nine—ride thro' country diversified by hills and forests—Inn winding thro' it—a rapid stream—Tyrolean Mount[ain]s—dark blue pines and yellow beeches—mist and clouds hang about them.

Rosenheim—pretty little town—old-fashioned houses with arcades as in Bologna—mount[ain]s near it. Arrive at a German inn—long, dark, vaulted passage—pigeons—fowls—dogs—tall chasseur with hunting sword, long boots, spurs, and foraging cap—talk to landlady.

Little lake near Rosenheim (arm of the Chiemsee). Sun breaking out warm about twelve. Postilion singing—woods gleam on lake—blue hills with clouds about them—green meadows—pine woods 86 —poplars—gleam of grasseffect of sun breaking up a wet, cloudy, cold morning and coming out with all his glory, among glimmering meadows,

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dripping forests and blue mount[ain]s with clouds and mists blowing about him—the warm noon of an autumnal day—with its cold neighbours, the evening and morning—croaking crow—smell of woods after rain, in reeking sunshine—sheet of green meadow with tall trees—place for a repast of pedestrians.

The journey this day was very agreeable, the road for a great part of the way lying thro' beautiful country, the Lake of the Chiem appearing to the left in various prospects as though there were several lakes, Tyrol Mount[ain]s of the lesser size rising from the lake and retreating back, increasing in size until some were covered with snow—sides of mount[ain]s dark pine with yellow patches of beech.

Road at all times runs along the border of the lake—distant dark mount, with white church gleaming on one of its terraces. In this part of Bavaria the country people live on their farms, which gives the country a cheerful, inhabited look and chequers it with groves and varied cultivation—houses often of wood, sometimes logs—little balconies—fanciful and grotesque ornaments and paintings. Peasant women with large black hats with broad black ribbands behind. Road passes thro' forest—village of Traunstein—built around an oblong fountain with warrior in armour with lance and banner.

Prevalence of fine fountains in German villages—large salines in suburbs of Traunstein.

Pass the barrier about ten o'clock and enter Austria. Arrive in Salzburg and put up at hotel of 87 the Schiff—entrance to Salzburg—various gateways, palace, etc. Black rock overtopping the houses to our right—water to our left, with distant lights gleaming—high houses with small windows.

Salzburg Cathedral—before it, statue of Immaculate Conception by Hagenaur.¹

¹ Johann Hagenauer (1732–1810), court sculptor at Salzburg, who made the sculptures for the picture galleries of King Sigmund and for the gates of Salzburg.

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Church of Innocence.

Theatres.

St. Sebastian Cimetière—one of the handsomest in Europe—tomb of Paracelsus.²

² The Swiss alchemist and physician (1493–1541) who died at Salzburg. He is the subject of a famous poem by Browning.

Château—tower with *carillon*—*écuries* and *ménage* of *été* ³—statue of Bucephalus and galleries cut in Mountain.

³ This summer riding school seems still to be kept up in connection with the artillery barracks. The “Mountain,” in which the galleries for spectators are cut, is the Mönchsberg mentioned below.

Portrait of Paracelsus on house where he died.

Porte Neuve—Mönchsberg—view from top of Mönchsberg.

Bib[liothèque], de l'Université.

Convent of St. Pierre and Augustin.

Salines of Hallein—illuminated.

Kugelmühle, or Kugelstadt—Feldkirchen—Grödicher Pfarrkirche⁴—St. Zeno.

⁴ This particular village, which is mentioned later, again with a reference to its church, seems to be *Grödig*, not *Grödicher*.

Kugelmühle, white tower under Untersberg—Feldkirchen is away at distance in broad valley.

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October 19th. —Salzburg.—Leaning on parapet above river.—opposite Salzburg, just without the Steinthor—picturesque view of town, with walls along the rapid river—Cathedral dome—Castle 88 a huge pile of towers with little steeples—Castle overlooks the town. [*Here Irving has made a slight pencil sketch of the scene he has described.*] Convent below it. Town built between river and a rocky ledge crowned with trees that overtop it—view of the river with hills covered with pine and beech—river has a broad bed—partly bare and sandy—must be violent in winter—wooden bridges over the river—fountain in public square of Cathedral.

Peasant women with high conical black hats—narrow rims—flower stuck in them. Men have high hats with flower or feather—something of the Tyrolean. People good-looking—river light greenish, like mountain stream—Faubourg opposite the river—convent in picturesque situation—watch tower on angle of wall peeping over brow of cliff above Steinthor—road along river at foot of mountains—river rushing and raging against water breakers—mist about mountains—day breaking away. (Small house under hill without the Steinthor*flowers in windows—grape-vine clambering.)

Walk along the river road and then up a path that leads among the hills—little meadow with watchtower perched on cliff overlooking it. Solitary cow grazing—stone circle like well—from hence a fine view up the valley of the river, and up the small valley to the left among mountains. Valley that lies along the river entwined by cottages—distant sound of hammer—cawing of rooks about the cliff and watch-tower—sun breaking out among mist and clouds. One mountain to my left overhung with mist that gradually clears away. (A man going up mountain, seemed as if he were going into chaos or the clouds—hears below him the faint sound of a hammer, or crow of a cock—pities the sons of toil.) 89 Mountains rising from little valley, or plain, above Salzburg covered with snow—sun begins to gleam along the stream on upper part of valley.

Convent and church in valley to the left among mountains—gilt cross of church glistening in sunshine (Carl1 sees it glisten and hears the matin bell)—autumn, and the beeches of

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mountains have put on their golden hue—rustling of the leaf—last chirping of birds, or the ominous chirping of the winter visitants. Beautiful green of the grassy valley—dark pine of the mountains—sun gleaming in broad yellow rays along the grass of plateau—distant mountains up the valley still lost in mist.

1 Probably Irving's postilion.

Bells from churches of town or among hills. *Carillons* of Salzburg performing a waltz—peasants going along roads from market.

Sun and wind driving mist and clouds to their fortresses in the mountains and up the valley, where they are broken up and desert in light feathery detachments—valley between the castle hill and the opposite mountain is a complete chaos of clouds that descend almost to the level of the valley—sun very warm.

White walls and houses of Salzburg come all glistening into sunshine from their late fog and gloom.

Untersberg—rocky summit—cliffs of pine and beech—fleecy clouds half-way up—looks out over broad plain with villages, farms, etc., etc., green with wheat.

Castle of Salzburg—windings of the Salzach² —tones of convent bells.

² Irving writes something that looks like “Saal,” but it seems plain here and later that he was uncertain how to spell the name of the river. “Saal” is the form used in a letter printed by P. M. Irving (II. 118.)

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Watzmann Mountain beyond Untersberg—covered with clouds—Grödicher at foot—white tower of church—noise of mills in the valley.

Château of Mirabelle with story of Bishop—castle—view over valley, with Salzach, etc.

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Tomb of Paracelsus with the Cimetière of St. Sebastian.

Below Castle—steep road winding up to gate—Castle away above—towers butting over—watchtower perch[e]d on point—beech trees clambering up towards Castle.

View from cliff of Mönchsberg towards summit—looking towards Untersberg over the rich plain to the north, with villages, forests, etc. Solitary Austrian sentinel takes his stand near me and gazes on landscape—lowing and bells of cattle away below—sounds of voices—evening bells from away off Untersberg Mountain. Untersberg still capped with clouds.

There is a road that comes across the valley from Untersberg and under the castle of Salzburg. The rocky brow of the Untersberg looking over the hill and woods, as if to attest the truth. Story of woodcutter and the soldier—of waggoner and the army—of the old man who entered the mountain and talked with soldier and saw army pass—of phantom army near Colmar that encamped near Gen[era]l Moreau.¹

¹ Jean Victor Moreau (1763–1813), the famous victor of Hohenlinden (1800).

Inn at the salt works among the mountains—seat before inn—rocks and trees—fountains streaming out—chapel—view through the mountains past the Braziers Rocks—peeps down the valley—targets in the houses at which the country people shoot. In coming up the mountains pass peasants 91 with Tyrolean hats, etc. Ascend to the Capuchin convent opposite Salzburg—marble steps—stations of our Saviour's history—looks out over the valley with Palace of Mirabelle below—convent on mountain away to right and Salzach winding through rich valley below. (The rooks were taking their evening flight above the towers of the old castle.) View from cloisters of Capuchin over valley. Mountaineers with sticks and dogs—eagle feathers in hats.

[*The next page Irving has devoted to a slight pencil sketch of the Tyrolean Mountains, showing a little building which is presumably the Capuchin convent.*]

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In this part of Germany one sees the approach to Italy in the style of architecture and paintings in fresco on the houses. People have the old-fashioned mode of kissing your hand when you confer a favor, *i. e.*, the lower order—I have had my hand kissed for giving an old coat.

High-crowned hats of peasants with gold bands, or bl[ac]k bands with gold tassels—little feathers in men's hats, trophies of birds they have killed—pretty flowers in hats of men and women—men with bl[ac]k leather breeches and embroidered girdles—some women with gold embroidered caps that cost twenty, thirty, sixty florins.

Anif—little village with grey church-tower, stands on the road from Hallein.

Hallein—old town with grey French-looking houses—wooden bridge over the Salzach, which is a brawling stream with great gravel shallows.

A wood-cutter from Tiesdorf¹ was cutting wood on the Untersberg when suddenly the wood disappeared

¹ This name seems to be clearly written. It is probably that of a very small village.

⁹² from before him and he found himself in a meadow. A trooper came up to him and demanded why he was cutting wood there and why he troubled the quiet of the mountain. The wood-cutter replied that he was a poor man and cut wood for a livelihood. “Go,” said the trooper, “thou has[t] no need to cut more wood, thou has[t] money enough for the rest of thy life,—in fifteen days thou wilt die.” He told him moreover to go to the priest of the village and tell him that unless he mended his ways he would hear from the Untersberg. The man, sadly frightened, returned home and told all that he had heard. He went to the priest as he had been told. The priest was so alarmed that he fell sick. The man's friends tried to console him, but in vain,—the thirteenth day he drooped, the fourteenth he took to his bed, the fifteenth he died. This happened five years since. The priest was sick for

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several months and on recovering mended his ways so well that he has been a miracle of piety ever since.

A man travelling with his waggon along one of the roads by the Untersberg suddenly saw a great many soldiers behind him—one rode up and told him to make way for the army, to turn out of the road. The waggoner returned that if he got out of the road, the side was so steep he could not get in again. “Never fear,” said the soldier, “do as I bid you, and I will see that your waggon is put on the road again.” Upon this the man turned aside and let the army pass. There were thousands and thousands, horse and foot,—all in ancient armour (with sound of trumpets, etc.) At the head of them rode a warrior with a long grey beard;1 behind him rode an Archbishop

1 Frederick I (1121–1190), Holy Roman Emperor, and Duke of Swabia is considered the greatest national hero of Germany. There is an old legend that he did not die, but that he lies asleep in the Untersberg, and will one day wake to save Germany at a critical moment. As we see later, a similar legend seems to be connected with Charles V.

93 of Salzburg. The army all passed on and the waggoner was left beside the road. Upon this he began to curse the soldiers, the army, the old warrior, and all. In the midst of his rage he saw twenty troopers close by him. One accosted him, “For what are you swearing so and why do you curse?”

“Because a scoundrel soldier has deceived me.”

“What has he promised?”

“That he would put my waggon again on the road.”

“Very well—and he has kept his word—here we are to assist you.” Upon this he put four horses to the waggon and soon replaced it on the road.

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“Now learn henceforward to be careful whom you curse and to have more faith in the word of a soldier.” They then rode off.

The waggoner proceeded on his journey to the next village where he enquired when the army had passed by—they had seen no army—they tell the magistrate—an alarm is spread—the man persists in his story—he is condemned to be flogged—at the place of punishment two little men appear each side of him, warn them not to punish him, and disappear.

An old man of Tiesdorf going up the mountain found a door open, entered, door closed after him, found himself in fine country, churches, etc. Army passes—Emperor, Bishop—one asks him, “Do 94 you know these?” He says, “That is a Bishop of Salzburg.” He is treated, invited to stay, declines, is told “if you tell anything of what you have seen under thirty-four years, you will be destroyed.” Old man¹ remained there as he tho't for a day. When he returned home they stared and asked him where he had been—found he had been away a year [and a] day. Confesses to priest—the priest can not tell—at end of thirty-four years tells the story. That is about three years since. He is still living.

¹ Compare “Rip Van Winkle.” The abbreviated “tho't” frequently used by Irving for “thought” suggests the simplified spelling of the present time.

There are little men and women that live in the interior of the mountain and sometimes visit the Cathedral of Salzburg—there is a hole in the foundation leading to water thro' which it is said they enter—they say the Cathedral was built upon what was once a lake.

Little woman that lived for some time at the Sign of the Pike. Had twenty-four rings on her fingers. Englishman wanted to change with her for his diamond ring but she would not. It was noticed that one day she had one ring the less. A servant of the inn was walk'g on the Untersberg and heard a voice calling him—could see no one—the voice said to him, “Tell such persons [naming them] that their time is out and that they are wanted here.” He said,

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“How shall I know them?” The voice said, “Repeat what I have said at the table of the inn.” He did so, and two persons vanished.

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The *valet de place* told me that he knew the woman, and that the Englishman gave her a twenty-four kreutzer piece, but whether or not she vanished, he could not say.

The *valet de place* once belonged to the French army. When with Moreau near Colmar there was a report of a large army encamped near by, Moreau threatened to have the man shot that spread the alarm, but the magistrates of the neighbourhood informed him that they had seen the semblance of an army encamped.

The Emperor of Austria had the marble quarries of the Untersberg worked. In working one they found a great number of swords and other weapons, which were brought away. The country people murmured, and said it was wrong to disturb the army in the mountain—that it would bring bad luck, etc.—the marble quarry was therefore worked no further.

About a year since there was fresh talk about the Untersberg—the coun[try] people had heard that the English were leagued with the Turks to oppress the Greeks, who were good Catholics—there was a saying that the English and Turks would join and push their victorious array to the Untersberg, when the Emperor Charles V would issue out of the mountain with his army, overthrow the English and Turks and that they would perish in the Chiemsee, a large lake in the neighbourhood.

Charles rests in mountain until they attempt to destroy the Catholic faith and then he will come out.

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(*Gleich* ,1 says the *valet de place* , is one hour, and gleich, gleich—two hours.)

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1 The “valet de place” may be joking about the promises of the neighbourhood people. If they say a thing will be done “immediately,” it will take an hour; if they double the assurance—“gleich, gleich”—it will take two.

Exit from Salzburg towards Neumarkt picturesque—the gateway and impending cliffs, etc.

[*The next few notes were written in Vienna, where Irving arrived the day after leaving Salzburg.*]

The Austrians do not appear to me to have that decided national character of countenance which I had expected. I do not remark the thick upper lip, etc. The mixture of Hungarians has crossed the breed.

Slavonians, boors—little round-crowned hats—hair hanging short and straight—loose trousers and large boots.

Croats—large peasant fellow from Croatia—stalking thro' the Cathedral during high mass—a wide upper garment made of a kind of blanket with red embroidery on the breast—large boots—beard and mustachios—telling his beads.

Old Castle of Lichtenstein, about ten miles from Vienna, a small but strong castle—dungeon where prisoners were confined—chains still remaining—trap-door with small grating in centre where they were let down—in what is wrongly called the Knight's Hole are portraits of the Lichtenstein family. As we approached the Castle a party of gentlemen were amusing themselves with tunes on the horns under the trees.

Brühl, or Briel, near to Lichtenstein, a romantic wild place. Fine view of Vienna from the ancient cross as you ascend a hill about a league off.

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[*Turning Irving's note-book around and beginning at the other end, one comes to the following entries:*]

Turner the Boxer¹ —fine figure—generally stood with arms akimbo and a rather heavy surly look, but the moment you spoke to him, countenance lighted up, he threw his hands behind him, advanced one foot with a little compliance, and replied with infinite good nature—a left-handed man and a desperate hitter with the left hand.

¹ This pugilist, whose appearance at this place is rather surprising, did not fight himself to a notice in any of the better known biographical dictionaries.

Bei dem hängt der Himmel voller Geigen. With him the heaven hangs full of fiddles—German saying of a merry fellow who lives joyously.

Nations are fast losing their nationality. The great and increasing intercourse, the exchange of fashions, the uniformity of opinions by the diffusion of literature are fast destroying those peculiarities that formerly prevailed. We shall in time grow to be very much one people, unless a return of barbarism throws us again into clans.

The landscape on the continent on a grand scale—broad plains bounded by mountains—trails of woodland—villages with walls and towers—fine effect of evening in some of the landscapes—as peasants all live in villages, the roads are enlivened by groups of them returning home in evening from labour—some seated sidewise on black horses—travellers and muleteers lagging with tired horses into the gateways of towns or villages—groups of soldiers about the gates—sound of Ave Maria bell, etc., etc.—the sun setting thro' mellow light on old towers—some ruined castle. On the continent people live so much out of doors and are so fond of enjoying the evening promenade that the vicinity of a town swarms with groups, sounds of music, etc.

SALZBURG TO VIENNA

October [21], 1822. —Leave Salzburg Monday morning half-past eight. Several fine views of Salzburg Mountains from the hills. A little before Neumarkt pass a small lake. Breakfast at Neumarkt. Next station is Frankenmarkt. Neat little village houses variously coloured with gable ends to street and projecting eaves. Women with white hats. Thus far we have the line of mountains away to our right—with snow on their summits. Serene, sunny weather.

Pleasant scenes along the—.

Rich sunset in valley near—. Shortly after we come to Vöcklabruck,¹ a small old walled town. The sunset like an Italian scene—river on our left, mountains with aërial tints to the right. Vöcklabruck like many little German towns—a straight street with a gate and old guardian tower at each end.

¹ Irving seems to write “Voksbruck.” Below he wrote “Wells” for “Wels,” and “Ems” for “Enns.”

Pleasant evening ride after leaving Vöcklabruck—new moon gives tolerable light. Pass thro' B—, apparently a neat little Austrian town with houses of whitewash and built round a square. Put up for the night at Wels, a good inn for a country one.

Ride thro' thick fog to Linz, where we arrive about twelve. Fog clears up—beautiful view of the Danube from the platform above the old castle. A bend in the view something like the Rhine at Bingen. 100 Convent on top of hill—long wooden bridge—Danube dark greenish blue. After leaving Linz fair views from hills of Danube and thro' entire valley—view of Enns from hill, thro' woods—convent at Enns. Ride all night—morning stop and breakfast at St. Pölten—good inn. After breakfast thro' open uninteresting country. At St. Pölten postilions began to wear silver-laced cocked hats of black and yellow plumes.

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Kirchen—village in valley—large yard to post-house—pigeons—fowls, etc. K.K.¹
expedition—a place from whence they expedite slow coaches.

1 Probably an abbreviation for Kaiserliche-Königliche—imperial and royal.

Wemyss' description of being awakened for a fox chase—dressing—breakfasting—riding with three or four companions—laughing—joking the pretty girls—larking—coming to river side—slipping off mud boats. Silence of old hunters, etc.

Pass a fine *château* with balconies, etc., by the roadside. Arrive at Vienna about four o'clock. In driving thro' town pass young Napoleon² in carriage and six.

2 The Duke of Reichstadt, erstwhile King of Rome, was (1811–1832) then living with his grandfather, the Emperor of Austria.

Armour at Belvedere.³

3 In Irving's day, the Belvedere, one of the Imperial palaces, was used as a repository for various works of art.

Italian amour much richer and more elegant than the German. Among the latter the helmet formation represents uncouth faces.

Room containing genealogical tree of the family of Hapsburg painted on linen.

November 2d. —Garden of Prince Lichtenstein. Beautiful morning, cloudless sky—weather serene and genial. Many of the trees stripped of their verdure—paths full of yellow leaves—poplars and birch have still yellow leaves on—some trees retain a little greenness.

Bells of the churches of Vienna ringing to prayers—high mass.

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Garden of small extent—laid out à l'*Anglaise*.

In course of the walk tho[ugh]t of preparing a collection of tales of various countries, made up from legends,¹ etc., etc., etc.

¹ In the "Tales of a Traveller" we find some of these legends.

Gallery—Lichtenstein.

Michelangelo Caravaggio—2d room—girl playing on guitar—dress yellow—excellent.

Adoration by Guido Reni—fine effect of light emanating from the infant—silvery light.

Madeleine.

Bathsheba by Maratti—more beauty than common.

Madeleine by Carlo Dolci.

Five cherubs—Vandyke.

Wallenstein—superb.

Wallenstein² —blue eyes—hair auburn or yellowish—yellowish moustaches which curl up—small tuft yellowish on chin—head finely shaped—broad across temples—pointed toward chin—fine hand with ring on little finger—black velvet and silk dress

² It seems idle to give more than an occasional note to Irving's catalogues of the pictures he has seen, and the same will hold true of his references—soon to become frequent—to the plays and operas he has attended. Here in noting his visit to the superb gallery of Prince Liechtenstein, he seems to be much taken with a portrait by Van Dyke, which used to be thought that of the great Imperialist, General Wallenstein, but is now said to be that

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of L. Odescalchi. The picture next mentioned is that of Maria Louisa de Tassis of Antwerp—an especially fine production.

102 —small ruff—sword with open-work hilt—light eyebrows and eyelashes.

Princess de Taxis by Vandyke—excellent—face a little like Susan Farmer.

Dead body of Christ by Vandyke.

6th chamber—two sons of Rubens by Rubens.

2d story, 2d room—St. John of Julio Romano—a beautiful picture in fine preservation—colouring of flesh dark—shadows of Julio are a little mealy.

St. Sebastian by Titian—the head very fine.

3d room—Spagnoletto¹ —dark, shadowy heads.

¹ José de Ribera, lo Spagnoletto (1588–1656), the realistic Spanish Italian painter, whose name Irving misspells “Spanoletto.”

New room—Officer and Malvina by Kraft.

Animals by Sneyder.²

² Probably the Flemish Frans Snyders (1579–1657).

In another room—David with head of Goliath by Guido Reni. Head of David very fine—red cap, yellow and white feathers thrown back—youth, strength, agility in the figure—shepherd boy, but the dignity of the future king in the figure.

Very bad picture of the Princess of Lichtenstein by Madame Lebrun.

Several pictures of the school of Rubens.

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Who is content with being of a school will never be great. It is better to be mediocre and original than excellent and similar.

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6th room—Pretty little thing by Chardin—nurse-maid or mamma brushing little master's hat. A pendant also good.

Landscape by Schwanfeldt¹ of school of Claude Lorraine.

¹ Really the Dutch painter, Hermann von Swanevelt (1620–1690).

The Chardins are remarkably neat and pretty things—very natural, very simple, the colouring neatly tinted—the pendant is a girl preparing an egg.

Fine head of Spagnoletto.

7th room—Venus robbing Cupid of his bow.

8th room—Soldiers playing at drafts—an old Flemish design—one sitting at distance with his back turned to players—good scene for story.

Canon—ruffles at knee-b[reeches]—great boots—e[h]andeliers—hat and feather—great curling hair—jugs—bottles, etc.—pipes, etc.

Robbers surprising carriage in lonely mountain scene.

9th room—Rembrandt.

Chamber of the old German school—fifteenth century. Hard, but colour very durable.

Dance of Death—curious and fantastic.

Library of Congress

Room with superb pictures of animals—game, fruit, etc. Weenix—four pieces of game, all admirable.

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At table in eating room of Stadt London¹ —old man with pale Roman countenance—head sunk between shoulders—bald on top—long grey side locks falling on his shoulders—gleaming blue eyes.

¹ The name of Irving's hotel. In the decade following the downfall of Napoleon, England and things English were very popular in Vienna.

Look at garden, fountains, canals, alleys, etc.—how limited and meagre. There is always a pitifulness in the works of art. Nature tenders up her works freely, gen[erou]sly, sublimely.

November 3d. —Sunday, five o'clock afternoon. Seated at the foot of—Cross about a league from Vienna, on a rising ground, roadside. Sun just gone down behind—hills. Wide ploughed fields each side of me. Vienna spread out below, but wrapped in smoke, thro' which I dimly see the spire of the Cathedral and the Church of St. Charles. Suburb of Joseph Stadt stretching out to left—white houses, bl[ac]k roofs—pedestrian with knapsack trudging by—sky clear above, but a heavy, sluggish cloud of smoke over the town—weather mild and pleasant. Distant ringing of Ave Maria bells.

Evening—opera, Fidelio—music by Beethoven—some parts very good, some rather in the melodramatic taste; strong contrasts and great noise.² Beethoven's style is rather out of fashion—Rossini has introduced a different taste.

² Irving's comment on Beethoven's opera is decidedly amusing from the point of view of a later century with such composers as Strauss, Debussy, etc.

Mme.—, an actress with blonde hair, has great power of voice, but sings false—acts well—is put in pieces that have strong passion and situation such as the above and Blaubart.

Library of Congress

November 6th. —Monday. Visit Imperial library 105 —magnificent *salon* built expressly for it. Saw Mss. of Tasso's Jerusalem. I tho[ugh]t I saw a similarity between his handwriting and Lord Byron's—many alterations in Mss.

A beautifully illuminated Mss. book, with the handwriting of Charles V making it a present to a lady.

Imperial Palace. Queen's apartments—bed and sitting or working room—green silk hangings—tasteful and simple—a beautiful tripod table—ceilings rather low. Beautiful drawing-room—hangings scarlet velvet and white satin—richly gilt pillars—tripod—chairs and sofas of crimson velvet.

State Apartments—long suit[e]—in old taste—Goblin, or Flemish tapestry—old-fashioned chandelier of crystal, formerly belonging to Prince Eugene.¹

¹ Eugene of Savoy (1663–1735), the famous French general who served under Emperor Leopold after being refused a commission by Louis XIV. He destroyed the Turkish power in Hungary at the battle of Zenta in 1697, and aided Marlborough in winning the battle of Blenheim in 1704. He died at Vienna.

Knight's hall very magnificent—great *marbled* colum[n]s, mirrors, chandeliers—fine paintings disposed on easels near windows—little old greyheaded servant in light blue livery who shows us the apartments—young men of the guards in scarlet uniform sauntering as secretaries about the rooms.

Imperial Gallery—Vienna

28th room—Large picture by Jakob Jordaens—representing a fat king at table surrounded by harlots—absorbed in gluttony.

A row of good Vandykes—mellow colouring—fine shadows.

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No. 9. A head thrust out of a narrow window. Singular effect—has merit—by Ho[o]gstraten.

Ruysdael—Holy Family.

Two battle pieces—Bourguenon.¹

¹ Giacomo Cortese, il Borgognone (1621–1676).

Interior of a prison by Johan[n] Steenwyck. Deliverance of St. Peter—whimsical anachronisms—guards asleep dressed in various costumes—some Turkish, some Flemish—four have fallen asleep while playing cards, another is nodding wrapped up in a red mantle with *musket* standing beside him.

A room full of Vandykes.

No. 9. A fine head of a warrior.

A room full of Rubens.

No. 25. Nymphs sleeping.

No. 3. A saint raising the dead and overthrowing idols—very fine heads and groups.

Another room of Rubens.

Room of David Teniers.

No. 47. D. Teniers the younger—a large picture of a procession and cathedral—a Dutch crowd where everybody seems silent—no action, passion or expression, as though each one stand'g for a portrait.

Italian School

Library of Congress

7th room—Paul Veronese, 1, 10, 29, 33, 45, 49, 53. Tintoretto, 3, 5, 9, 12, 16, 17, 18.

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No. 1. Colours quite gone.

Paris Bordone, 2, 6, 25.

3d room—Venetian.

Titian, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 11, 18, 20, 21, 22, 24, 27, 28, 29, 31, 32, 35, etc.

Bordone, 7, 38, 39, 40, 1, 2–4 to 53.

P. Veronese, 14, 33, 16, 17, 35, 57.

No. 14. Our Saviour at Well by P. Veronese, very fine.

No. 33. By the same—good.

No. 47. Dance by Titian—original of engraving—pure simple colouring of flesh—no pretence to transparency like Rubens.

No. 7. Fine head of the female by Bordone.

Roman School

Mich[el]ang[elo] Car[avaggio] 5, 22, 24, 25.

S. Rosa, 32, 34, 39, 40, 47, 68.

Julio Romano, 16, 29, 51.

Raffael, 43. Carlo Dolci, 37.

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Caravaggio—odd colourist, but great strength, firmness and expression.

Fine piece of Bohemians.¹

¹ The reference here is to one of Caravaggio's paintings of gypsies, who were often called Bohemians. Caravaggio (1569–1609), the leader of the realistic school in Italy, was especially successful in his paintings of vagabond life. His real name was Michelangelo Amerigi, but he is known from the place of his birth.

Raffael Mengs, beauty of colouring—sweetness, but somewhat of insipidity—a beautiful Annunciation by him.

8. A pretty Albani.

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Florentine School

8. An excellent head by Turini—No. 12.

10. A lovely head with crown of lilies by C. Dolci. No. 12. A fine Magdalen by Turini.

Bologna School

5. An[n]ibale Car[racci]—Venus and Adonis.

6. St. John by Guido Reni.

9. Lucretia by Domenichino.

10. Head of our Saviour by Guido.

11. Female head by Guido.¹

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1 The pages that immediately follow this notice of the Imperial Collection record a two days' tour amid Danube scenery.

Polonaise Jews, with fur caps and long beards—Hungarian peasants; some with jackets of prepared leather, others with sheepskins—Hungarians, idle, proud, fiery, but easily managed with little flattery and by touching their hearts.

Selavonians duller—phlegmatic, laborious and persevering—good at subduing rugged and ungrateful soils, mountains, etc. Gypsies in Hungary live in cabins, and in winter under ground—some are handsome.

They are beautiful in Transylvania. Monasteries—many suppressed by Emperor Joseph.²

2 Joseph II (1741–1790), the author of many reforms.

Fair, on the Hof is the principal place—Tyrolese with manufactures of leath[e]r from the neighbourhood of Innsbruck.

November —.—Seven o'clock morning. In the 109 under chapel of the convent of Gottwick.¹ Mass performing above—organ—splendid chapel—rich altar-piece.

1 Probably Irving meant the Benedictine Monastery of Göttweig.

Approach convent in mist—effect of it suddenly appearing before us with its vast extent, towers, etc.

On top of Castle of Dürnstein where Richard Coeur de Lion was confined?²

2 Richard I, King of England, was here held prisoner by Duke Leopold VI of Austria, who handed him over to the Emperor Henry VI. He was ransomed about two years later, in 1194. The story runs that it was at Dürnstein (Irving, as usual, omits the umlaut) that the faithful troubadour Blondel discovered his master.

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November —.—Eleven o'clock. Castle built round summit of rock—its foundations like roots go into the crevices—dungeon cut out of solid rocks—savage mountains around—summits of pine forests—busy vineyards—great lands of the Danube—villages and churches in view—convent of Gottwick in distance—mist rolling thro' valley of the Danube. Little village of Stein below the castle—opposite to castle a little level land at foot of mount[ain]s—great chasm and glens about the castle. Behind the castle savage rocks thrusting their ragged points thro' shagged forests of pine.

I cross the Danube at Stein and drive thro' a very pleasant country with view of the river— islands of willows, birch, etc. Gottwick in view—road ascends and descends hills—broad, rich valleys. Stop about two o'clock just without the little town of—, old gate-way.

Mist entirely cleared away—a serene golden day.

My room at Vienna—on one side is Irish col[onel]: rather advanced in life—who keeps a mistress partly thro—ostentation; on the other is a 110 Dutch dandy who plays the piano and rides in the Prater.

[*Here follow memoranda of various historical objects seen by Irving in Vienna.*]

Rudolph I of Hapsburg—superb armour—richly wrought and gilded—Judg[men]t of Paris on his shield—large man.

Scande[r]beg¹ —Italian armour.

¹ The famous Albanian chieftain, died 1487.

Charles V—bright gilt.

Matthias Corvinus² —King of Hungary—conq[uiere]d Vienna—bl[ac]k armour—mailed and gilded.

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2 Matthias Corvinus (1443–1490) was elected King of Hungary in 1458. In 1485 he captured Vienna and obtained control of the greater part of Austria. Scholars and booklovers remember him as the founder of the University of Budapest, and of a great library in that city.

Coat of mail—old collar of jewels.

Buff jerkin of Gustavus Adolph[us] with hole of ball.³

3 The great Protestant champion and King of Sweden was killed in 1632 at the battle of Lutzen, where he was opposed by the united forces of Wallenstein and Maximilian of Bavaria.

Gen[era]l. Aldringer's⁴ hat.

4 Count Johann Aldringer (1588–1634), Austrian field marshal and statesman during the thirty Years' War.

[*Here Irving has made a sketch of the hat of the famous Austrian Field Marshal.*]

Prince Eugene's buff jerkin.

Red cap sent him by pope—his hair brown.

Keys of Lyons sent to Franz⁵ —1814. Matchlock—kind of shirt.

5 The monarch whose titles were, from 1792–1804, Francis II, Emperor of Germany; and, 1804–1835, Francis I, Emperor of Austria.

Scanderbeg—dark armour—delicately gilt. Sobieski⁶ —conical cap.

6 King John III of Poland (1629–1696), who saved Vienna from the Turks in 1683.

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Cathedral—at morning Mass—common people with loads kneel'g—statues of Pilgrim—bishop—etc., etc.

Lachenburg—armour of rebel—coat of mail, lance, etc.

Parade helmet of Charles I—Napoleon took it away—superbly wrought.

Armour of Ferdinand I.

Maximilian I, in armour seated on a seat of stags' horns made by himself.

Mat[t]hias Corvinus.

[*These jottings are succeeded by the following notes:*]

Baden—twenty miles from Vienna.

Friday, November 15th. Lovely serene day— *château* of Prince Charles, spreading itself out white and spotless on green grassy knoll under a dark wooded mountain—its pavilion, etc.—wooden bridge—Hungarian peasant crossing with burthen on back—towers of old Castle on heights at the opening of the valley of St. Helena¹ —Palace has columns and portico—wings.

¹ The Helenen-Tal, a favourite promenade.

[*At the end of this note-book Irving has made the following jottings.*]

Rambles and remarks of a gentleman who has seen the world.

As I was making my solitary supper on a biscuit and a glass of Hungarian wine

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Couple who prayed continually for children but in spite of all their prayers they never got any, which was tho[ugh]t very remarkable.

Christianity the religion of sentiment—the cause of romantic virtue (romance).

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Serv[an]t giving acc[oun]t of statesman—He suffered me to dress and undress him like a child—he ate and drank without remarking or appearing to taste his viands. His whole mind was absorbed in higher themes, etc., etc.

[*These jottings are then followed by a page of verse. This amusing composition is presumably the work of some acquaintance of Irving's.*]

He is Gone

An attempt at an English lament by a young German lady, in the absence of her lover. Vienna, 1822.

I

When the lark In the Spring Song will sing never hark on his sung In the spring He is gone!
As he soon gone was more moon more sun Did me shun He is gone

II

In the wood in the plain on the road O in vain! of the rest will none for he's gone!

III

Glow the rose appear violet under moose[sic!] on rivulet forget me note him none is gone!

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IV

Calm and peace Stranger are! Unhappy is fool with care grief and smart my poor heart he is gone! Poor little heart To thine ache To thine smart does not break? die, die, poor heart, I will none. he is gone.

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FROM VIENNA, THROUGH BOHEMIA, TO DRESDEN

November 18th. —Leave Vienna—half-past eight in morn'g—grey morning a little misty—clears up fine about twelve o'clock. Weather mild—dined at Stockerau, a small town noted for a grain market.¹ After leaving Vienna passed for some time in sight of mountains—Carlenberg—then Klosterneuburg. Some forest land but afterwards for the most of the day the country open and rather bare—road much travelled by heavily laden waggons. Pass Prince Liechtenstein's² seat near Ober Hollabrunn—park—palace ugly with shabby statues in it—shabby garden—shabby walls. These continental country seats are apt to have shabby decorations.

Arrive half-past six at Ober Hollabrunn, where we stop for the night. Austrian country towns very uninteresting—whitewashed into uniformity.

¹ It is still so noted.

² Of the royal house dating back to the twelfth century. Irving spells the name in various ways.

Put up at the Golden Eagle. Sup—and sit up until near eleven o'clock, with Mr. Montagu—read—g and writing. Read old legends after going to bed. Great barking of dogs—guardians to a number of waggons before the inn. An Austrian village keeps early hours.

Kept awake almost the whole night by the barking of dogs—the noise of waggons and waggoners setting ¹¹⁵ off early, and lastly the knocking at my door of the accursed *hausknecht* to tell me the horses were put to the carriage. Forty miles from Vienna.

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November 19th. —All the morn'g foggy—enter Moravia about eleven o—clock.

Stop half-past twelve at Znaim—neat little town—dine—Moravian officer at table—another, a pleasant, talkative little man. Country immediately round Znaim pleasant and somewhat picturesque—pleasant even now—day clears up about ten o'clock, but soon becomes foggy again—Znaim seated on river T[h]aya.

Scene in Moravia behind Znaim—statue of saint on brow of hill—old beggar limping from beside the pedestal—wide prospect below—distant hills—convent—country seat—here and there small hamlet with its church.

The country thro' which we passed after entering Moravia same as before—wide, bare plains or swelling hills—grain country, but very naked to the eye—small villages—hamlets—whitewashed. The afternoon fine and mild—beautiful sunset—arrive about eight o'clock at Budwitz—hotel pretty good—rooms with *salon* between, in which are two portraits of goodly priests, burly, with each a book in hand. Night cold. The houses here furnished as 116 usual with double windows—great green earthenware stove in room. Came to-day four posts or forty miles.

November 20th. —Pass miserable night. Coffee at half-past five in morn'g. M[ontagu] takes away the towel, etc., by way of prevention. Leave Budwitz six o'clock—starlight—lights already at windows of houses—Germans early risers.

In the morning early, between six and seven, pass thro'—, a small Moravian village—comfortable-looking cottages—whitewashed—thatched—fire shining through the windows—smoke curling—little plots of grass before the doors—small orchards—fog thickens after seven—breaks away about ten but thickens again at intervals until we arrive at Stannern. Country generally bare and brown—now and then forests of fir—villages small and mean—miserable churches—houses generally one story high—nothing to interest or delight in the aspect of the country.

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Stannern—a village built along a pond in a gully—very mean. Inn Sign of the Lion holding a drinking-cup in one claw—roof wooden shingles—peasantry boorish—coats of sheepskin dressed, fleece inwards—clumsy boots—caps of black wool and black sheepskin. Country around, brown, naked hills—have a more pleasing appearance when the grain is growing, but must at all times be monotonous.

In the middle of the day the weather mild and pleasant—sun shining—the fog still drifting along in masses.

Dress of some of the peasants, low-crowned, broad-brimmed black hat—a great coat of sheepskin—fleece inwards—great woollen mittens—clumsy boots—women with handkerchiefs around their heads and chins as if out of a hospital—both sexes matched as to ugliness.

Attempt at a *lusthaus* and garden of some small proprietor or farmer of the village.

Iglau—the only place of any appearance that we have seen since leaving Vienna. Situated on a hill—architecture of many of the houses curious—many of them neatly coloured and stuccoed—one very old and curious house at a corner with unusual paintings in fresco—representing procession, etc., in old German dresses—fountains in the public square with statues—a column with a saint on top. This is the most ancient place of mines in Germany—manufactures of cloth—people better looking than any we had yet seen in Moravia—had something of a town look.

A large, well-built church and convent—the latter apparently turned into a caserne. The monks have supplied the military countries with rare costumes.

After leaving Iglau we enter Bohemia—cross the ridge of Moravian mountains—very misty—could not see the prospect—forests of fir occasionally—at half-past seven we arrive

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at Stöcken—having made forty miles English or four posts this day. Supper—soup, two fowls, bottle of light wine.

November 21st. —Start at five o'clock—cold, raw morning—bad road—pass through Deutsch-Brod¹ a small, antique town—houses of peculiar architecture—a large square with arcades—houses coloured—fountain—column with saint on the top. Bread for sale in the windows of many of the houses—buy some from curiosity, which we find tolerable, but inferior to the same sort of loaves in Vienna.

¹ Irving spells “Teutch Brod.”

Country very dreary and monotonous, particularly 118 in this season and in a cold, damp day—long brown plains and low hills without trees—villages here and there; some in hollows, others on naked plain or on a bare hill—houses whitewashed—with thick walls and good roofs—peasants not ill lodged. Here and there met straggling soldiers in the road going to Iglau. Meet many waggons on the road heavily loaded—brass plates about the yokes and harness.

Twelve o'clock, stop at Jenikau—small country town. Fair held in the main street—brown linen—stock'gs, caps, etc., cutlery, toys, ribbands, etc.

Peasantry, some with broad bl[ac]k hats, some with fur caps—some with long coats—some with snug jackets with many buttons. Women with bodices of coloured cotton—some of sheepskin, dressed—red stockings—handkerchiefs about head and chins like gypsies—generally ugly—large mittens.

Many of the stalls appear to be kept by Jews—pretty, black-eyed Jewess tending them.

Young boors gambling about table where they throw the dice for knick-knacks—number of women about a booth of caps and finery, tempting some lout of a husband to buy.

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Country woman carrying home a purchase—a refractory cow.

In the afternoon pass thro' Czaslau—small town on rise of ground with a very tall tower to the church—the shaft of the tower remarkably lofty and dominant. Here is the tomb of Ziska,¹ the famous general of the Hussites—neat square with houses built in arcades.

¹ Johann Ziska or Zizka (1360–1424), one of the greatest of Bohemian warriors, and commander-in-chief of the Hussite army after the death of John Huss, the martyred follower of Wyclif.

Toward evening we get out of carriage and have a 119 long walk—road bordered by tall trees. In the dusk a convent to our left and further off the town of Kuttenberg—its long, white buildings and towers seen in the dusk. Here is an imperial tobacco manufactory. Sound of Ave Maria bells in the evening from convent, answered by bells of country churches, some of which are lost in the dusk. At seven o'clock arrive at Kolin, and put up at a very indifferent inn—on the Square. As we enter the town we see up a street to the left a large church.

Supper—soup, two partridges, and a flask of Hungary wine of a rich flavour.

Frederick the Great was defeated near Kolin by Count Daun, 1757.¹

¹ This was at the beginning of the Seven Years' War when Prussia and England were opposing the Hapsburgs, who had as allies France, Russia, Saxony, and Sweden. Count Leopold von Daun (1705–1766) was the Austrian Field Marshal. The battle took place on June 18, 1757.

November 22d. —Friday morning: Rise at five o'clock—start about half-past six—handsome square of Kolin—picturesque effects—large arcades, white buildings.

Landkutschers ² starting—lanterns and queer faces peering in—lanterns here and there

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under arcade dimly lighting the arches—great waggons dimly seen like huge shadows—horses brought slowly and reluctantly out of great *porte-cochères*—tall, white houses.

2 Coaches and coachmen always appealed to Irving's sense of the picturesque.

Between Kolin and—pass the field of battle of Kolin.

The scenery generally the same—great plains and swelling hills, some lying fallow, others green with the first sprouting of grain—quite a grain country—few trees except on some of the distant hills where there are forests—villages here and there—small town at a distance on the left—one or two pleasing views of broad, shallow valleys, but generally a very naked, uninteresting country—long, straight road, bordered with trees—a whitish stripe thro' the brown country.

Bohemian *seigneurie*—sheltered under a swelling hill on which is a wood of pines and birches—a southern aspect—house white—little hamlet near, on the slope of the hill—house looks over a great plain—lines of blue hills along the horizon to the right.

Along the road are placed stone columns, telling the distance from Prague—but for the most part the inscription has been mischievously obliterated.

Pass thro' Böhmisches-Brod— *vide la petite prophète* [*sse*] *de Böhmisches-Brod* by Grimm¹—small, old-fashioned village—with paltry, mouldering walls—an old town with a church tower in the centre of the village—miserable gateways to the town. Bread for sale in front of some of the houses, but not in such quantities as at Deutsch-Brod.

¹ The tales of Jacob Ludwig Grimm (1785–1863) were drawn from European legends and fairy tales. His researches in this field were the basis of the modern scientific study of folklore.

Stop about twelve o'clock at a Bohemian village—two rows of cottages built along the road with gateways between them—cottages with gable ends to road—lower part of stone,

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whitewashed—upper part of wood—cottages thatched. Some of the cottages with large gateways.

In carriage partake of one of the partridges from last night's supper and the remnants of a bottle of Hungary wine.

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In the course of the morning we had a little rain, but clears up towards twelve o'clock—sunny and cool—pass a park and country seat of Prince Liechtenstein—ruins of an old castle probably artificial. Beautiful sunset—little after six we arrive at Prague—approach the town—moonlight on the walls—dry moat and gateway—towers of churches dark—streets spacious. (I like to enter old walled town in the evening, fine effect of passing under the old gateways—with sentinels loitering about—lanterns, etc.—to hear the re-echoing of the postilion's horn.)

Put up at the Stadt Wien—very civil people—go to theatre—beautiful moonlight night—fine effect of the light on the white spacious buildings of the streets and the walls and columns of the theatre—much pleased with the theatre.

Spacious and cheerful—good scenery, good dresses, good music. The piece a German translation of the “Barber of Seville”¹ —the part of Rosina charmingly played by a beautiful actress of the name of Mad[e]moiselle Sontag² —blue eyes, auburn hair, fine teeth, small mouth. The part of Figaro very well played. The whole got up very well—price, for admission to the pit one paper florin, *i.e.* , one franc—or, if you take a locked seat, a florin and half. Mad[e]moiselle Sontag is about to leave this for Vienna, where she is engaged at a very high price. Fine contrast after travelling thro' sombre, monotonous country of boors and rude villages, to arrive in

1 This opera by Rossini, the libretto by Beaumarchais, originally produced in 1816, was a great favourite of Irving's, and is very frequently mentioned by him in his note-books. During the period 1815–1823, Rossini wrote twenty operas.

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2 Henrietta Sontag (1806–1854), a famous singer, married in 1828 to Count Rossi.

122 the evening at a fine town and in half an hour be ushered into a splendid theatre.

Prague. Czernin (palace of prince)¹ on high part of Prague—palace deserted—great portal closed, side door open, grass-grown courts with pigeons and geese feeding in them—long arcades silent and lifeless—great halls and staircases once thronged with servants now desolate—windows broken—patched with paper—old cloths and rags hanging to dry at windows—fountains in hall dry—ruins of statues, dusty, broken—ragged boy driving cackling geese about the courts—poor people burrowing about in the apartments—old woman washing, drawing water, etc.

1 Now used as a barracks.

Cathedral—small and unfinished, but of good Gothic—the interior curiously gilded and painted and crowded with altars, tombs, etc. Tomb of Ferdinand, Maximilian, and Anna of white marble, rich, surrounded by wrought railing of brass and iron—soldier kissing picture of our Saviour.

Bridge over the Moldau—1,790 feet long—eighteen arches—twenty-eight statues of saints. The look toward it from the new town is fine—looking thro' a fine Gothic gateway—seeing beyond the crowd passing over the bridge—towers beyond palaces, etc., rising to view as you advance. From the bridge is a fine view up and down the Moldau—to the Kleine Seite² and the Moldau, etc.

2 The Kleinseite is that part of Prague where are most of the public offices and residences of officials.

Prague has a fine old continental look—large buildings, many of them antiquated—great, deserted palaces, the nobility having moved to Vienna—old ladies with green bodices trimmed with fur and with 123 black velvet caps—carriages heavy, with heavy horses—

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porter strutting about the *porte-cochère* of a palace with great cocked hat, many-caped coat—immense pane—broadsword with hilt, etc.

Visited the rocky height on which is situated the citadel. Here in old times stood Wischerad,¹ the ancient residence of the monarchs of Bohemia. The height overlooks part of the river. The opposite side of the town called the *Kleine Seite*. Opposite the height is a broad meadow on the river side. Precipices shade a pleasant valley running among the mountains—pleasant look up the river—the rocky hills bare and arid.

¹ The modern spelling appears to be Vysehrad.

Fashionable drive on a hill outside of the walls—in a broad valley bordered by trees—from house fine view in every direction—see the town below you, bristles with steeples—river below—distant hills.

In the evening saw “King Lear” performed at the theatre, translated by Iffland² —the part of Lear very well performed, the translation apparently very good and exact. Part of Edgar very well done, as likewise that of Kent—the tender parts of the character of Lear particularly well done and some of the mad passages—a very crowded audience—people much affected and gave great applause—tho' at the battle between Edgar and Edmund there were tokens of disapprobation.

² August Wilhelm Iffland (1759–1814), actor, dramatist, and director of the Berlin National Theatre.

November 24th. —Cathedral—rich silver tomb and altar of Saint Nepomucenus.³

³ Nepomuk, or John of Pomuk (1330–1383), patron saint of Bohemia.

Tomb of Ottocar, King of Bohemia—short-legged warrior, frowning, without a nose.

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Above him the ball that entered the Cathedral during the siege and the capture of Prague.¹

¹ Prague was captured twice in the War of the Austrian Succession, in 1741 and in 1744.

Bretislaus, Duke of Bohemia, son of Adalbert of Polonia, has face knocked off—mail about chin like a crow—lion at feet of all these pedestals.

Spitigneus Duke—in long robes.

Duke Wratislaus—without a head, 1224.

Przeslaus—Duke—1200—robes—pronounced *prcheslaus*.

Old relief in wood of the capture of Prague, surrounding the choir—dated 1420. Inscription—partly from Psalms and partly Exodus, fifteenth chapter.

Tomb of Wenceslaus and other Bohemian kings in centre of Cathedral in marble of Carrara.

Chapel of St. Wenceslaus. Picture of his murder by his brother Boleslaus at Bunzlau as he is grasping the ring of a dove—date of picture 1543—striking off the head of his brother with sword—one foot on king's shoulder.

Painted by Lucas Cran[a]c[h]—colours wonderfully preserved.

Behind altar the helmet and coat of mail shirt of Wenceslaus.

Walls of chapel encrusted with valuable stones, polished porphyry, and antique chrysolite, etc., etc.

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Superb chandelier—a kind of monument with statue of St. Wenceslaus—all of brass from Swedish cannon.

Prison of King Wenzel² —low-arched window looking into court. Staircase by which he descended to bath and escaped—strangled his wife and his dog.

² Wenceslaus IV, the Holy Roman Emperor, whose cruel reign ended in imprisonment when his nobles rebelled in 1394.

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In prison are coats of arms of diff [eren]t noblemen who reigned at the time 1651¹ —etc., etc. Outer room of prison arched—with Gothic tracery.

¹ This seems to be the date Irving wrote.

Superb prospect from windows of hall from whence the senators were thrown.²

² Just before the Thirty Years' War, two Imperial Councillors (Roman Catholics) were thrown out of the window of the old Statehouse by their Protestant opponents. The act is known as the "Defenestration of Prague"—May 28, 1618.

Ziskaberg—where the battle of Schwerin took place³ —below Prague right side of the river —island of Venice.

³ Irving undoubtedly meant the battle of Prague, May 6, 1757, where Frederick the Great's favourite general, Marshal Schwerin (Count Kurt Christoph von, 1684–1757), was killed.

[*At this point Irving made the following drawing:*]

In chambers—portraits of the house of Hapsburg—Maria Theresa in royal robes—ladies with flowered dresses and parrots—Ferd[inan]d of Naples.⁴ —the present Emperor of Austria⁵ when child—feather on side of cap—round cheeks.

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4 The monarch whose kingdom was controlled by Napoleon between 1806 and 1814.

5 Known both as Francis I, Emperor of Austria, and as Francis II, Emperor of Germany.

Portrait of Louis XVI and Maria Antoinette at the time of their marriage—he in rich scarlet velvet embroidered with gold— *chapeau bras* —hair in side locks, and solitaire ring—amiable and handsome 126 blue eyes—she in dress of green-flowered damask—hair blonde, simply dressed—close to head—jewels—long, handsome face—d[ar]k blue eyes—great parroquet.

Superb view from the ramparts above the Imperial palace—rows of columns of the Czernin palace—masses of buildings with sunshine—winding of the Moldau through valley and disappearing among rocky hills.

Old rampart going to decay—breathing holes like wells, etc.

Convent of St. Margaret, up a little valley above the ramparts—behind this is the garden of Stern where Fred[eric]k drew the plan of battle and advanced along the mountain Blanc toward the gate of Reichst[h]or.

From heights above the Reichsthor there is a grand view over a wide waste of bare country with peeps of the Moldau—the snowy tops of the *Riesen Gebirge* or Giant Mountains away to the N. E.—between thirty and forty miles distant—the works cover the city of Prague—nothing but the towers of the Cathedral and some of the convents seen above the walls.

Stop at convent of Strabhof¹ —evening service—novitiates in white—organ—chanting—*reliques* , skeletons of saints—after leaving the chapel we hear the music.

1 This is the Premonstratensian Abbey of Strahov, founded in 1140.

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View of Prague from the terrace by the palace—toward sundown yellow light on walls and towers—glassy marshes of the Moldau. Pile of towers of church of Teyn where Tycho Brahe² is buried.

² Brahe (1546–1601), the great Danish astronomer, who, at the invitation of Emperor Rudolph II, had established himself near Prague shortly before his death. Irving's spelling of the famous Teyn Kirche is not clear.

127 Houses of town red roofs—white walls of convent—long, white lines of palaces and convent make great masses—willow[e]d island in the river.

Palace of Prince Swartzenberg¹ fronting the palace.

¹ The Austrian Field Marshal, who had headed the entrance of the allied armies into Paris in 1814.

After shower at mid-day the gleaming of wet roofs and spires.

While in chapel of convent the wintry sound of wind shak'g windows. How it must howl thro' the corridors in winter!

At Prague wine may be bought at palace of some of the nobility who have vineyards. It is sold by the porter, who makes his profits on it.

Long, melancholy windings of the Moldau below Prague—among and mounts—some a little ameliorated by vineyards.

The deserted Palace of Prague—the battered fortifications in mouldering neglect. Solitary sentinel walking thro' ramparts—sun gleaming ruddily along the hills beyond the Moldau.

Ave Maria bells sounding from all the convents, etc.

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Superb view at sunset from the walls above the 128 vineyard looking up and down the Moldau at its great bend past the town.

[*Here the following drawing by Irving appears:*]

November 25th. —Visit Town-hall—old chamber with Gothic ceiling—rafters secured by chains—statues of saints on brackets.

Jews' quarters, shut in by gates, very filthy.

Church of Teyn—Tycho Brahe's monument—a tablet against a pillar with Tycho Brahe's figure in relief in armour, one hand on globe.

Visit Ziskaberg—scene of battle of Fred[eric]k in 1757. Fine view of Prague—in bosom of valley—crescent of hills crested by palace—broad plot of land with the Moldau bending thro' it—fine mild, sunny day.

Moldau—on the margin—evening—river glassy—men sitting in boats—groups of students smoking on a jutting point—bridge with people and carriages crossing—opposite hills blue—outline of battlements, towers, steeples, etc., on the sky—Ave Maria bells ringing—blue, smoky effect in atmosphere.

In the evening go to theatre and see a tolerable piece in three acts called the “Alps Röslein.”¹ Our hotel at Prague, the Stadt Wien—large, dirty and rambling. We have the two best rooms on first floor

¹ “Little Rose of the Alps.”

129 —large and tolerably furnished, with window looking upon the place before the theatre. Price a silver florin each, per day. The hotel seems to be a resort of odd characters. In a neighbouring room is exhibited a remarkably fat child eleven years old, and her picture hangs out just below our window—attracts a continual crowd before the

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door. In the upper floor is an exhibition of wax work. In an adjoining room is an Italian female singer, in another a French *marchande de linge* who importunes us for custom—while in a dark dungeon of a room below stairs, under the *porte-cochère*, there is a party of coachmen, servants, etc., playing cards all day long.

November 26th. —Mr. Montagu has to pay fifty florins for mirror broken. Leave Prague for Dresden in same voiture by which we came—agree to give sixty-five florins, paper, to have the carriage to ourselves—two and one-third days to Dresden.

Pay bill at hotel which is extortionate. Landlord said he had to pay five florins in the market for a pheasant and other game in proportion—solemnly believe he lied. N.B. Dirty inns always dear. Leave town by the Reich Thor—damp, foggy day—pass by Weissberg where Fred[eric]k the Great attacked Prague—by Stern, where he drew the plan of the siege—singular town near the latter looks like a little citadel.

Leave Prague half-past eleven—and make a dreary day's journey through a dreary country. The eye ranges to a vast extent all round, over brown fields and hills with here and there a paltry village. See hare bounding across a field—pass a large *seigneurie* and its depend[en]t hamlet. Between five and six we coach along the rubbishing walls and dismantled towns and battlements of the little town of 130 Schlan, which makes a most desolate and ruined appearance from without. Put up at the Golden Lamm,—an inn outside of the gates—rooms plain and small, but neat and clean. Walk thro' Schlan—much better place than I had expected. Neat square with houses fairly built. House of Commandant with Sentinel—very well built religious house—white and of church architecture—probably the Franciscan convent.

November 27th. —Music before daylight—miller's wedding in the neighbourhood. Leave Schlan at six o'clock—fine morning—after sunrise pass through same kind of country—the high mountain away in the distance to our right—toward ten we approach range of

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mountains. Stop half-past ten at Laun—small town with picturesque old gateway of yellow stone—old church with roof sweeping up into pinnacles.

The river Eger flows by Laun—small stream with mills on it—overlooked by the ragged rears of houses and old walls. Laun surrounded by double walls, very miserable and mouldering—the outer ones are pierced for wall-pieces of partisans in the early times of firearms.¹

1 The next two pages Irving devotes to pencil sketches of the church at Laun.

[*Here Irving made two drawings, which appear on the two pages next following.*]

After leaving Laun the country becomes more interesting—ascend among volcanic hills of conical shape which have evidently been craters—some of them clothed about skirts with woods. Country becomes more broken and wild. Fine prospect back upon the great plain of Bohemia, seen thro' vistas of the mountains. Pass by Bilin, singular rocky cliff that rises to great height, solitary and splintered and commands, it is said, a view quite to Prague. Country apparently very fertile—rich, black mould—after sundown fine misty effects among mountain scenery—arrive seven o'clock at Töplitz—walk about it by moonlight—great place before the *château*—*château* a fine, well-built mansion—neat church appertaining to it—has a general air of neatness and pleasantness—Hotel Goldene Hirsch—Supper—partridge, fowl, compote—one bott[le] wine, Hungary.

November 28th. —Leave Töplitz six o'clock in morn'g—weather rainy and thick mist—pass thro' Kulma small village where Vandamme¹ was defeated 1813. Houses are repaired and rebuilt. Shot marks in some of the walls—cannon-balls inserted in others over the doors as remembrances—further on we pass an obelisk of cast iron on high part of the road—in memory of those who fell in that battle—very neat. After going some distance further we take a pair of oxen to assist in drawing the carriage over the Geyersberg. Long and laborious ascent—thick fog and rain—pass thro' forests of pine. After crossing the mountain summit we have less fog, but rain continues. Stop at Peterswald—frontier village

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—of Austrian empire—our passports examined, endorsed and are permitted to proceed. Enter Saxony—immediate change of the road for the better—excellent *chaussée*—stop at frontier office—questioned whether we have any merchand[i]se and on our answering in the negative permitted to proceed without further ceremony.

1 Dominique René Vandamme (1770–1830), Napoleon's loyal general who fought with him during the Hundred Days.

As we descend the mountains, the weather improves. 134 We stop for an hour and half at—for the horses to bait, and then proceed. Extensive and pleasant view over the fields of Saxony—hills away to the right with gleams of the Elbe—distant view of Dresden—cluster of spires, and some like mere shades on the horizon. Road continues excellent. Neat white mile stones. Country more diversified and rural than Bohemia. Farm-houses with enclosures and their dependent patches of varied vegetables, etc. Pass thro' Pirna—castle on eminence. Shots and shot-holes in walls of house. Beautiful evening and sunset—scenery on the Elbe—distant hills cheerful from evergreen—rosy gleams on the still water, with fishing boats. As the day closes the full moon shines out from among clouds, which gradually draw off and leave her in full splendour in a deep blue sky—fine effect as we approach Dresden—moonshine brings out white buildings—steeple, domes, etc. Enter and drive thro' tall, spacious streets—tho' dark—open into broad, moonlight squares of fine houses—fountains, churches—put up at Hôtel de Saxe.

[*Irving's diary contains also the following undated memoranda.*]

From Vienna to Prague—200 miles English—five days performed the journey in a Landkutch—taken by Mr. Montague and myself. Expenses—

For one-half the hire of the carriage at eighty francs paper money 40

Half *trinkgeld* to driver at ten f[rancs] 5

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My expenses on the road 24.10

Florins—paper about 3½ Napoleons. 69.10

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At Prague actor who played Almacrin—good scenes in *mittelalter* wars—young warrior flushed with wine—fiery—moustaches turn[e]d up—feather thrown back—staggering into house of sturdy bürg[h]ler—sitting down—throwing out leg—slapping on thigh—trying to stick arms akimbo but staggering—seizes bürg[h]er's daughter.

Prague—things to take notice of—convent palace of Wischerad—seat of the ancient dukes and kings of Bohemia. Hence the Knight Horymerz on his horse Schemit in the reign of Duke Kryisomysl, sprang over the broad Moldau to the Imperial meadow.

“As prince Brzetislaus passed over the quiet, flowery meadow, where now the friendly little village of Podol lies, he looked to the old castle of Lebrisson,¹ and the ancient rocks, etc.”

¹ It has not seemed worth while to endeavour to correct Irving's names at this point. His “Lebrisson,” whom he represents as a man, seems to be Libussa, the legendary first Duchess of Bohemia in the eighth century, and foundress of Prague.

Imperial chair was placed in the market-place of Alt-Bunzl[au].

Porntz—village where Duke Udalrich saw at brook the fair Lozina.

Three daughters—Bela or Brela built the castle of Brelum—Techa built the castle of Thetin or Drewin—Lebrisson built Wischerad. He built castle called Libur at Kolin.

Prague built upon seven mountains—about 100 palaces and as many churches—hordes entered it in 1648—taken by storm by the French in 1741 but Marshal Belle-Isle² was obliged to leave it in Dec[embe]r, 1742. In 1744, taken by King of Prussia,

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2 Charles Louis Auguste Fouquet, Comte de Belle-Isle (1684–1761), Marshal of France.

136 but he was obliged to leave it in the same year. He again besieged it in 1757, after gaining victory near it over the Austrians commanded by Count Brown¹ —who was wounded and died soon after. Frederick being defeated soon after by Count Daun at Kolin was obliged to raise the siege.

1 Ulysse Maximilien Brown (1705–1757), Austrian Field Marshal.

Schwerin, father of Prussian discipline and guide of Frederick in the career of victory, was slain grasping the colours in his hand.

Ottocar, King of Bohemia, slain at Marchfield,² buried at Prague.

2 This plain to the east of Vienna has been often the scene of battles. See Baedeker's "Austria-Hungary" (1911, p. 113).

Wallenstein died³ here 1583.

3 Irving meant to write "was born," instead of "died."

Tycho Brahe, 1601.

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THE FIRST DRESDEN DIARY

DECEMBER, 1822–JANUARY, 1823

[*Irving's record of acquaintances at Dresden.*]

Mr. Morier¹ (*Ministre d'Angleterre*) and family

1 John Philip Morier was, in 1810, Secretary of the English Legation at Washington.

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Capt. Morier

The Chevalier Campuzano—Spanish Minist[er]

Gen[era]l Conicoff² —Russian M[iniste]r

² Irving often spells this name with one “f”, and is similarly careless with other names. We have usually retained his spelling.

Count Jordan—Prussian D[itt]o

Mr. Kuster—Pruss. Sec'y Legation

Count de Rumigny and lady—French Minist[er]

Mr. and Madam De Bergh—Danish Minist[er]

Count Luxburg and lady—Bavarian M[iniste]r

Baron de Malsburg—Hessian *chargé d'affaires*

Count Palffy and lady—Austrian M[iniste]r

Mr. F. P. Werry—Eng. Sec'y of Legation

M. and Mad. de Malsburg (brother to *chargé*)

The Baron de Lutzerode (Aide-de-camp to Prince John)

Count Minckwitz³ —Under Sec'y of State

³ Afterwards Minister of Foreign Affairs and Ambassador to Prussia.

Count Loos—lady and two daughters

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Count Poushkin—Aide-de-camp to the Emperor of Russia

Mrs. Foster and two daughters—daughter of Lord Carhampton

Col. Livius of the Hussars

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Mr., Mrs., and Miss Pigott

Mrs. Williams

Mr. Williams, her son

Mr. Corkran, her brother

Capt. Trotter of the Lancers

Mr. Walter Scott¹

¹ The son of the great novelist.

Mr. Rich[ar]d Airey—son of Gen[era]l Airey

Capt. Butler

Mr. Codrington

Mr. Cockburn

Mr. Molesworth

Mr. Tyndal

Mr. Garforth

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Mr. Price

Mr. Johnson

Mr. Scott

Mr. Bötticar—antiquary

Mr. Trevor

Count Blome of Denmark—with his countess, a pretty little girl—only married six weeks

[*Before beginning his diary, Irving has jotted down the following table of values of coins:*]

Groschen Pfennigs

A Zehner 2 8

A Zwanzig 5 4

A Guilder or Florin 16 Groschen

A Thaler 2 Guilders

24 Groschen 1 Prussian Dollar

32 “ 1 Saxon Dollar

A Prussian dollar is only three-fourths of a Saxon dollar.

6 Groschen 1 Franc

8 Groschen 1 Shilling

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A Prussian dollar is three shillings English.

[*The diary then begins as follows:*]

December 3d. —Dine at Mr. Morier's—British Ambassador—present the Russian Ambass[ado]r—Mr. Bötticar, the antiquary—Mr. Trotter—Col. Livius—Count Poushkin.

December 12th. —Dine at the Moriers' with the diplomatic corps. They had been to the *chasse* —many jokes among them about the sport.

December 14th. —Dine at Gen[era]l Conicoff's the Russian Minister—sat next to M. de Lutichan, the Chief of the Forests, who gave me many particulars of the royal forests—*chasse* , etc. The foresteering a complete science and has to be studied—so has the *chasse*. He who is brought up a *jäger* or hunter is good for nothing else.

C. the R. M.¹ —little old bachelor beau—seventy years old—very gallant—fancies himself in love often—yellow—somewhat shrivelled—lively eye. Hotel elegantly furnished—formerly Fouché's² —gives elegant entertainments—superb suppers—fidgets at them—is surrounded by knick-knacks and trinkets—buys bad pictures and expects you to praise them—is lively, a little capricious and very vain—writes little poems—sonnets, epigrams, etc.—compliments the ladies.

1 Apparently Conicoff, the Russian Minister.

2 Joseph Fouché, Duc d'Otrante (1763–1820), the French statesman who took part in the overthrow of Robespierre.

Saxon nobility poor—live in lodgings—do not entertain.

Primitive hours of Saxon *beau monde*.

King dines at one o'clock.

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The younger *noblesse* dine at two.

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Foreign ministers and English dine at four—pay visits here at six o'clock in the evening.

Diamond nec[k]lace—great scandal in the *beau monde* about a nec[k]lace which the Princess Theresa, wife of Prince John, lost at a ball given on the nuptials of the young Prince John with the Princess Amelia of Bavaria. The old lady, who has a face of marble, had on five nec[k]laces—one is missing—she assures she put it on. There has a scandal gone about that Mdm. Novacheska, a Polonaise princess, has it—that her *fille de chambre* had said she had seen her mistress trying it on before a glass. The Polonaise is a pretty woman, rich, who entertains no one, and is the best-dressed woman at Court—consequently very much hated. Everybody seemed to delight in whispering the scandal. It came to her ears—she has sent all her servants to the Police to be examined. The story tho' whispered about the *beau monde* is not believed by them, but is caught up and exulted in by the rabble. The Polonaise gentlemen are very savage about it, and one old Prince swears he'll call out any gentleman who propagates the slander. I am inclined most particularly to disbelieve it.

The Saxon Court is particularly rich in jewels. When Mr. Morier condoled with the Princess Theresa on the loss of her nec[k]lace, she turned it off with great good humour, saying it was no great matter, she had so many others.

Count P[o]ushkin—Russian—Aide-de-c. to Emperor of Russia—tall, genteel figure—thin visage—close, firm mouth—light moustaches—a double voice.

December 16th. —Tuesday. Dine at Mr. Morier's—small party—Prussian and Hanov[erian] Ministers—Count P[o]ushkin—Col. Livius.

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Much joking about the neclace¹ necklace of the Princess.

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1 After misspelling the word four times, Irving now notices his error.

Christmas.

The country people have a fellow who goes about dressed up grotesquely, knocking at doors and asking how the children have behaved—he is called Knecht Rupert.

December 17th. —Wednesday. Dine at Mr. Pigott's—present, Mr. Trevor, Capt. Butler, Col. Livius—after dinner Garforth came in—Trevor, rather talkative and a little spoiled by travelling and getting smattering of foreign languages. He balderdashes his English with them.

Miss Pigott played very prettily on the piano for us.

In the evening went to the Baron de Malsburg's—the Hessian *chargé d'affaires* —has very neat apartments—snug little library—present there—the Austrian Minister and lady—Prussian M[iniste]r and lady—Danish *chargé d'affaires* and lady—M. and Mad.—, French Minister and lady—Austrian Minister—Mr. Morier—Count P[olushkin—Mr. Werry—Capt. Morier.

Played at commerce for pool—at which no one could lose more than one-half dollar—great noise and laughing.

December 19th. —Thursday. Dine at Mrs. Foster's—merely the family (Mrs. F.—two daughters and two boys), and Col. Livius. Miseries of an indulgent mistress—best-natured and worst-served woman in the world—dinner ill cooked—not done enough—cook ill tempered and wrong headed.

In the evening go to Mrs. Williams'—small musical 142 party—Prussian Minister plays violoncello—Capt. Morier, on flute, Col. Livius, piano.

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Stop in by mistake at Count Palfy's—find him and Countess at home—promise to come to them on Sunday evening.

December 20th. —Friday. Dine with Col. Livius at our hotel—present Mrs. and the two Misses Foster—Capt. Butler—Capt. Morier, and Capt. Trotter.

December 21st. —Saturday. Dine at the hotel *tête-à-tête* with Col. Livius. Before dinner call on Russian and Prussian Ministers—Capt. Butler.

December 22d. —Sunday. Presented at Court by Mr. Morier—presentation took place about twelve o'clock. First at Prince Antoine's apartments where I was presented to Prince Antoine and Prince Max, the King's brothers. Then to Prince Max's sons—Prince Frederick and Prince John—then the Princess of Austria, married to Prince Frederick, the Princess Amelia of Bavaria, lately married to Prince John, and the Princess Amelia, daughter to Prince Max and sister to Queen of Spain.

The Princess Amelia is a little of a Blue Stock'g. Spoke to me about my works—asked about America—our scenery, etc. Had been aboard one of our ships of war at Naples (probably the *Franklin*) and was much astonished at it.

Princess of Bavaria—very amiable—engaging countenance—much beauty. Prince John talked to me in English about my works.

Prince Max and Antoine, full of *bonhomie*.

From Prince Antoine's we went, by galleries and corridors, to the King's apartments, where we had to wait for some time in a cool saloon. When the King¹

¹ Frederick Augustus, the Elector of Saxony, who had become King in 1806.

¹⁴³ entered and went round the circle, I was introduced, and he spoke very flatteringly about my works.

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Dined at Russian Minister's—present, the French Minister—Bavarian—Spanish Minister—Prussian Minist[er] and lady. Count de Loos, lady and daughter—the latter a very pretty girl and speaks English—Count Poushkin—Col. Livius.

In the evening at a party at Count Palffy's, the Austrian Minister.

December 23d. —Monday. In morning wrote a little at the “History of an Author”¹ —walked out with Col. Livius, who is full of the subject of private theatricals—met Trotter and Butler—went together to Mrs. Foster's, where the Col. interested the young ladies in his plan.

¹ “This was the title selected for the novel in which Irving was intending to expand ‘Buckthorne and his Friends;’ which purpose, however, he never fulfilled.”—Pierre M. Irving.

Dined at M. Campuzano's, the French Minister² —present, the Ministers of Russia, Spain, Bavaria, Prussia, Hanover—Count Knoblesdorf—Count—, Count Poushkin, and Mr. Trotter.

² This should be Rumigny. Campuzano was the Spanish Minister.

Knoblesdorf speaks English well and has been in England. Is very fond of agriculture—told me that he once mentioned to Bonaparte his intention of going to England to observe the agriculture—“You are right,” said Napoleon, “ *L'Angleterre est le pais classique de l'agriculture.* ”

In the evening went to a Court rout at—in honour of the King's day—present—the ladies and gentlemen of the Court—the princes attended. Had long conversation with the young princes, Frederick and John—very amiable, pleasing young men, particularly Prince John, who appears to be well informed. 144 Both speak English, but John the best. Made many inquiries about America. P. John said Am. was in its increase and Europe in its decline—Europe had the seeds of decline in itself—Russia—Russia he said was getting the entire

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ascendancy and Russia was not a place of civilisation. Both princes spoke of the negro slavery of America.

December 24th. —Tuesday. Leave cards with Chev. Campuzano—at Count Luxbourg's (Minist[er] of Baviere), Messrs. Williams and Corkran—Mr. Bötticar—pay visit to Mrs. Williams.

Dine at Mrs. Foster's—present, Mrs. Foster and family—Mr., Mrs., and Miss Pigott—Mrs. Williams—Col. Livius—Mr. Werry (Sec. of Legation)—Capt. Trotter—Capt. Morier—Mr. Walter Scott—Mr. Airey—Mr. Williams—Mr. Corkran—Mr. Price—Mr. Johnson—Capt. Butler—Mr. Codrington.

A very pleasant dinner—and a merry Christmas eve—various games—charades—hoodman blind, etc.

Christmas Day. —Wednesday. At four o'clock in the morning firing of cannon—military march goes by the hotel about seven o'clock.

Servant with silver-laced cocked hat, silver-laced drab livery, and long cane, enters my room and announces that the Queen has put off her court for to-day.

Half-past ten chant of scholars in the streets—walk'g two and two dressed in black—fine, sunny weather.

H[igh] Mass and fine music in King's chapel.

Half-past twelve went to Court—King asked me several questions about America—mode of travelling there—tho[ugh]t the steam-boats dangerous.

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Christmas Dinner at Mr. Morier's—present, Mr., Mrs., and Capt. Morier—Capt. Butler—Col. Livius—Capt. Trotter—Walter Scott—Mr. Codrington—Mrs. Williams—Mr. Williams, Mr. Corkran—Mr. Price—Mr. Scott.

Evening at a rout at Count Knoblesdorf's—present, the German Minister and ladies.

Jean Paul¹ —a comic or rather humorous German writer—about fifty years old. The Germans are very fond of his writings—rather coarse in manner and habits—drinks—carries a poodle dog with him wherever he goes—at dinner it lies behind him on his chair—went to see the Dresden Gallery—the attendants told him civilly that his dog could not be admitted—then said John P., “I cannot see the Dresden Gallery,” and in fact he went away without seeing it. He has a small pension from some sovereign—probably the King of Bavaria. He has some small office.

¹ Jean Paul Frederich Richter (1763–1825), whose extraordinary sense of humour and deep dislike for pretence made him one of the most widely read authors of his day.

During the war many people were ruined by being obliged to billet the soldiers. When they had not room in their houses, they paid the landlords of inns so much a day—sometimes one and one-half to two ducats for a soldier, the inns being full. Often a father of a family who had a very small income was so oppressed by this that he and his children were obliged to live on potatoes while the soldier he billeted lived at the inn on meat and wine.

The citizens grew poor by the war, but all the inn-keepers and publicans grew rich.

December 26th. —Still a holiday. The shops here are shut Christmas Day and the two following 146 days. At quarter-past twelve left card at Russian M[inister's]—went to call on Mr. de Bergh, the Danish Min[i]st[er]—found there almost all the Corps Diplomatique and their ladies taking a déjeuner à la fourchette. Afterwards we went to the Elbe where the

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ladies and some of the gentlemen went in little traineaux on the ice and were shoved along by skaters.

In the evening, musical party at the Russian Minister's—afterwards went to Mrs. Foster's—where we had some good singing from Madame—

December 27th.—Morn'g breakfast at Mrs. Foster's—preparing for private theatricals—Col. Livius manager—in a world of trouble—write out the parts for Tom Thumb—dine at Mrs. Foster's—in the evening go to ball at Casino at Hôtel de Pologne—all the great and little world there. Fashionable ladies do not dance at those assemblies—very pretty *bourgeoisie*—Monsieur P[o]ushkin dances—also Mr. Campuzano—old Polish general of sixty dances with great spirit a Polonaise dance—a hkf. sticking out of each pocket.

December 28th. —Morning, at Mrs. Foster's—rehearse Tom Thumb—visit M. Kuster—Pruss[ian] Sec'y of Legation.

Dine at Mr. Morier's—present, Count and Countess Palffy—Gen[era]l Conicof—Count Poushkin—Mr. Scott.

Story of old—who was sent to summon various small fortified places to surrender—which on his summons and harangue gave up. He got the nickname of the Lion of Jericho.

Ev[enin]g, at Mr. Pigott's—music and dancing—English party—a few foreigners.

December 29th. —Sunday. Presented at Court to the Queen and Princess Royal—Queen a very affable 147 old lady—the Princess pleasant and good humoured—Court held about twelve o'clock.

After Court go to Mrs. Foster's—rehearse.

Evening—the soirée at Prince Frederick's—all the Royal family there except the King and Queen. Had considerable conversation with Princes Fred[eric]k and John—Prince Jno

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asked me if it was true that in America we had no servants. I assured him that we had servants as in Europe—the only difference was that we had bad servants.

December 30th. —Morn'g, rehearsal.

Walk out with Capt. Trotter to Findlater, a hotel on the banks of the Elbe formerly belonging to the Earl of Findlater. Here we partook of a picnic dinner—present Mr. and Mrs. Morier—Count and Countess de Luxburg—Count and Countess de Palfy—Count and Countess de Rumigny—M. and Mad[ame] de Bergh—Gen[era]l Conicof—Count and Countess Loos and daughters—Baron de Malsburg—his brother and sister-in-law—Count Poushkin—Capt. Trotter—Capt. Morier—Count Blome—Chevalier Campuzano—Mr. Kuster—Col. Livius—Count Allegri.

Very merry dinner—Campuzano the life of the party.

Walked in by starlight—fine, frosty night.

December 31st. —Meet Knoblesdorf.

Dine at Mrs. Williams'—present, Mr. W[illia]ms, son of Mrs. W.—Mr. Corkran—her brother—Mr. Trevor—Mr. Scott—Capt. Morier—Mr. Price—Mr. Johnson. English dinner—boiled beef and suet pudding—roast turkey—plum pudding, etc.

Evening a ball at Count Jordan's—the Prussian Ambassador—present all the *beau monde*—waltzes—Polonaise dance—a quadrille. Supper at half-past 148 eleven—very plentiful and elegant—at twelve o'clock old watchman appeared at the door of the apartment and blew his horn—wished a happy N[ew] Year and sung a long, drowsy watchman's song—great mirth.

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After supper more dancing and very animated—the whole ended with a dance called *Der Grosfader* [grandfather], a dance in the style of Sir Roger de Coverly—company broke up about one o'clock.

January 1st, 1823. —In the morning half-past six o'clock hear the military music go by.

Half-past nine—went to Court— *levée* of the princes and princesses to receive the congratulations of the day—everybody in full-dress gala—Princess Amelia looked very lovely.

Oceans of courtiers thro' which I had to wade to get into the presence chamber.

Court dress, scarlet with profusion of gold lace. Half past twelve, *levée* of Queen—old lady richly dressed with fine diamonds—asked Scott when his father would come—said he would *faire ses délices* —much joking on the subject.

Dine in my chamber with Col. Livius—six o'clock in the evening—grand assembly at Court in the saloon—ladies and gent[lemen] in *grand [e] toilette*—large halls and anterooms—King, Queen and Princesses go round and speak to the company. Then the Royal family and the foreign ministers and ladies seat themselves at card tables, and the comp[an]y go round and bow to each table—the whole ends a little after eight o'clock—Court livery of nobility, scarlet and gold.

Countess Palf[f]y in beautiful Hungarian dress—with tiara of diamonds.

(The Saxons and Prussians dislike each other as 149 much as the English and French—the Saxons call the Prussians *Windbeutel* —windbags.

The Saxons call the Bohemians *Halters* , from their often using the word *halter* —an expletive—characterize the Bohemians as cheats and knaves.

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They say the Poles are liars—are spendthrift, idle and dirty—an irregular, confused kind of housekeeping they call Polish housekeeping—a chattering confused assembly they call a Polish parliament. *My language master.*)

January 2d. —Visit Count Rumigny—and the Russian Ambassador—rehearsal at Mrs. Foster's—dine at hotel with Col. Livius. In the evening go to a ball at the Baron de Malsburg[s]—the Hessian *chargé d'affaires* —ball given in honour of the birthday of his sister-in-law, the wife of the Baron Charles de Malsburg (who has an estate near Cassel). A chaplet of roses was hung up on the corner of one of the pictures in honour of her—she is very handsome, with a remarkably fine figure—graceful—gentle, and amiable. The ball was very lovely—flirtation of Col. Livius with Mdm. de Malsburg—to the annoyance of Poushkin, who is her devout follower and admirer—her husb[an]d very jealous—little supper—little court—master of ceremony knocks down a pretty table clock and breaks it to pieces—leave the party towards one o'clock—threatening this morn'g.

January 3d. —At home all the morning writing letters—four o'clock go to dine at Gen[era]l Conicof's, the Russian Ambassador—present, Prince Menzicoff—Mr. Morier—Count Rumigny—Chevalier Campuzano—Count Palffy—Count Lowenstein—Baron Lutichan, the Forest Master—Count Poushkin—Capt. Butler.

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Very elegant dinner.

After dinner to Mrs. Foster's, where Col. Livius reads part of “Rivals”¹ —fell asleep—at nine o'clock went to Casino—public ball—many of the middle class dancing—upper class looking on. From thence, ten o'clock, to Mr. Morier's—an elegant supper to upwards of thirty people—introduced to—, Secretary of Russian Legation.

1 Sheridan's famous play, first performed in 1775, was still a great favourite.

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January 4th. —Dine at Mr. de Bergh's, Danish *chargé* —present, Mr. and Mrs. Morier—Marquis Piatto and lady—Mdm. Rumigny—Count and Countess de Blome—Gen. Conicof.

Very lively dinner.

Evening, opera “La Cenerentola” Angelina, Signora Zanetti—Clorinda, Signora Funk—Tisbi, Signora Miksch—Don Magnifico, Sig. Bonincasa—Prince, Sig. Gentili—Dandini by Zizi.

After opera to Mrs. Williams'—present, Mrs. Foster and daughters—Miss—, Count Poushkin—Gen[era]l—, Capt. Trotter—Mr. Kuster, etc., etc.

January 5th. —Sunday. Went to Court at half-past twelve o'clock—Court held at Prince Antoine's apartments and afterwards the King's—at Prince Antoine's I was spoken to by each of the Royal family present—and at the King's by His Majesty—from the King's house went by invitation to the Queen's apartments, being to dine at the Royal table. Other guests were the Prince Menzicoff—Count Blome—Count—(a Pole)—Capt. Scott—Capt. Butler—Mr. Price, etc. Dinner served up in a room where there is very good Gothic tapestry. Sat at dinner between Count Vitzthum 151 and—, a Russian—the latter a very amiable, agreeable young man of great possessions—speaks English—invited me to visit him at his place in the Crimea.

Dinner lasted an hour—not remarkably good—no variety of wines—each man had his little flask of wine and another of water, with an enormous wine glass. Dinner quiet and dull—after dinner adjourned to drawing-room—took coffee—talked a little with the Royal family, who then bowed and retired—we did the same.

In the evening at a very elegant ball at Count Kalkreuth's—a bachelor—elegant apartments—good library—a literary man—two dancing rooms at some distance—different music—different sets—one more noble than the other. Room tenderly lighted with three

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beautiful young ladies in it dressed in pink—looked like groupe of Three Graces—staid until half-past one—waltzed.

January 6th. —All day at home—dined tête-à-tête with Col. Livius—in the ev[enin]g at Mrs. Foster's rehearsal—paid a visit to Mr. Pigott's,—returned home early.

January 7th. —Dine at Mr. Morier's—present Count—and Lady—Count Vitzthume—Mons. and Mad. de Bergh—Count and Countess de Blome.

Evening. Ball at Count Luxburgh's, the Bavarian Minister—in honour of the nuptials of Prince John and Princess of Bavaria. Staircase lighted up and decorated with evergreens so as to form a green alley—present Prince Antoine—Prince Max—Princess Augusta—Princess—and Princess Amelia of Bavaria—elegant supper—company danced until three o'clock. Curtain caught fire—pulled it down and rec[eive]d the thanks of the Princes—made an 152 arrangement with the Forest Master to accompany him to the chase.

January 8th. —Busy in the morn'g getting dressed for private theatricals—found a warehouse of dresses kept by a Jew—ascended a narrow, dark staircase to get to it—chose dresses—hunted up a theatrical barber—lived at the top of a house—little, round, lively man—chose wig.

Dined with Corkran and Williams at their lodgings—present Col. Livius—Capt. Morier—Mr. Johnson. In evening we played Tom Thumb'—little theatre fitted up in a large saloon.

Characters

King Arthur Myself

Grizzle Capt. Butler

Noodle Col. Livius

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Doodle Mr. Corkran

Tom Thumb Master Arthur Foster

Queen Mrs. Foster

Glumdalsa Mr. Codrington

House Master Mr. Airey

Ladies in Waiting Misses Foster

After play, the company went down to supper. I was fatigued and went home.

January 9th.—At ten o'clock Mr. Lutichan, the upper Forest Master sent his *jäger* to inform me that he would call in his *drouski* ¹ at eleven o'clock to take me to the chase. Dressed myself in fur mantle—fur cape—at eleven he called— *drou* [s] *cki* with guns in leather cases— *jäger* behind—dog bounding before us—fine, clear, frosty morning—sunshine—glistening of sparkles of frost on the snow—distant hills

¹ The usual spelling of this vehicle is “drosky,” or “droschke.”

153 in frosty mist—after driving a mile and a half in snow came to a forest house, where there were several carriages standing. Here were the sportsmen waiting for us—several of the foreign Ministers— viz. Palfy—Campuzano—Rumigny—with other persons of the Court—dressed in foraging caps—muffs slung round their necks—guns slung over their shoulders—some attended by *jädgers*. After a little talk we proceeded some distance further, where we were posted at distance from each other—in dry ditches—a great number of peasants, etc., sent out ahead, made a wide crescent and drove the game (hares) towards us, when we fired as they came within shot—I was attended by Lutichan's *jädger* with two guns—sport not very good to-day—about twenty hares killed—I killed one.

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Dined at Count Rumigny's—with Count and Countess Palffy—Chev. Campuzano.

After dinner accomp[anie]d Countess Rumigny to theatre—saw part of the “Wassertrager.”¹

¹ “The Water-Carriers.”

Afterwards to a ball at Count Palffy's—very gay and elegant—danced until three o'clock in the morn'g.

January 10th. —In the morning, half-past six, went to Mr. Lutichan's to accompany him to the Royal boar hunt.

Found him at his quarters in the Jägerhof, an old convent with small towers—gateway with figures of hunters, etc. In the quadrangle deer's heads on the walls—in his room books of hunting, of forest trees, etc. Accomp[anie]d him in his *drou [s] cki* to Langeburck² —went thro' pine forests—Langeburck a little village—the house of forester where

² Irving probably meant Langburkersdorf.

154 the King dines after the *chasse*. Here were various officers of the *chasse* and forest—in uniform of green hunting coat—drab trousers—hunting whip with lash tucked round their waists—hunting sword—horn slung over shoulder—one, Forest Master of—, a fine, tall, manly fellow—number of *jägers*, etc., all in green uniform. In forest house the pictures are hung with garlands by forester's daughter—hunters with guns slung over shoulder—others arrive with great coats over their uniforms—after remain[in]g here some time Mr. Lutichan sent jäger with me to shew me the houses, etc.—pass by kennel and look at hounds—house in which all the servants, etc., play[in]g on horns—singing—visit the boar pens—the mode of trapping¹ boars—number of spectators from the neighbouring village and from about the forest—hear sound of horn give signal of King approach[in]g—station myself by a large tree of the forest—by roadside—first come one or two horsemen—hunter with four lancer dogs, who are first put on the track of the boar—then the whippers-in with

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the pack of hounds. More horse-men arrive—then King and Prince Antoine in carriage—horses led out for King and Prince—they mount—the boar turned loose—passes near me—shortly after the four hounds let loose. King and Prince Antoine and suite gallop by—they salute me as they pass—Antoine cries out *Gute [n] Morgen*.

1 Obsolete form of “entrapping.”

Pack of hounds with huntsmen surround[in]g them blowing low note of horns—Whipper is smacking whips—hounds yelping with impatience and climbing on top of one another. At last a high note of horn gives signal and off they go—making the woods echo to their note—get into carriage with the King's 155 doctor and drive thro' the woods to place where there is a relay of horses—and a fire where *jägers* are waiting—at a distance by side of a cross road is another fire. I am told these fires are all along the frontiers of woods to give notice of boar crossing the road when they cry tally-ho.

Boar crosses in sight—King and Prince come to change horses—hear the sound of horns—run to see the death—but am mistaken—see huntsmen and hounds running thro' woods—follow on for some distance, but they run out of sight and hearing—return to carriage.

Horseman rides up to the *wald* fire with branch in his hat to announce that the boar is killed—horses return—I return to town with the doctor—fine view of Dresden as we return.

Dine at Mrs. Foster's—pres[e]nt—Capt. Butler—Mr. Airey, etc.

Go to M. Treck's at six o'clock in comp[an]y with Baron de Malsburg—conversation, he in German, I in English—his daughters very pleasing girls.

Afterward go to Baron Knobelsdorf's—hear pleasing musick from Mad[ame] Lutichan, who is daughter of Mad[ame] Knobelsdorf—present, Mons. and Mad[ame] de Bergh—Miss Loewenstein—Baron and Baroness de Malsburg—Mr. Lutzerode.

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January 11th. —At home all day—read O'Meara's¹ work—dine at two o'clock. Kuster pays me a visit—go in the evening to the opera—"Tancredi"—the part of Tancredi tolerably played, better sung and still better acted by Signora Tibaldi house very cold—sat in Mr. Morier's box.

¹ Barry Edward O'Meara (1786–1836), Napoleon's surgeon at St. Helena, and the author of "Napoleon in Exile."

Afterward to a little party at Mrs. Williams'—¹⁵⁶ introduced to the Countess of Lubinski, a Polish lady—a blue [*stocking*]—very agreeable. There was a Mad[ame] Hinebine and her daughter there—the latter very handsome.

January 12th.—At home in morning—two o'clock went to Mrs. Foster's—return home and dress for Gen[era]l Conicof's—go there at three o'clock—the General reads several pieces of poetry which he had written at various times—written in French—charming verses—grace—ease—feeling, gallantry—the old gentleman read them with great spirit and expression, moving his hand spectacles and putting them to his nose—present with me to hear them Mr. Kuster and Mr. Brunke. At dinner we had likewise Mr.—, a great amateur of the French stage, who gave many anecdotes of French vaudevilles and Pollet¹ —Brunet² —etc.—very pleasant dinner—after dinner visit Mr. Morier—old courtier comes in with two stars—very polite and complimentary.

¹ Jean Joseph Pollet (1753–1818), a distinguished French musician.

² Jean Joseph Brunet (1766–1853), a famous French comedian.

Afterward to go ball at Countess Hohenthal's—splendid palace—superb apartments—great crowd—return home at twelve o'clock.

January 13th. —Monday. Busy with Col. Livius about the songs and music of the Freischutz.

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Visit Mrs. Foster—Emily very unwell—agree to play the part of Sir Chas. Rackett with her—dine with Scott.

In the evening go to see Wallenstein's "Tod" 3—at such distance from the stage that I could not hear

3 Coleridge's English version of Schiller's drama was published in 1800, but Irving knew it also in the original German. In a letter to Mrs. Foster (June 8, 1823), he significantly quotes Schiller's line: "Das Herz is gestorben; die Welt ist leer" ("The heart is dead; the world is empty.")

157 —play was tedious to me—after theatre visit Mrs. Williams—party—introduced to the Countess Lubinski 1—a Polish lady—very agreeable and well informed—reads English.

1 Had he forgotten that he first met her on the 11th?

January 14th. —Tuesday. Dine with Col. Livius and Capt. Butler—ev[enin]g theatre—Marke für Marke, and No. 777.

January 15th. —Wednesday. Theatre, Italian opera—a new opera called—, very long, confused and monotonous—after opera passed the evening at Mrs. Williams'—leave in the morning in train[e]au with Airey.

January 16th. —Thursday. Dine at Garforth's. Ev[enin]g Ball at Mrs. Williams'.

January 17th.—Friday. Call on Count Kalkreuth—dine at Mrs. Foster's,—in ev[enin]g call on the Countess—, an old Polish lady.

January 18th. —Saturday Morn'g—at Mrs. Foster's—rehearse "Three Weeks after Marriage" 2 —part of Sir C. Rackett—Emily Foster, Lady R.

2 The author of this play (1776) was Arthur Murphy. Sir Charles Rackett, who has married a rich tradesman's daughter, has a quarrel with his wife over a game of whist and nearly

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comes to a divorce within the space of time that gives the comedy its name. Irving has a good account of the success of the amateur performance in a letter of March 10, 1823, to his brother Peter. The whole affair was kept secret from Colonel Livius, who was something of a tyrant in matters theatrical, and it was performed before him when he was expecting a dress rehearsal of his own little opera! Later a performance was given before the whole of the English colony, "and it went off with great spirit and success."

Dine with Gen[era]l Conicof—go early to hear some of the French poetry—at dinner Count Loos—Mr. Pigott—Col. Livius—M. Preuss—the master of ceremonies—Capt. Morier.

Eve[nin]g—play—to see the Swiss family, music by Winter.

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January 19th. —Sunday. Dine at hotel with Col. Livius—all the morning busy about the songs of the Freischutz—ev[enin]g go to a ball at Prince John's—handsome apartments—danced an ecossaise with Miss Pigott—conversed with the Princes—came away at eleven o'clock.

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THE SECOND DRESDEN DIARY

JANUARY 20,—MAY 20, 1823

January 20th —Monday—morning—German lesson—rehearsal at Mrs. Foster's—dine at Mrs. Williams'—present, Capt. Butler, Mr. Werry, Mr. Town, Mr. Williams, Corkran, Codrington. In the evening call with Capt. Butler at Gen[era]l Conicof's,¹ then to the Baron Loewenstein's—pleasant family—ladies speak English—present, a Polish count of eighteen accomplishments—ruddy face, flaxen hair—bright Phoebus or glorious Apollo look. Has written a play, which was damned. Present also the Countess of Hohenthal—Mr. Airey—Codrington.

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1 Although a note has already been given on this name we may add that it appears in the Diary also as “Canicof,” “Conicof,” “Kanicof,” “Cornicoff”, “Canicoff”, etc.

During the ev'g a gentleman arrived who was only seven days from St. Petersburg—had bro[ugh]t presents for the children from their relations in Russia—opening of letters, parcels, etc.

January 21st. —Tuesday. Early in morn'g went to breakfast with Mr. Price—rode out with him and Mr. Scott to Langenbruck,² to the Royal boar hunt—rode a fox-col[oure]d horse of Corkran's—six miles to cover, very cold day—snowing slightly—overtaken by King's relays of horses—strike off through woods a short cut to Langenbruck. Pine

2 Probably “Langburkersdorf.” See ante.

160 and fir forests covered with snow. As we are leav'g the forest the King's carriages drive by. We stop at Langenbruck for a time—look at dog kennel—pack of hounds set off with *jägers*, etc.—follow on beyond the *Thiergarten*. King passes—four hounds are turned loose to find the boar—Huntsmen in every direction listening—hear the dogs in the woods. Some time elapses before the boar is found. Horns sounded from the King's escort to call whippers-in to lay on the hounds—ride to place where the King is—the whippers-in surround the hounds—sound horns—whip the dogs into a heap—at particular note hounds cast loose and away every body goes—follow a young *piqueur* on a white horse—darting about of figures thro' the wood—sound of horns, dogs, etc. Dogs cross several times—scrambling among trees covered with snow. Roads one way marked with letters—another way with figures—men stationed by fires to give notice which way the animal goes—lose the hounds—fall in with King's train—thrown out—stop—listen—picturesque attitudes of huntsmen—they blow horns of inquiry—reply at a distance—gallop off again—lose a great deal of time while King dismounts. The chase lasts upwards of two hours. Just get in time enough to see the boar overpowered—huntsmen hold him down until King and Prince Antoine come up—P[rince] Antoine despatches him. The latter broke off a branch of a bush and gave me to wear in my hat, as every one does when present at a successful

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chasse —invites us all to his house next week to a dance. Return to town on horseback—very much chill'd and fatigued. We drive half an hour, then eat a hearty dinner and drink nearly a bottle of Wurtzburg 161 wine—much better for it—sleep for couple of hours on sofa—go to Mr. Pigott's and pass the evening—a social party of English.

January 22d. —Wednesday. Rehearse at Mrs. Foster's—call at Mr. Morier's and sit some time with Mr. and Mrs. M. and children—dine at home with Col. Livius—Mr. Bottiger,¹ Mr. Werry and Mr. Airey. In ev'g go to Countess de Loos—find her and her daughter the Countess Augusta drinking tea *à l'anglaise* —pass a very pleasant evening—Mr. Werry with me—Countess de Loos a very fine-looking woman—her daughters handsome and accomplished; the eldest speaks English very well.

1 In his list of acquaintances Irving enters Mr. “Böttiear,” a Danish antiquarian. Here the gentleman seems to appear as “Bottinger,” and later as “Bötiger.” Probably the last is the correct form, the reference being to Karl August Böttiger (1760–1835), a German archæologist.

January 23d. —Thursday. Pass the morn'g at home studying and writing—dine at home with Col. Livius—Nachwachsky sits some time with us—go to theatre for a short time—see two acts of German play—afterward go to Mr. Williams'² —an English gathering. A Mr. Malcolm there—just arrived from the North. Return home early. The cold this day is excessive—twenty-seven or twenty-eight degrees, Ráumur.³

2 This should probably read “Mrs. Williams.”

3 This is thirty degrees below zero, Fahrenheit.

January 24th. —Friday. Dine at Mr. Morier's—present, Count and Countess Bronhau, Count and Countess Hohenthal, Chevalier Campuzano, Mons[ieur] and Mad[ame] Fabrice, Capt. Towers.

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After dinner take tea at We#ry?'s—Butler, Capt. Towers, Mr. Malcolm, Corkran, etc.—go for an hour to the Casino.

January 25th. —Saturday. Call on Mr. Bottiger 162 —find there Mr. Vogel, a portrait painter, who solicits me to sit to him.

Rehearsal—

Dine with Corkran—present Col. Livius, Mr. Malcolm, Williams, Airey, Werry.

In evening a ball at the Countess Hohenthal's—very full—came home about twelve o'clock.

[*Irving follows these notes with this query:*]

Qu. —Does not the continent continually present pictures of customs and manners such as formerly prevailed in England? The King's chapel at Dresden is quite a picture of ancient hunting in Q[ueen] Elizabeth's reign. *The table d'hôte* at Heidelberg, Munich, Mayence, etc., was the old Host's table in England. The manners of the guests are similar—the mixture of civil and military at these tables. The soldiers who have been in Russia, Egypt, etc., may vie with the Crusaders.

January 26th. —At home nearly all day—dine with Col. Livius—pass the evening at Mrs. Foster's.

January 27th.—Monday. Call on De Malsburg—on Countess Hohenthal—fine palace—elegant appartments—Countess with several gents about her, and monkey in her lap. She says: “ *Eh bien, Mons [ieur], vous me trouvez en bon et mauvaise société.* ”

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Glorious Apollo—man with eighteen accomplish'ts present. He is nettled at the speech. Madam Hohenthal's little nephew and niece play'g with the monkey. Her mother—fine old lady—seated in corner of the sofa.

From Mad[ame] Hohenthal called on Werry—sat to Vogel for my likeness—dined at home—went to theatre.

January 28th. —Tuesday. Went to Mrs. Foster's—staid there to dinner. They rec'd several letters 163 from England. Went to theatre—a drama called “Kätchen of Heilbronn.”¹

1 “Kätzch'en von Heilbronn,” the romantic play by Heinrich von Kleist (1777–1811), famous as a writer of dramas and comedies.

January 29th. —Wednesday. Dined at home at one o'clock—sat for my likeness to Vogel—in the evening went to ball at Prince Antoine's—present, the King, Queen and Royal family—the second and third sons of the King of Prussia—talked with the youngest—a fine young man. I was particularly noticed by the Queen, who complimented me on my writings of which she was just read'g in the French translation.

Danced a whimsical dance called *Der Grossvader*.

Danced also an *écossaise*—partners two young Countesses de Loos.

January 30th. —Thursday. Rehearse at Mrs. F.'s—dine there with Col. Livius. In the evening go to a ball at Count Jordan's the Prussian Minister—present, the Saxon princes and the two Prussian princes.

Look for Mad[ame] de B[ergh].

Friday, 31st. —Dine at Corkran's—present Count Poushkin, Col. Livius, Mr. Kuster, Chevalier Campuzano, Capt. Morier, Mr. Pigott, Mr. Airey, Mr. Werry, Mr. Williams.

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In the evening go to a little conversation party at the Countess Loos's—Mad[ame] de B. there—have *tête-à-tête*.

February 1st. —Saturday. Morning—rehearsal at Mrs. Foster's—dine at Count Poushkin's—present, Col. Livius, Baron Charles de Malsburg, Col. Odeleben,² the author of “The Campaign of 1813.”

² Ernst Otto, Baron Odeleben (1777–1833), historian, soldier, and engineer.

Ev'g, a ball at Gen[era]l Conicoff's—splendid 164 apartments—beautiful assemblage—many young ladies, not yet *brought out*, as this was given as a children's ball—elegant supper—danced till two o'clock—attended Madam de B[ergh] at supper.

February 2d. —Sunday. At home until three o'clock—indisposed. Nachwachsky call'd on me and sat for some time—spoke of the manners, etc., in Poland—estates generally divided at death—families apt to fall into decay. The descendants of Sobieski are at present indigent and many of them in the most menial situations. Thinks the German nature retard[s] the march of political improvement. They are too phlegmatic and slow. The intercourse between the Poles and French who are both full of fire and they prevent a co-operation.¹

¹ We have followed the Ms. and must leave the exegesis of this sentence to the reader.

Says there is a system of fagging in universities, something like that in Eng[land]. The student of the first year is called *fuchs* of the second—of the third *candidat*. The *fuchs* has to do every thing he is bid and is knocked about.

At Breslau there are about fifty Poles who rule the University. The students of diff't nations wear or *wore* cockades and had *landschafts* or national clubs.

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Dine at Mrs. Foster's—present, Col. Livius, Mr. Williams, Airey, Corkran, Johnston—pass the evening there, writing crambo poetry,² German, etc., etc.

2 In “crambo” one person gives a line, and the next player must write a line to rhyme with it.

Monday, 3d. —Rehearsal—not quite well—do not dine. Ev'g theatre—“Herbstag” a comedy in five acts by Lessing—full of kissing and crying of old men and ugly women—take tea and chat till eleven at Mrs. Foster's.

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Tuesday, 4th. —At home all morning studying—dine at three o'clock at Count Loewenstein's. At dinner meet the two Barons de Malsburg, Count Kalckreuth, Count Blankensee (glorious Apollo), Airey, Codrington, Doctor—. Stories of ghosts—Miss Loewenstein told me that the people of Livonia from whence she comes were extremely superstitious and believed in elves, etc., etc.

Go to theatre—Tony, a St. Domingo melodrama—a beautiful little pastoral piece with songs by Goethe called “Jery and Bätely.” Mad[ame] Haase in Swiss costume looked pretty and played delightfully. Sat in same box with Madam de B., who was very gracious.

From theatre went to Gen[era]l Kniezewitz's,¹ a Polish general—a little dance given to young girls—chiefly Polonaise—very pretty and full of animation.

¹ Polish spelling was, naturally enough, too much for Irving. This general was Karl Kniaziewicz (1762–1842), Commander of the Polish legion, under Jerome Bonaparte.

Wednesday, 5th. —At home most of the day studying—dine *en famille* at Mrs. Williams'—present, her son and her brother Corkran.

In the evening six o'clock go to a Court ball at Prince Max's—stay there till twelve o'clock.

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Old maid of honor advising me to eat capers as excellent to prevent yellowness.

Thursday, 6th. —Rehearsal at Mrs. Foster's—dine there—go to theatre—see “Jery and Bätely”—pay evening visit to Mrs. Morier. Afterwards half-past ten, go to masked ball at the Redoubt² —Madame de B. there—had much chat together.³

² This seems to be the correct text. Possibly the Opera House, or some other place of public assemblage, is meant, at which masked balls (“die Redouten”) were held.

³ The entries during this and later weeks indicate that Irving decidedly felt the attraction of Madame de Bergh.

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Friday, 7th. —At home all day studying—dine *tête-à-tête* with Col. Livius. In the evening at a ball at Mrs. Foster's—remain there until after two in morn'g—dance with Mad. de Bergh—the Miss Fosters—Miss Pigott and the Countess Theresa de Loos.

Saturday, 8th. —Dine at Mrs. W[illia]ms'—present, Werry, Johnston.

In evening to the theatre—the Opera “L'Inganno Felice”¹ by Rossini and a ballet. After the theatre go for a little while to Mrs. Williams' and then return home.

¹ I. e., “The Fortunate (or Happy) Deceit” (or Trick).

Sunday, 9th. —At home all day—Corkran with me most of the day and dines with me—in evening go to see “Hamlet”—the translation of Schiller's. The part of Hamlet very well performed by Juliers.² He wanted the deep melancholy of Hamlet's character and was rather too cold and *dégagé*.

² This seems the most plausible rendering of what Irving has written.

After play visited the Pigotts.

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Monday, 10th. —Half-past six morn'g paid a farewell visit to young Codrington, who starts for Berlin—at home all the morn'g—took Cockburn to introduce him to the Fosters. Dined at the Count Hohenthal's—elegant dinner, superb—y served up—present, the Prince Schoenburg³ —a very amiable, engaging man in person and address—Princess Menzicoff, Count and Countess Brunau.

³ Irving seems to have written “Schonenburg,” but the “Almanach de Gotha” for 1824 gives the name as “Schoenbourg.”

In ev'g to a *petite soirée* at Mrs. W[illia]ms'—present, the Loos, Mad[ame] de Bergh—Mad[ame] de Malsburg, etc., etc.

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Tuesday, 11th. —At home studying and trying to write—walk out towards Grosse Garten—weather mild and warm—thaw'g—dirty walk'g—dine at home with Col. Livius. In ev'g at six o'clock go to Court ball—great crowd—fine dresses—populace admitted as spectators—make the room very hot—break up about half-past ten.

Wednesday, 12th. —At home till two o'clock—rehearse at Mrs. Foster's—dine there—at dinner Col. Livius, Mr. Williams, Mr. Corkran.

In evening go to Mrs. Pigott's—music.

Thursday, 13th. —At home till one o'clock—cannons fire to give notice of breaking up of the ice—go to bridge which is crowded—ice does not move—return home—dine at Corkran's—present, Werry, Capt. Towers, Mr. Garforth, Price, Livius, Williams.

In ev'g go to see “Hamlet”—sit in the box of Baron Loewenstein—go home and take tea at Mrs. Foster's and chat there till half-past eleven.

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Friday, 14th. —Call at Mr. Morier's and leave card—walk in the suburbs of Neustadt with Mrs. Foster, Mrs. W[illia]ms and Col. Livius—go in the ev'g to Baron Loewenstein's—see there Mad[ame] de Bergh, etc.

Go to Casino—very much crowded.

Saturday, 15th. —Walk in morn'g in the Grosse Garten with Mrs. F. and Miss F.—dine at Mrs. F.'s. After dinner return—read the Am. Tale.¹

¹ This “American Tale” which Irving read aloud to his friends the Fosters, is presumably one of the Mss. that he later destroyed.

Sunday, 16th. —Dined with Mrs. Foster in comp'y with Col. Livius—passed ev'g there—Livius play'g on horn.

Monday, 17th. —Dined at Morier's—present, 168 Mrs. Williams, her son, Corkran, Scott, Capt. Boyd, Capt. Morier, etc.

After dinner went to the play—staid a short time—went to Garforth's where there was a musical party.

Tuesday, 18th. —Called at Mrs. Foster's before dinner—dined at Baron Knobelsdorf's—present, the inspector of the theatre and several Saxons.

After dinner went to Mrs. Foster's and passed the ev'g.

Wednesday, 19th. —At home all the morn'g writing—pay a visit to Gen[era]l Conicof and to Mr. Bottiger. With the latter I find two young Englishmen who appear to be students. Dine by myself—in evening go to theatre and see the Italian Opera—“Cyrus in Babylon”—one of Rossini's worst—after theatre go to Mrs. Foster's and sit there reading and gossiping until near one o'clock.

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Thursday, 20th. —At home all the morn'g writing—dine at Mrs. Foster's—present, Mr. Airey. After dinner go to theatre and see Schiller's tragedy of Piccolomini¹ —then go to Mr. Pigott's where was an English party—found there Miss Lowenstein who gave me anecdotes of the literary circle and critical censors.

¹ “Die Piccolomini” is the second of the three parts of Schiller's Wallenstein drama. Prince Ottavio Piccolomini (1599–1656) was the Austrian general who conspired against Wallenstein.

Friday, 21st. —Walk with Corkran for two or three hours—dine at Mrs. Williams'—present, Col. Livius, Mr. Werry, etc.

In evening go to theatre and then to Mrs. F's.

Saturday, 22d. —Dine at home—go to the play—opera of strolling singers—good scene of the strollers descending from waggon by the roadside, 169 arranging crushed bonnets—woman with squirrel in cage—odd dresses—after opera go to Mrs. F.'s.

Sunday, 23d. —Dine with Livius—present, W[illia]ms, Corkran, Trotter, Butler—go in the evening to party at Prince John's—remain there till nine—talk with Princes Max, John, Fred'k, the Princess of Bavaria, etc.

Go to Mrs. Foster's afterwards and sit there till half-past twelve.

Monday, 24th. —At ten o'clock go out in carriage with Scott and Price to the Grille¹ to see the wild boars caught. Have a picnic party at the hunters' lodge—present, the Count and Countess Palffy, Count and Countess Hohenthal, Count and Countess Blome, Mr. Rugtenstein—Forest Master.

¹ Irving may have written “Crille.” Some pavilion in the forest seems meant.

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One of the hunters kills a chamois—catch of boars.

Evening at a ball at the Hôtel de Pologne given by Prince Schoenburg.

Tuesday, 25th. —Morn'g—a rehearsal at Mrs. Foster's.

Dine at Mr. Morier's—present, Capt. Towers, Capt. Boyd, Mr. Scott, Col. Livius.

Ev[enin]g at Mrs. Foster's—rehearse “Three Weeks after Marriage.”

Wednesday, 28th. —Morn'g make arrang'ts for presentation of “Three Weeks after Marriage”—dine at Mr. Pigott's—present, Capt. Morier, Butler.

In evening have a dress rehearsal of “Three Weeks after Marriage”—I play Sir Chas. Rackett²

² In a letter, dated March 15, 1823, to C. R. Leslie, the artist, Irving writes, “I have already enacted Sir Charles Rackett in ‘Three Weeks after Marriage’ with great applause, and I am on the point of playing Don Felix in ‘The Wonder.’ I had no idea of this fund of dramatic talent within me; and I now console myself that if the worst comes to the worst I can turn stroller and pick up a decent maintenance among the barns of England.”

170 —Miss Emily Foster, Lady Rackett—Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Drugget—Miss Flora Foster, Dimity—Mr. Corkran, Old Drugget.

Thursday, 27th. —Writing all the morn'g—walk to Mrs. Foster's and read Italian with her—walk in her garden—dine with Col. Livius and Nachwa[ch]sky—go to play to see the “Gut Sternberg,” a comedy, rather mawkish.

Go to *soirée* at Gen[era]l Watsdorf's, but not being in spirits I soon leave it. Look in at Garforth's where there is a musical party and then return home and go to bed a little after ten, in very low spirits.

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Friday, 28th. —In my room till one o'clock studying and writing—visit the Moriers, etc., etc. Dine at Mrs. Foster's—present, Col. Livius and Corkran—after dinner, rehearsal. In the evening visitors come in—Prince and Princess Reitz—play games till twelve o'clock.

March 1st. —Saturday. First day, clouds and sunshine—sprinklings of snow—Polish countess and her family setting out from the next room on journey to Paris—daughter about fourteen—mother the remains of beauty—old cabriolet—horses taken from plough—shaggy manes—harness of undressed leather—tails clubbed with straggling hairs—coachman a round, ruddy fellow of twenty—green jacket, coat and trousers edged with red—leather hat and cockade—ladies' maid romps with him.

Mrs. F. pays a visit to Col. Livius—and comes also to my room for a little while—visit Mr. Bottiger 171 who is recovering—go to Mrs. F.'s to read Italian—walk in their garden for half an hour.

Dine at Mons. de Bergh's, the Danish *chargé* —present, Count and Countess de Blome, Mr. de Lutichan, Mr. Allegri, Capt. Trotter, Col. Livius, Mr. Scott, Capt. Butler, Mr. Williams, Capt. Morier, Mr. Corkran, Mr. Airey, the two Barons de Malsburg.

A very elegant dinner.

Went to theatre and saw part of "Preciosa."¹ Visited Prince Scho[e]nburg—spent the rest of the evening at Mrs. Foster's.

¹ The words of this opera by A. Wolf; the music by Weber. "Preciosa" was given in London as late as 1881.

[*Five pages are then left blank for entries which Irving never made; and the diary continues a fortnight later.*]

Saturday, 15th. —Dine at Mrs. Foster's.

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Sunday, 16th. —Dine at Mrs. Foster's—pass the evening there.

Monday, 17th. —Dine at Baron Loewenstein's (a Livonian)—Mr. and Mad. Lutichan, etc., etc.

Ev[enin]g pay visits to Countess Loos, Countess de Hohenthal, Count Rumigny, *soirée* at Count Palffy's.

March 18. —Tuesday. Morning—rehearsal—dine at Mrs. Williams'. Ev'g, musical party at Mad[a]m Lutichan's—then to *soirée* at Mad. de Bergh's.

March 19th. —Yesterday and last evening snow—to-day clears off—rehearse at Mrs. Foster's—dine at Gen[era]l Conicoff's—present, Countess Loos and three daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Lutichan, Mr. Grant, Capt. Boyd, Mr. Fitzthorn.

Evening at Mrs. Foster's rehearsal and then to the *soirée* of Count Luxbourg, the Bavarian Minister.

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Thursday, 20th. —Dine at—.

Friday, 21st. —Dine at Mrs. Foster's—ev[enin]g go to Gen[era]l Conicof's—a *soirée*.

Saturday, 22d. —Morn'g lesson in Italian at Mrs. F.'s. Dine at Count Luxbourg's, the Bavarian Minister—present, Count and Countess Brunau, Baron Knobelsdorf and lady, Count Rumigny, Chev. Campuzano, Mr. Allegri—Count Rumigny offers me apart's in his house for summer. Ev'g go to Baron Lowenstein's—find there Mad. de Bergh, Countess Schulenburg and daughters, etc.—play at charades and tableaux—Countess Lubinsky, a Pole.

Sunday, 23d. —Morn'g—make alteration in play—dine at Mrs. Foster's—present, Mrs. Williams, Mr. Wm.'s, Corkran, Col. Livius. In ev'g go to Baron Loewenstein's—play at

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tableaux—Tasso and Leonora—the last by Countess Luxbourg—the Sleeping Beauty Madam Lutichan, Count Luxbourg the enchanter, I the knight. *Reverie* —good and bad dream—bad dream, Mr. Allegri and good dream, Mad. de Bergh. Dreamer, Mon. de Malsburg—Egmont and Martha.

Monday, 24th. —Morn'g at rehearsal of the oratorio of the “Death of Abel” by Morla[c]chi¹ —on Brüh[h]liche Terrace² —walk along the Elbe with Mrs. and Misses Foster—dine at Werry's—present, Capt. Trotter, Mr. Austin, Capt. Garforth, Capt. Butler, Mr. Williams and Corkran.

1 Francesco Morlacchi (1784–1841), a distinguished Italian composer.

2 The Brühl Terrace, laid out in 1738 by Count Brühl.

In ev'g a party at Mrs. Foster's—ends pleasantly.

Tuesday, 25th. —At home writing letters—go to Mrs. Foster's a little after one—take lesson in

Facsimile of a Page from One of the Dresden Diaries, March, 1823 Showing how lines were erased, presumably by Irving's biographer in his desire to perpetuate the tradition of Irving's exclusive devotion to his first love, Mathilda Hoffman. Still decipherable, however, are the words: “Early part day triste—Emily delightful” in the seventh line. We surmise that the rest of the deleted portion referred to Irving's determination to put his fortune to the test, and that on March 31 (which entry shows another deletion—this time probably of the word “depressed”), Irving asked Emily to become his wife, but without success.

173 Italian and French—walk in Grosse Garten with Mrs. F.—dine at Mrs. F.'s—present, Livius and Mr. Pigott—after dinner in ev'g rehearsal of “The Wonder.”

Wednesday, 26th. —Dine at Morier's—present, Mrs. Williams, Mr. Wm.'s, Corkran, Clayton—evening, rehearsal.

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Thursday, 27th. —Dine at Mrs. Foster's—rehearsal—evening at Mrs. Williams'.

Friday, 28th. —Good Friday—morning, seven o'clock hear the “Mount of Olives” by Beethoven performed in the Kreuz Kirche—walk up the banks of the Elbe with Corkran—dine at Mrs. F—'s. Rehearsal—pass the evening there—Emily reading Faust, etc.

Early part of day triste—Emily delightful.¹

¹ The line here printed can just be deciphered in the Ms., despite the obvious attempt by someone to delete it. Then we are confronted with absolutely blank lines which—when we consider how tenaciously the claim that Irving never wished to marry after Mathilda Hoffman's death was maintained by the next generation—forces us to suspect, to use no stronger word, an unwarranted tampering with the text, occasioned by the desire of continuing a romantic tradition.

Saturday, 29th. —Breakfast at Mrs. F.'s—Morlacchi the composer there—very lively, intelligent, agreeable man. After breakfast rehearse some scenes—then walk in Grosse Garten with the Fosters—dine with them at one—then go to church to hear Morlacchi's oratorio of the “Death of Abel” and Te Deum—procession of King, Queen, etc.—return to Mrs. F.'s, where we have rehearsal.

Sunday, 30th. —Dine at Mrs. Foster's—Col. Livius dines there—in the evening go to Baron Lowenstein's² —music—ghost stories—told story of man thrown overboard at sea in coffin without

² Irving sometimes spelled this name correctly, “Loewenstein,” and sometimes “Lowenstein”. We have retained his spellings.

¹⁷⁴ the prayers being said over him—his ghost sailed after ship in his coffin—storms, etc.

Game of the thimble on pyramid of flour—whoever makes it fall must take it out of the dough in his mouth.

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Monday, 31st. —Easter. Hear mass in church—dine at Mrs. F.'s—rehearsal—visit de Rumigny—return to Mrs. Foster's to evening party—go home very much¹

¹ The rest of this sentence has been erased, presumably by the same person. It seems more than likely that it was on this very date that Irving proposed to Emily Foster, and returned home greatly depressed at her refusal of his hand.

April 1st. —Tuesday. Write letters all the morn'g—go to Mrs. Foster's to take a lesson in Italian—stay to dinner—scene with the teacher of the children—in ev'g go to Casino—little Mad. de Bergh makes a *poisson d'avril* of me,² pretending to have played airs for Col. Livius.

² Makes an April fool of me.

Wednesday, 2d. —Rehearsal in morn'g at Mrs. F.'s—go to clothes warehouses to choose dresses—dine with Livius—present, *Capellmeister* Morlacchi, Dr. Weber—also the *Capellmeister* from Warsaw, Nachwa[ch]sky, Capt. Boyd, Capt. Trotter.

In ev'g had dress rehearsal of “The Wonder”³ at Mrs. Foster's.

³ “The Wonder; a Woman Keeps a Secret,” by Mrs. Susanna Centlivre, was first produced at Drury Lane in 1714.

April 3d. —Thursday. (My birthday.) At one o'clock drive into the country with the Fosters and Col. Livius—up the valley of Plauen to—where we dine at the Golden Lion—ramble about the hills—day rather windy and cloudy and cool—valley is very beautiful.

Season backward—just see indications of spring in the green twigs—a few buds and the tender leaves 175 of some willows and of lilacs—return before dark. In the ev'g a small party at Mrs. Foster's to keep my birthday. The Misses Foster prepare a surprise by getting up tableaux of scenes in “The Sketch Book” and “Bracebridge Hall” and “Knicker-

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bocker”—the picture by Leslie of Dutch courtship admirably represented by Mad. de Bergh and Capt. Morier—“Annette et Lubin”¹ by the young Countess Hernenbron, Mad. Foster and Capt. Morier—Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap, by Mrs. Foster, Miss Flora Foster and Capt. Morier.

¹ This charming piece, by Jean de la Borde, was a favourite of Voltaire's. Pierre M. Irving prints “Annette Delarbre by the young Countess Hernenbern.”

Conclude the evening by waltzing.

Friday, 4th. —Busy all day getting dress for the character of Don Felix. Mrs. Foster assists in new trimming a very handsome velvet dress and makes a new scarf. In the evening we performed the play of “The Wonder—A Woman Keeps a Secret,” with great alterations.

Don Felix Mr. Irving

Capt. (Col.) Briton Capt. Morier

Don Pedro Mr. Pigott

Lissardo Col. Livius

Donna Violante Miss Foster

Isabella Miss Flora Foster

Marguerite Mrs. Foster

Among the audience were the Austrian Ambassador, Count Palffy and his lady, Count and Countess Luxbourg, Count Rumigny, Chevalier Campuzano, Countess Loos and daughters, Mons. and Mad. de Bergh, the Loewensteins, Malsburg, Miss Fitzthorn, Countess Lubrisky, etc., etc., etc.

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Saturday, 5th. —In morning called on the Countess Nachwachsky, a fine old Polish lady. Dined with the Fosters—Col. Livius present. In the evening went to theatre—"Matrimonio Secreto"¹ —accompan'd the Fosters home to their new dwelling—sat with them for an hour

¹ This opera, the words by Berlotti, the music by Cimarosa, was first, produced in Vienna in 1792.

Sunday, 6th. —In the morning looked in at Catholic church—then went to Mrs. Foster's—read Italian—walked in Grosse Garten. Dined at Mr. Pigott's—present, the Fosters and Col. Livius—accompan'd the Fosters home and sat some time with them. They are not yet accustomed to their new house.

Monday, 7th. —At home all morn'g. Dined at Count Rumigny's—present, the Fosters and Campuzano. Went home and sat for some time with the Fosters—then went to a *soirée* at Countess Palffy's.

Tuesday, 8th. —At one o'clock went to a court held by the King and Queen of Bavaria—was presented by the Bavarian Minister, Count Luxbourg. King and Queen very affable—a good, hearty-looking man—plain and downright—the queen thin, interesting, very affable—four princesses present—one is twin sister to Princess John and wonderfully like her.

In the evening went to play.

After Court went to the Fosters'—dined there at half-past two or three.

Sat there till they went to Court—went in the ev'g to theatre—saw a ridiculous German piece about a lighthouse.

After play accompan'd the Lowensteins home—Mad. de Bergh played and sang for me.

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Wednesday, 9th. —At eight o'clock rode out with Baron Lutzerode, aide-de-camp to Prince John, and Mr. Brün,¹ Secretary of External Affairs, to Pillnitz—the summer palace of the King—built in very bad taste. Took refreshments at Lutzerode cottage.

¹ This name is hard to decipher.

Rode back on the right bank of the Elbe—read Italian at Mrs. Foster's. Dined with Lutzerode—present, Mr. Miltwitz,² the author, Mr. Brün—Madam Lutzerode, and fine little girl of six years.

² Probably Carl Borromeus von Miltiz (1781–1845), the German author and composer.

Passed evening at Mrs. Foster's.

Emily very unwell.

Thursday, 10th. —Take my German lesson at seven o'clock—walk with my German mast[er] from eight to quarter-past nine in Prince Antoine's garden—trees beginning to sprout—return home and read—go to Pirna to hear decision about my having fired a pistol out of my window. The legal penalty twenty dollars and forfeiture of the weapon. I am let off for two dollars eight groschens fine and two dollars seven groschens cost and the pistol returned to me—very lenient on the part of Mr. Rarow, the President.³

³ “The pistol was small one, borrowed of Colonel Livius, to be used in playing Don Felix in 'The Wonder,' in the mock drunken scene. Finding it loaded, he opened a pane of one of the windows, and fired it off; making himself unconsciously amenable to the law.”—“Life and Letters,” II, 149. Pierre M. Irving reads “Ponic” for “Pirna.” The name of the presiding judge is to be determined from Irving's hand only by guessing.

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Dr. Montucci calls on me to request permission to publish an edition of "The Sketch Book" in English.⁴ Go to Mrs. Foster's—Emily better—

⁴ Probably a slip of the pen for "German." The first German version of "The Sketch Book" appeared at Leipsic in 1823.

178 remain there read'g Italian till dinner time—dine there—after dinner read Ben Jonson's "Sad Shepherd" to them. Livius comes in from the country—has nearly finished his opera. Trotter comes in—we remain chatting until eleven o'clock.

Friday, 11th. —Took lesson early—Livius breakfasts with me—accompany him over the bridge and up the avenue on his way to Findlater, where he is staying for a few days. Stepped in at a Lutheran chapel—psalm sung by choristers—beautiful tunes to the Lutheran psalms. Returned home—wrote, etc., etc., until half-past two. Went to Mrs. F.'s—read Italian with Mrs. F.—dined there. After dinner read them some Mss.—a Mons.—called in—an old acquaintance—had been abroad a year—a dirty son of a still dirtier father—of the latter whenever he is mentioned in society, it is always with the apology "if you will permit me." M[ontucci?] sends in his card but does not come in—stay till eleven.

Saturday, 12th. —Busy in my room study[in]g till one o'clock. Mr. Morier called and sat with me. At about one Mrs. Foster and the young ladies call for me in carriage to go to Findlater to dine with Livius—cold but fine day. Livius has pleasant apart's—has finished his opera. The two Barons de Malsburg and the Baroness call there and stay to dinner—very lively, pleasant party—return before six—make calls on Madame de B., the Countess Loos, the Countess Hohenthal—nobody at home—go to the Fosters' and pass the evening writing in scrap book, reading from scrap books, reading Italian and telling ghost stories until eleven o'clock.

Sunday, 13th. —At ten o'clock prayers at Mr. 179 Morier's—read by the Rev. Mr. Austin—go at twelve o'clock to Court—at the King's and Prince Antoine's—the latter just returned from Vienna—asked me if I thought of him sometimes. King joked me about the pistol.

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At three o'clock go to Mrs. Foster's—take Italian lesson—dine there—stay to tea—Emily unwell with headache—leave them a little before nine—go to the Loewensteins' and pass the evening there till near eleven. Mademoiselle Annette very curious about my early history.

Monday, 14th. —Take lesson early—endeavour to write poetry, but in vain—write only one verse—determine not to dine to-day at Mrs. Foster's. Go to Mrs. Foster's—take Italian lesson—Emily somewhat better—very pale—leave there about four—Mrs. Foster very urgent for me to stay—return home but do not dine—go to theatre—see a German comedy—rather amusing—sit in Baron Lowenstein's box.

At nine o'clock go to *soirée* at Count Palffy's—rather crowded—I and out of spirits—Mrs. F. scolds me for not staying to dinner.

Tuesday, 15th. —Walk early in morn'g—take lesson till nine.¹ Write two verses of poetry—go to Mrs. Foster's—then go to Baron Loewenstein's and dine—Mad. de Bergh there—sit next to her—poet there, Mr 2 who wrote “*Urania*”—bright little-eyed old gentleman with thin grey scalp and

1 The next two lines have been rubbed out, but the words “looking very pretty” can be deciphered, and no doubt refer to Emily. Further on the words “near three” indicate the time at which Irving left the house. Was Irving again proposing to Emily?

2 This poet must remain obscure for our readers. Irving may have written “Dieze,” “Diege,” or “Diego,” and he may mean the editor or some writer of *Urania*, a well-known Almanach or Annual of the period.

180 lame. After dinner went to Livius'—music—three governesses there are very pretty—went for a while to Lowenstein's—Mad. de Bergh there looking very pretty—after she went home, returned to Livius' and waltzed with the governesses till near twelve.

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Wednesday, 16th. —Took walk from six to seven in Grosse Garten—lesson in Germ[an] from seven to nine. Fischer called on me and begged my intercession with Mrs. F. Walked out to Priessnitz village on the Elbe about a league from Dresden—beautiful day—warm, sunny—visited Cockburn, who with his two brothers are at board and lodging at the Pavilion. Cockburn accomp'd me back as far as the Gehage.¹ Went to Mrs. F.'s—took Italian lesson—dined there—walked with Mrs. F. and Flora to theatre—E. in chaise—left them there and went to Rumigny's, where I sat some time with the Countess. Went to Mrs. F.'s and read till the ladies returned home—sat with them till eleven.

¹ This was a river resort, famous for its linden trees.

Thursday, 17th. —Take lesson in Germ[an] from seven to nine—visit from Fis[c]her. Write to Dr. Spiker, Berlin—determine to quit Dresden soon—visit Col. Livius, whom I find very unwell. Ital. lesson at Mrs. F.'s—dine there—converse at dinner about Egmont.² E(mily) makes some excellent observations. After dinner E. looking over letters, etc.—F(lora) drawing—Mrs. F., I and children playing together. Lights bro't in and I bid good evening, having promised Livius to sit with him. Find him and the little governess—sit there near an hour then return home.

² Apparently Goethe's drama.

Friday, 18th. —Wake very early—cannot get 181 asleep again—rise a little before six, dress, and walk out to the Brühliche Terrace—begins to rain and drives me home—take lesson at seven to nine. Read Scott's last novel¹ —call on Livius who suffers from toothache but is afraid of the dentist. I am very tired—call at Fosters' and take Italian lesson. Emily still with headache—Allegri and Poushkin come by and sit for an hour—leave Mrs. F.'s and go to Livius for dinner. After dinner go home and am lying down when Mrs. F. calls on me in carriage and carries me home. Take French lesson—talk with the girls. Emily in good spirits and looks delightful—leave my book to be written in. Go to

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Conicof's *soirée* —all in black—talk with Countess Luxbourg, Jordan, and return home at eleven.

1 Scott's latest novel was “Quentin Durward.”

Saturday, 19th. —Morn'g German lesson—read, wrote, etc.—visit Livius—Nachwa[ch]sky and—visit me—half-past two go to Mrs. F.'s—find Garforth and Austin there—read Italian—dine there. After dinner drive out with the ladies thro' Grosse Garten and adjoining places—beautiful evening—on return wrote French with Mrs. F.—take tea—talk of—go to Count Luxburg's party—Mad. de Bergh there—leave party a little before eleven.

Sunday, 20th. —Walk before breakfast in the Grosse Garten—fine morning tho' cool yet—trees just putting out leaf—breakfast at eight—translate part of “Abon Hassan”² —go to Mrs. F.'s and

2 In 1823 John Howard Payne tried to have Irving's translation of this opera by Weber (Darmstadt, 1810) produced in London; but, as he informed Irving, “they have no room for it, unless, as some one observed, horses could be put in it!!!”—The Ms. must have come into the hands of Cooke, the actor, who, “The Stage Cyclopaedia of Plays” records, “adapted 'Abon Hassam' to the English stage.” It was presented at Drury Lane in April 22, 1825, but the program made no mention of either Livius or Irving, who had collaborated on the English version. Pierre M. Irving, in the “Life and Letters of Washington Irving,” gives the title “Abul Hassan,” an error for which we shall not blame him in view of his uncle's difficult handwriting. But neither that editor nor any one else has hitherto given proper credit to Irving for having worked on a play which was sufficiently successful to lead to a burlesque with the same title, and later, to Francis Talfourd's “Abon Hassam,” a poetical extravaganza, with a similar Arabian Nights' theme. All these three “Abon Hassams” were produced in London during Irving's lifetime. We have printed “Abon,” not the more familiar “Abou,” following Talford and other theatrical sources of information. Irving's handwriting might justify “Abou,” and there may have been an astounding series of typographical

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errors; but just as probably there was a deliberate setting aside of the more usual form of the name.

182 read Italian—E. looking much better—in good spirits—dine there—leave dinner table at half-past five. Return and dress for Court—concert in the Queen's apart's at eight—all the Bavarian and Saxon families there—ladies in mourning—some good music. Weber played some of his own music on piano.

Count Bosé introduced himself to me—invited me to his country seat.

After court changed my dress and went to Baron Loewenstein's—found there the Prince and Princess Lippe. He a pleasant, affable man, she a very frank, prepossessing woman. Mad. Jordan there and Mad. de Bergh—the latter sings.

Monday, 21st. —Cold, rainy morning—walk on the Brühliche Terrace from six till seven. Breakfast and take German lesson till nine—visit Livius—return home and continue the translation of “Abon Hassan.” Half-past two go to Mrs. F.'s and read Italian till dinner—dine there—Emily much better—after dinner Mons. Polous¹ comes in—odd reception—leave them and go to theatre to see a translation of “Merch[an]t of Venice”—theatre crowded.

¹ This is the best we can do for this gentleman's name.

183 Shylock performed by Wiedy—quite diff't from the English mode of playing it—more in familiar style—Jessica dressed in Jewish costume—the costumes far superior to those on the London boards—sat in box of Baron Lowenstein's—Countess Lieven there—Mad. de Bergh.

After play called and passed the ev'g with Mad. Morier.

Friday, 22d. —Walked from quarter before six till seven in Prince Anthony's garden—cold, dirty morning—a little sleet—took German lesson from seven till nine. Work at “Abon Hassan”—dirty morning—snow—at half-past two went and read Italian—finished

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"Il Pastor Fido"¹ —dined at Mrs. F.'s—Capt. Morier dined there. In the came in Trotter, Nachwa[ch]sky and Poushkin.

1 By Giovanni Battista Guarini (1537–1612), written under the influence of Tasso.

Wednesday, 23d. —Walked from quarter before six till seven in Neustadt—took lesson till nine—occupied about "Abon Hassan"—visit the Pigott's—found Mrs. F. there—she accomp'd me to Montucci's—get vol. of Metastasio² and then walk with her across the bridge—dined half-past two at Baron Lutzerode's—present, Mr. and Mad. de Lutichan—talked of Eng. and Germ. theatres.

2 Pietro Antonio Domenico Bonaventure Metastasio (1698–1782), the great, poet at Vienna under Charles VI and the librettist associated with Mozart, Handel, and many other important composers.

Returned home, took nap till seven. Went to Mrs. F.'s—found family alone—passed a very pleasant evening with them till quarter-past eleven. Apple pared for me—led to talk of Milton's Ad. and Eve.

This day negotiated bill of exch. with Bossange for fifty pounds.

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Thursday, 24th. —Rose half-past five—walked from six to seven in Grosse Garten—German lesson from seven to nine—called at Böttiger's—worked at "Abon Hassan" till one. Called at Livius'—found Mrs. F. there—accomp'd her home—drove out in carriage with ladies—cold, cloudy day—dined at Mrs. F.'s—Mr. Austin there, etc.—Mad. Wierath. After dinner E. sang and played English songs with me.

Ev'g a ball at Jordan's, the Prussian Minister—danced cotillion and Française with E.—waltz with F.—came home half-past twelve.

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Friday, 25th. —Rose half-past six—took German lesson from seven till quarter-past nine —called at Bötiger and Livius—finished rough translation of “Abon Hassan.” Went to read Italian at Mrs. F.'s—dined there. Livius dined there. Music after dinner—sat and talked —Livius read from “Pleasures of Hope”¹ —sat with ladies till eleven—wrote their names in drawing books—E. and F. gave several of their adventures along the seashore—tide coming in like the scene in “Antiquary.”²

1 This long poem by Irving's friend, Thomas Campbell, went through four editions in the first year (1799) of its publication.

2 Scott's novel, “The Antiquary,” was published in 1816, and was thus one of the first great new books that Irving read during his business years in England. The vivid scene of tide which nearly drowns the heroine and her father will be readily recalled by admirers of the book, which is said to have been Scott's own favourite.

Saturday, 26th. —Walk in Prince Antoine's garden from six till seven. German lesson from seven till nine—wrote till twelve—called on Livius who played music of “Abon Hassan”—half-past one went to Mrs. F.'s to read Italian. She was out—young ladies sing and music —walked in garden till Mrs. F. returned—read in Metastasio till quarter to three.

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At three went to Mons. de Bergh and dined—present, Count Fabri[c]ci—the two Barons Malsburg and Mad. de Malsburg and several others that I did not know—gave rose—went to theatre—saw German play of Humboldt¹ —pretty—romantic and extravagant. Went to Resource² where I was introduced to Major Whitford—then to Livius', where Trotter and Clark came in. Returned home half-past ten.

1 Karl Wilhelm, Baron von Humboldt (1767–1835), brother of the famous naturalist.

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2 This is Irving's way of referring to "Die Ressource," a club or society, to which he belonged. It was composed of persons of social standing, mainly foreign sojourners in Dresden.

Sunday, 27th. —Morn'g, read—write verses to E. on birthday—visit Livius who is going to Court—go to Mrs. F.'s—read Italian till two. Dine there early as there is a Court ball at six. Assist in arrang[ing] pictures—E. and F. each make me a present of one—return home to dress. At six go to ball given by Prince Max in Prince Frederick's apartment—the King and Queen of Bavaria and of Saxony there. Dinner with E. and F. Foster—Queen of Saxony sent Preuss, the Master of Ceremonies, to bring me to her. Said she had not seen me for a century—that she had just read my work from Paris³ and made many compliments on it. Said she expected I would write something about Dresden, etc., and about the *chasse*.

3 A French edition of "The Sketch Book."

King of Bavaria told me he knew Franklin in Paris and after Franklin's departure he had bought a horse and cabriolet which belonged to him.

Prince John very weak and pale.

P. Frederick talked with me about the theatre.

Return home about ten or half-past.

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Monday, 28th. —Study at home all the morning—call at Livius'—take Italian lesson at Mrs. F.'s—dine there with Livius—read French in ev'g—call at Lowenstein's, then at Livius'—etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.

Tuesday, 29th. —At quarter-past eight accomp'y Capt. Trotter, Major Whitford and Capt. Clark in carriage to Moritzburg to see the boar hunt. Beautiful warm, sunny day—fine ride

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thro' the forest—the trees begin to shew tender green leaves—Whitford, Clark, and Trotter punning and singing catches. Stop at inn at Moritzburg—go to the castle—great building with four towers—has a common look—halls with antlers of deer, some antlers intertwined—as the animals were found dead after fighting. Suite of apartments of gilt leather—picture of fight of animals in the square of the old castle in Dresden—old housekeeper shews the castle.

Great *pokal* or drinking-horn made of the horn of a stag—which can not be set down—visit the stable and dog kennels—English fox hounds with English names—go to see the boar turned out in a part of the park about half a mile or a mile off—find the Fosters and Livius there—Garforth and Price arrive on horseback. After the boar is off and the dogs put on we go to pavilion which overlooks the park. The boar, after twenty minutes' run, is killed close by the pavilion. I go down to see it—find the King and Prince Antoine and suit[e] in one of the avenues of the park. The boar having been wounded and overpowered is dragged by the hind legs into the avenue where Prince Antoine kills him—the Prince in green hunting dress—old-fashioned, round-crowned hat—King in hunting dress and 187 cocked hat. Talked with the King who told me the *chasse* was not very poetic to-day—complained of heat, his hunting surcoat being lined with fur. Talked with Prince Antoine—another boar turned out—killed in about half an hour.

Return to the inn—theatre in great room. We have a luncheon—very gay—drive home—Whitford and Clark very gay—singing along the road. Remain at home for two hours—go to Resource and read papers—return home, dress and go to Morier's to ball, but do not dance—return home and go to bed at one o'clock.

Before coming to the inn we drive by the *Thiergarten*—see the King's hunting pavilion—deer park—white deer—Augustin's initials cut in yew, etc.

Wednesday, 30th. —German lesson—read—call at Livius'—speak about report of M.—call at Werry's—at Resource—walk out to Priesnitz—dine with Cockburn—Pastor and pretty

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little wife with two beautiful children—young student dined with him who had just had his clerical examination. Thought I must lead a happy life—for himself he had never stepped a step out of Saxony.

Returned home—called at Livius' and reposed there till near seven o'clock. Called at Mad. de Bergh's—she was making her toilet and I did not see her—went to Baron Lowenstein's—found Baroness and Miss Annette. Mad. de Bergh soon came in—afterwards Mad. de Brocq, Mad. de Hohenthal, Prince and Princess Lippe, Count Hohenthal, Mrs. and Miss Pigott—had singing from Mad. de Bergh and Miss Pigott—Livonian cakes—read from Paul¹—early in evening.

¹ Jean Paul Richter, usually called “Jean Paul.”

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Very pleasant evening—returned home in very good spirits—determined to see society and gather myself up.

May 1st. —Thursday. Walk in Grosse Garten from half-past five till seven o'clock—beautiful, sunshiny morn'g—birds singing—partridges bursting¹ on the wing—hares—squirrels—clouds and breeze come up towards seven—take German lesson from seven till nine. Work on songs of “Abon Hassan”—call on Livius—walk in Grosse Garten from half past twelve till quarter-past two—call at Fosters'—read Italian—dine—pass evening there—talking of battles—Waterloo—Blenheim, etc.

¹ Pierre M. Irving deciphered this word as “bursting”. It may be “brushing” or “bustling”.

May 2d. —Friday. Morn'g, walked in Prince Antoine's garden from six to seven. German lesson from seven to nine—read—went to Livius' and worked at songs of “Abon Hassan” till quarter to nine. Went to Mrs. Foster's—read Italian till dinner time—“Demetrius” of Metastasio. Livius dined there. After dinner drove out in carriage with the ladies—round Grosse Garten—then to the Gehage—beautiful evening—return to Mrs. F.'s—sat there a

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little while and then return home. Go to Baron de Malsburg—a musical party—Mad. Winkle plays on harp—plays well—looks ugly and is affected—very pleasant party—talked a great deal with the Princess Lippe—a charming woman—Mrs. Foster carried off the Baron's snuffers.

What a snug little world this might be made—casting out grey deserts and other unprofitable parts—doing away with distance. Distance does not prevent enemies from getting by the ears but friends from embracing.

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May 3d. —Saturday. Corrected “Sketch Book” for Montucci between six and seven—from seven to nine German lesson—afterwards read—went to Livius' and worked at “Ab[on] Has[san]”—went to Resource—towards two went to Mrs. F.'s to read Italian—not at home—amused myself in draw'groom—looked in and found out my error—walked in garden for half hour with young ladies and talked of Italy and England. Spring in Italy soft, voluptuous, velvet feeling of the air—in England fresh, sweet-smelling of hedges, meadows, etc. One is like the warm rich black-eyed southern brunette of a peasant girl, the other a fair, blue-eyed, fresh English milkmaid.

Read Italian with Mrs. F.—Metastasio—returned and dined with Livius, who is taken with toothache—go home and nap—pay a visit to Countess Loos—the young ladies at home and Mr. Kleist,¹ with whom I have some pleasant literary conversation—Count and Countess Palffy come in.

1 Was this the son of the author of “Katzch'en von Heilbronn”?

Afterwards go to Baron Lowenstein's—Mad. de Hohenthal there—stay there till near eleven o'clock.

At night find *billet* from Mrs. F.

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May 4th. —Sunday. Early up. Finish lines to Miss F. on birthday—send the lines—get note of thanks from Mrs. F.—Scott takes lodging in the hotel. Visit Livius, ill in bed—met Mrs. F. and walk with her to Morier's—sit some time with Mrs. M. Return to Livius and from there to Mrs. F. Emily's birthday—thanks me for the lines—dine there—pleasant dinner—drive out in blustering wind to Priesnitz—Cockburn not at home—return. In evening tell stories, etc.—Garforth comes in—stay there till near eleven.

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May 5th. —Monday. German lesson—Trotter calls and postpones the journey to the Riesen Gobirge—Montucci calls with preface, etc. Breakfast at Mrs. F.'s—accompany the ladies to the gallery—great many bad pictures¹ —accompany them home—call on Prince Lippe—Livius who is ill in bed—go to Mrs. F.'s to read Italian—dine there with Cockburn, etc.—pass evening there till nine—go to Palffy's—rather pleasant—Mrs. F. very anxious for me to change my travelling plans and accompany them to England.

¹ This frank, if extraordinary, expression of opinion reminds one that Irving makes surprisingly few references to what constitutes to many visitors Dresden's chief attraction.

May 6th. —Tuesday. German lessons—work at “Ab[on] Hassan”—call at Livius'—walk out to Moreau's² monument with Cockburn—a fine spring day—warm, soft and quiet. Go to Mrs. F.'s to take Germ.³ lesson. Walk in garden and take lesson—part of Metastasio's “Demetrius”—beautiful poetry and feeling—go to Livius'—dine there—Livius ill and can't sit up. Go to theatre to Prince Lippe-Schaumberg's box—see 4 play Wallenstein in “Wallenstein's Tod”—very excellent actor—after play go to *soirée* at Mad. de Bergh's—where all the ladies were packed together like hounds.

² Jean Victor Moreau (1763–1813) is of special interest to Americans; on being exiled from France in 1804, because of his rivalry with Napoleon, he took up his abode in the United States. He left in 1813 to accept the Emperor of Russia's (Alexander I) invitation

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to plan the invasion of France. On August 27, 1813, Moreau was fatally wounded in the Battle of Dresden.

3 Probably a slip for "Italian".

4 The omitted name looks like "Eslaer".

Wednesday, 7th. —German lesson till nine—breakfasted at Mrs. F.'s—present, Trotter and Garforth—lovelymorning—the garden in bloom— 191 after breakfast went to Rast Kammer with the Fosters—fine collection of armoury.

Dined at Mrs. Foster's—after dinner walk with ladies in the Grosse Garten—lovely sunset and evening—went to Luxburg's *soirée*. Princess Lippe there—Mad. de Bergh.

This day heard the cuckoo for the first time this year in the Grosse Garten—great singing of birds towards sunset—gradually decreases as twilight advances—little birds put to bed—larger ones sit up.

May 8th. —Thursday. Morn'g German lesson till nine o'clock—go to Livius'—write at "Ab[on] Hass[an]"—Mrs. Foster comes in—return home—walk with Nachwa[ch]sky—call at Prince Schaumberg-Lippe—not at home—return to Livius'—find Mrs. F. still there—return home with her, and dine a little after two—Mad. de Weyrath there. After dinner read Italian with Mrs. F. The young ladies walk in Grosse Garten—read Italian lesson in salon—go to theatre—sit in Prince Lippe's box. After theatre go to Mrs. Foster's—a *soirée* —Mad. de Bergh there, Countess Loos, Mad. de Malsburg, etc., etc. A storm of wind comes up, and dismays some of the company—return home about eleven.

Friday, 9th. —German lesson till nine—write and read—go to picture gallery—find Prince and Princess Lippe and talk some time with them—great galleries very *ennuyeux*. Before eleven go to clothier's and buy waistcoats—go to Livius'—find him better—Mrs. F. there—accompany her to the grave of her son Algernon in Fr[i]ederich—stadt—beautiful

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monument of a child with wings sleeping on bed of flowers—returned home with Mrs. F. and dined there. Read Italian—part of 192 Dante—surprised to find that I could understand it tolerably—after dinner walked in the garden—towards seven returned home, dressed and went to evening party at Countess Loos'. Princess Lippe there and Mad. de Bergh—chatted with them and with Flora who compar[e]d Allegri to one of Rübezahl's men¹ made out of turnips.

¹ Rübezahl. His men might be compared in looks to the companions of Rip Van Winkle, during his fateful night in the Kaaterskill Mountains. Weber made Rübezahl the subject of one of his early operas.

Saturday, 10th. —Rose between five and six—breakfast a little after six—German lesson till near nine. Went to Mrs. F.'s to accompany them to the Baron Lowenstein's country seat. Drove out about ten. Windy, cloudy day, but cleared up fine—Baron Lowenstein's house in—on the banks of the Elbe—beautiful view from the balcony. Besides the family there was the Pigotts, De Berghs, Fosters, Prince and Princess Lippe and suite, the two De Malsburgs, Capt. Trotter, Capt. Boyd and Count—. After taking coffee we crossed the Elbe and had a delightful stroll up a valley or mountain glen—fine view from the summit of the hills—the trees in tender leaf.

Returned to the Baron's and at two o'clock breakfasted *à la fourchette* —returned to town—Mad. de Bergh took seat in our carriage and as the coachman was not to be found I mounted the box and drove back to Dresden. Returned and took part of a dinner with the Fosters—at seven o'clock went to Mad. de Bergh's—found there Mr. Rastrelli, the elder Count—. The Prince and Princess Lippe came in with suite. Mad. de Bergh sang delightfully for us—left there about ten—and looked in at Livius—whom I found with his 193 *demoiselle*. Returned home half-past ten—very tired and sleepy.

Sunday, 11th. —Morning, with Livius—trying to write "A. H."—dine at Livius' half-past two. At three go to Fosters'—walk in garden till time to return home and dress for Court. At six

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o—clock go to Court concert in the Royal apartments in uniform—concert tedious—spoke with Queen of Bavaria, Prince Max, etc.—parting scene of the Royal families Bavaria and Saxony—rather *triste* during concert—returned home with F.'s and sit there till eleven.

Monday, 12th. —Mr. Suissaert arrived last evening—after German lesson walked with him on Brühliche Terrace—and in Grosse Garten—returned home—went to gallery—saw Prince Lippe—went to Montucci's and corrected proof and called on Mrs. F. and accomp'd her to bid farewell to the Lippes, who were dining and could not see them. Prince Lippe has invited me to come and see him. Return and read Italian with Mrs. F.—then went home, dressed and went to Morier's to dinner—present, Major Whitford, Capt. Clark, Mr. Smith (related to Earl of Worcester), Mr. W. Scott.

After dinner went and passed evening with the F.'s—seeing the girls in the garden—Trotter came in—evening passed pleasantly.

Tuesday, 13th. —Rose at five—wrote in scrap book—saw Mr. Suissaert before his departure—German lesson—went to Livius'—to Mrs. F.'s at half-past twelve—read Italian—dined there—walked to Zwinger¹ —saw model of Solomon's

¹ The Zwinger was erected early in the eighteenth century, but long remained unfinished. In its northeastern wing is the museum which houses the famous picture gallery.

194 Temple, etc.—returned home. In evening Allegri and Count—came in—long discussion about love and poetry—improvisation—returned home half-past eleven.

Wednesday, 14th. —Lesson—called on Livius—walked out to Priesnitz in morning—saw Cockburn who agreed to accompany me on tour to Riesen Gebirge. He returned with me to town—went to Fosters at Gallery—read in Book of Fate—at Gallery handed ladies in carriage—dined at lodgings—napped—went to Fosters' in evening—spent a very pleasant evening chatting.

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Thursday, 15th. —Lesson in morning—went to Livius'—worked at “Ab [on] H[assan]”—Mrs. F. came in and sat there—returned home at two o'clock and dined—napped—went to F.'s—walked in Grosse Garten—returned and passed the evening, chatting very pleasantly—E. sang for me and was very agreeable.

Friday, 16th. —Lesson in morning—paid Schott forty dollars for ninety-six hours of German teaching. About eleven go to Fosters' to accompany the family on a country excursion—walk in garden and read Italian with Mrs. F.—old Pologn[ais] in snuff-coloured clothes comes up and invites Mrs. F. for Monday. Set out for the country—the ladies and myself in one open carriage—the two boys and the tutor in a one-horse ¹ —horse goes on a hobble and trot—beautiful drive up the valley of Plauen—country all in tender leaf—fields enamelled with forget-me-nots and heart's-ease—arrive at Tharand[t]—an academy for *jägers* and foresters—see several young foresters in their green uniforms

¹ Although the name of this kind of carriage is again used immediately below it appears undecipherable.

195 smoking. Little sheet of water with scow on it in which the boys are amusing themselves—give the ladies a sail on it—dine at inn and then ramble up the hills and thro' the woods—fine *bildsahl* ¹ of beautiful beech trees—lovely look down the valley towards evening—old castle, etc. Return home in evening—pass the ev'g at Mrs. F.'s

¹ No such word as this can be found; but Irving seems to mean that the trees suggest a “Bildersaal,” *i. e.*, a picture gallery.

Day cool but bright pure and elastic—deep blue sky with fine bright, fleecy clouds sailing about it.

Saturday, 17th. —Pay off Mr. Keysler for five and one half months' German tuition at eight doll. a month. Forty-four doll[ar]s—work at “Ab[on] Hass[an]”—at eleven o'clock go to Fosters'—at twelve set off for Weesenstein. In open carriage—boys in —drive along

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the plain towards Pirna—turn up among hills pass thro' Dohna village where the houses have been battered during the war—rough, hilly roads—Weesenstein, great white-washed castle—dine on green bank in small valley behind the castle—sheltered and lovely. Have tongue pasty, wine, compote, etc.—after dinner stroll up a beautiful valley—wooded—gathered lillies of valley—return towards evening and all doze on the way home. Go to Count Rumigny, French Ambass.—musical party—Mons.—plays on violin—Miss Pigott sings—Countess Rumigny plays charmingly. New French Sec'y of Legation—just arrived—lately come from America—Mad. de Bergh there—return home at eleven.

Sunday, 18th. —At seven o'clock Mr. Montucci calls with young artist who is preparing a sketch of my face for engraving—finish alterations on 196 “Ab[on] H[assan]”—call at Livius'—at Pigott's—go to Court of the King—too late for Queen's Court. King talked of my intended jaunt to Riesen Gebirge. Drive out into country with the Fosters—to gardens of Prince P 1 —odd house—full of knick-knacks. Prince little old fellow of seventy-six—bright eyes—flaxen wig—walks with parasol with little windows—place to take tea—with movable roof. We dine under trees on the lawn—lovely day—stroll about grounds and house—Then drive to Baron Loewenstein's—find the family in the garden—fine sunset—steeples of Dresden in relief. Prince P drives by garden wall in a kind of *drouski* —with page and ugly dogs—talk with Mad. de Luxbourg. We take tea at Baron Lowenstein's—present Count and Countess Jordan, Countess de Luxbourg, Chev. Campuzano—after tea returned home by twilight—sit and gossip with the ladies till eleven.

1 Irving spells this name out here and below—in the one case, apparently as “Putratis,” in the other as “Putrani.” No light has been thrown upon it by any of the numerous reference books examined.

Monday, 19th. —Morning, correct book—sit for likeness—pack trunk—call at Mad. de Bergh's to bid farewell—Livius'—dine at Morier's present, Gen[era]l Rankins,² Mr. Smith, Mr. Fane, and the family. Ev'g pass at Mrs. F.'s—take tea in open air—moonlight ev'g—talk of stars, etc.

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2 This might be deciphered as "Rankine."

Tuesday, 20th. —Morn'g, correct for Montucci—breakfast at Mrs. F.'s—bid farewell at half-past ten.

[*Here Irving's daily notes in Dresden come to an end, but in the same book he has used a few pages for other memoranda. We shall omit excerpts that he copied from a French volume, entitled "Trois Nouvelles 197 par une Polonaise;" as well as a long list of German books; but Irving's own original notes are given in full.*]

Captain of Sloop of war—old bachelor—had his rooms in upper part of house—used to carry everything there—books, music, etc. He was a musician—played flute—blows hard—amused himself with algebra—had no occupation and fell often in love—children sent up to his room—told them stories—when any one was cross he sent it away and requested that it might have its head changed.

Osterwasser —Easter Water—Young peasant girls in Germany get it early in morn'g to wash with—gives beauty.

Old Polonaise general—fresh complexion, scanty grey hair brushed up over his bald head—great dancer of the Mazurka—goes about in anxiety in search of a partner—as the dance commences he is unprovided—seventy-eight years old, yet has the activity of a young man.

A man's amours and his maladies are generally the most interesting topics to himself and the most tedious to the rest of the world.

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THE THIRD DRESDEN DIARY

MAY 20—JULY 11, 1823

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[*Notes on pages preceding the daily entries beginning on May 20th.*]

In America, little musical cloud of mosquitoes hovering over one's hat in summer evening.

There are two classes of men who do nothing—those who are blamed for doing nothing and those who are paid for doing nothing.

In a simple republic a man is abased and despised for doing nothing—in an old legitimate gov[ernmen]t he is paid and pensioned for it.

Men who are not content with doing nothing but must be paid for it.

Topfzucker—a man who busies himself in the petty affairs of the family.

[*Then follows an account of some purchases made at Prague.*]

Prague.—Cloth pantaloons and making of silk waistcoat with *trinkgeld* to Tailor-man.

50 paper fl.

Silk for waistcoat 7

Jean Paul's work 11

Altering coats 6

[*The next page and a half of notes, written in pencil, are too badly blurred to be entirely decipherable, but we can make out this entry written at Mainz.*]

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May 26th, 1822. —Sunset. Seated on the ramparts of the village of Cassel opposite Mainz —long bridge over the Rhine—carriages and people passing—old porticoes of Mainz—

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long line of Taunus Mountains—Rhine gleaming like silver among the green islets of the Rheingau—soldier passing under the ramparts.

Bugle sounding from—on the quay of Mainz.

Rafts in the river.

Hochheimer and Odenwald Mountains to the south.

Gallery at Dresden. Teniers' picture of St. Peter—a grand room of Dutch soldiers gambling in foreground.

Jacob sending forth his young and beautiful wife of flaxen hair and leading her from boy Esau—Sarah behind pillar—aged—Esau looking back plaintively upon paternal house—his brother looking triumphantly from behind his father's dress.

[*Here follow some items of personal expenditures under the heading of "Debt."*]

Debt

White 3.12

Crimson 4

Blue under 2.8

Pink 2.4

Plaid 2

14

June 13th. —Cockburn owes me 26 paper fl.

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19 Lent C. 25 *Guld. gutes geld* 1

1 “Good money.” Irving here uses the semi-slang phrase that has its exact English equivalent to-day.

23 “ “ 10 paper

200

Theatre 1½ paper

Library 1.12 *Kreutze[r]*

80 paper

Put in purse 500 florins paper

36 *gutes geld.*

[*The diary proper begins with the entry of May 20, 1823.]*

May 20th. —Breakfast at Mrs. F.'s—then to hotel—pack up, etc.—little Fosters come to see me off. Start half-past twelve with Mr. John Cockburn of the Artillery in carriage of Livius—posthorses—drive across the bridge thro' a pleasant country—rising hills to our right—pass the villages which suffered so much during the campaign of 1813. At six o'clock ev'g arrive at Bautzen—wind round walls before entering—walls—town looks like old pictures of towns in the corners of maps. Put up in suburbs at Golden Crown—mount to top of Cathedral tower—fine view of battle ground.¹ Bautzen a neat, old-fashioned town—two fellows play'g duets on horns in steeple—pleasant walk on ramparts round the town.

Inn—our rooms are two portions of a great saloon—divided into bedrooms by movable partitions of painted canvas.

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Whitsuntide holidays—country gay.

May 21st. —Leave Bautzen at half-past eight—lovely morn'g—clear, cloudless day—ride over the scene of Bonaparte's battle¹ —fields enamelled with heart's-ease and forget-me-nots—springing from soldiers' graves—larks singing—Cockburn

¹ The battle of Bautzen, May 22, 1813. Napoleon, opposing the Russian and Prussian armies, was a victor only after very severe losses.

201 gives a lively acc't of mode of fighting in square—pass thro' Hochkirch where Frederick the Great was surprised and nearly overcome by Daun—Church bears marks of battle.¹ Lovely view over plain—country begins to grow more hilly—valleys lovely—farm-houses—orchards—first season where there is the leaf and the blossom together and the birds are in song.

¹ The battle in which the Austrians defeated Frederick the Great, in 1758.

Arrive at Löbau—prettily situated with hills around—neat town or village— *Bürgers* [*c*] *haft* in uniform—plumes of white and green. I am seated in a finely situated churchyard with gay tombs—people at a distance shoot'g at a mark (holiday)—drum, etc. (Town houses old-fashioned—town clock with ball to tell the phases of the moon.) Saw a number of pretty faces among the women, or rather girls.

Arrive eleven o'clock at Herrnhut—lies rather flat, with mountains rising on one side and soft valleys on others—delightfully clear, neat and quiet—deliver a letter to Herr Fabricius—who is one of the superintendents of the Brotherhood—shewed us the house—chapel—very clean and neat—took us to the Sisters' house—a pleasant, polite Sister took us all about the house—200 Sisters—Sisters wear pink ribbons—maidens, red—married, blue—widows, white. Churchyard—walks of cupped lime trees—graves of females on right, males on left—all simple and uniform—small gravestones—in centre are large tombstones, painted, of the Zinzendorfs.²

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2 Nikolas Ludwig, Count von Zinzendorf (1700–1760), founded the colony of Herrnhut for the Moravian Brethren in 1722, and was later instrumental in organising the Moravian Church in America.

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Panorama on top of hill above the churchyard—look over all the adjacent country—visit the Brothers' house.

Ride from thence to Zittau—where we arrive half-past four and put up at Angel. Drove out to the ruins of Convent of Oüwein¹ —beautiful mountain valley—rich foliage and flowers—people spinning under trees with brooks tinkling near—cottages with moss-covered roofs that seemed to mingle with surround'g vegetation. The Convent situated on rocky height that rises out of a lovely valley—tombstones of foresters—beautiful view of Zittau from it. On our return we stop to take a view from cottage and stone cross—pretty peasant girls whom Cockburn sketches—moonlight walk to town—brook tinkling along the roadside—peasants walking—sup and go to bed at eleven—at supper a young man—good looking, from Leipsic tells story of Prince following *chasse*. Burgomaster sent to excuse himself for not attending.

¹ What Irving wrote has been transcribed Oüwein, but thero there is little doubt that Oybin is what he meant.

Inscriptions on tombs in the Convent burial ground.

All hier ruhen die— Wohlbestallten reitenden Foerster zu Witsendorf— . R. Gottlob— Ein Edle [r] Hofen Raths der Stadt Zittau.

May 22d. —Rise at four—lovely morning—sun shining on distant hills—musicians—drive off at six—Zittau a neat, clean town. Beautiful morning—drive along plain, with cottages—rich 203 pasturage bordered with mountains on right. Villages with gardens, orchards,

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and grass plots round them—terrible bad road part of the way—forests—pass Bohemian boundary—old police inspector with bl[ac]k velvet scull cap—great yellow *schlafrock*.

Arrive at ten at Friedland—arcade round square, as in Italy.

In Wallenstein's castle¹ —picture of his battles in hall—picture of Turkish girl brought out of Turkey by the Roiders.²

¹ The tower of this famous castle was erected in 1014, and the entire structure completed in 1551. It was besieged during various wars, and in 1622 was purchased by Wallenstein.

² So Irving seems to write. At first we thought he intended to write "Raider," but on learning that a certain Rödern or Rädern or Redern purchased Friedland in 1558, we strongly suspected that one of these forms of the name was intended. Still, as the castle was so great a robbers' nest that the city of Prague tried to destroy it, any owner of about 1450 or later might well have been called a Raider.

The castle was first owned by Beberstein, then Roider, then Wallenstein, then Gallas.³

³ Matthew Gallas, Duke of Lucera (1584–1647), a famous German general during the Thirty Years' War. Wallenstein entrusted him with high military command.

Wallenstein's picture—buff jerkin, pantaloons and shoes—thin face—puffed out with gold and black.

Gallas the general under him.

Rittersaal—beautiful portraits of present Count and Countess Gallas.

Hunchbacked old gallant in white coat and scarlet waistcoat and breeches—crisp white wig.

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View from windows to bridge—Fichtelberg—Polish count. The river winds under the wall—pretty look towards the mountains.

Dungeon in circular tower—doors of iron, vaults grated with iron—three dungeons one above another—cell small, circular room—three iron doors.

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Armoury on top of castle—matchlocks—Wallenstein's sword—young Roider's sword—arms taken from Turks by Wallenstein—drums—cannon—crossbows—coats of mail—drum with Wallenstein's name on it. Leave Friedland half-past twelve—ride through wretched road—pass barrier of Prussians.

Within the boundaries of Silesia we stop at *Wirthshaus* to take bread and cheese—long, low room with beams, transverse supports, and stout posts—get brown bread—cheese and beer for four groschens. Horrid roads—mere country roads—shower of rain—mountains heavy with clouds—see in valley the village of Friedberg with its red steeples.

At five o'clock arrive at Reichenberg—small town—chief place of an[y] acc't—square with arcade as in Bohemia. Here we have a distant view of the Riesengebirge¹ with snow on them. Detained nearly an hour at Grafenberg for want of horses—pale postmaster full of apologies—trade of the place fallen off—Emperor of Russia's imports injure trade. Leave Grufenberg about six—ride thro' very pleasant country—English scenery—at ten o'clock arrive at Hirschberg—pretty town—illuminated *Pfin [g] sten fest*. 2 The sharpshooters—bringing home the King—our landlord merry, fat fellow in Hussar jacket—postilion cries—landlord complains of falling off of trade, etc.

1 This long mountain range between the upper course of the Elba and the Oder was the legendary home of Rübezahl. A little later on Irving describes his landlord as an “old Rübezahl.”

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2 The Whitsuntide Feast.

May 23d. —Rainy morning—place or square before hotel—town-house in centre, from which trumpeter blows the hours— *Polizei* officer with cane and cocked hat—great tyrant over ragamuffins 205 —our landlord in ill humour to-day, playing the Dv. about the house—walk round the town—old walls—a narrow public walk beyond the mont.¹ Leave Hirschberg after dinner, half-past two and drive thro' pleasant country to Schmiedeberg, lying up in a soft valley among the mountains—a long, straggling town or village—put up at Black Horse. Have a pain in my face and as the weather is unsettled I do not go out, but finish letter to V. W.

1 Seemingly an abbreviation for “mountain” or “monument.”

May 24th. —At Schmiedeberg—pains in my face—walk up the valley, but bad weather and pain oblige me to return. Send off letter to Mrs. F.

May 25th. —Weather better—ride out in carriage—to Haudorf—beautiful valley scenery—return in two hours—remain at home—feverish.

May 26th. —Fine morning—group of *Bauern* and *Bäuerinnen* going thro' Schmiedeberg on pilgrimage—come from neighbourhood of Breslau—short petticoats with caps.

After leaving Schmiedeberg we ascend one of the mountains—have to take two additional horses—road winding—fine views of the valley and the Riesengebirge, which are cloudless—pass by group of people refreshing under a wide tree at a turn of the road—at the top of the road postilion with the two additional horses leave us—picturesque group they make on top of hill—the postilion is counting his money. Pass thro' Hohenwald, a village among the mountains—pretty village—arrive at Landeshut—pretty little town with bleaching ground—public square with arcade in the Bohemian style. Group of worthies about the post-house—red-nosed fellow looks like a retired corporal— 206 obsequious *wirth* [host] and his wife, etc.—leave there quarter before eleven—country hilly and

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pleasing, but not remarkable—like German hilly country—naked hills with patches of pine—see Schneekoppe to our right for some time. Stop at Bohemian barrier—passports and baggage ex[amine]d. Worthies in big bellies who grow fat and lazy in their drowsy profession—one asked another if he had dined—no, or I should be *schläfrig*. Long post to Trautenau—post-house pleasantly situated on a clear stream in pretty little valley—Trautenau on a rising hill opposite.

Road from Trautenau to—wretched—part of the way thro' a pine forest—come to a brow of hill from whence we look far and wide over Bohemia—road detestable—arrive four o'clock at—we are told we cannot get into Königgrätz¹ if we go on—fat postmaster offers us a room and refresh[men]ts and to send us on in the morn'g at four o'clock—we accept—shewed into a neat room.

¹ At Königgrätz on July 3, 1866, was fought the battle (often called the battle of Sadowa) where the defeat of the Austrian army established the supremacy of Prussia in German affairs.

Landlord old *Rübezahl*—gives us a supper of eggs, soup and piece of cold veal—bottle of Hungary wine.

Tuesday, 27th. —Leave—at four o'clock in the morning—a beautiful, clear morning, fresh and breezy—wretched post-horses—one had been fifteen years in service—do not get to Königgrätz (two and one-half Germ[an] miles) till seven o'clock—Königgrätz a strong fortress—the Elbe flows under its walls—strictly questioned at the gate—stop and breakfast at Lamb.² The public place in

² “The Golden Lamb” is, in our own day, the name of the chief hostelry of Königgrätz.

207 front is handsome—an ugly cathedral—have to go to police for passports—sergeant waits on us to know names, etc. Cockburn gives me as Am. col[onel]¹ —returning thro' the gate on our way out the sergeant's guard turns out.

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1 While of course this title was fictitious, it reminds us that during the War of 1812, Irving was on the staff of Governor Tompkins, Commander-in-chief of the forces of New York State.

Drive thro' level open country waving with corn. Riesengebirge in distance growing blue and hazy—stop to change horses at Chlumetz—small village—palace of Kinsky above it—a large sheet of water by village—little Bohemia—harper and his old father plays prettily—kisses our hands afterward.

N.B. On the way from Königgrätz to Chlumetz our postilion, a forward youngster, lashes a *Bauer* over the face with his whip, because he did not turn out of the way for our carriage—tho' the postilion never blew his horn to give notice—Cockburn in a rage—took out two *Zwanzigers*, which he threw to the poor *Bauer*. The same postilion in settling acc[oun]t, cheated Cockburn out of several *Gulden*—taking silver instead of paper—thro' Cockburn's ignorance of the currency.

At—we get bread and ham at the post-house, and delicious milk.

Stop at Rumburg—where Fred'k the Great collected his forces after the defeat, and sat on a water pipe writing tho'tfully in the sand.² Here we were detained an hour for want of post-horses—crossed the Elbe at—on a scow.

² Carlyle seems to omit this interesting detail. He makes Frederick after Hochkirch retreat to Klein-Bautzen. There is a Rumburg nor far away, but Irving is now in Bohemia.

Bohemia looks quite diff[eren]t from what it did ²⁰⁸ last autumn. It is now all verdure—waving fields of grain—orchard in leaf and blossom. Still it is a monotonous, tedious country.

Arrived at Prague about eleven at night.

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Wednesday, 28th. —Rise early—get a letter from Mrs. F. at post-office—stroll about the town with Cockburn, who takes sketches from the garden above the Neustadt. In the evening we see “Johan of Paris” acted—Madml. Fink makes a first appearance in the part of the Princess of Navarre—very agreeable person, face and voice—very well rec'd—send reply to Mrs. F.

Thursday, 29th. —Grand religious fête at Prague—see crowd, etc., near the castle—cross to island in the river—see troops, etc., pass over the bridge—cannon firing from distance—return to inn—dine—stroll in afternoon to the—Garden—fine avenues, etc. Evening at home.

Friday, 30th. —Write a little at the “Freyschütz”¹ —ev'g theatre, “K[ing] Lear”—tolerable—some parts of Lear well done by Bayer—Schröder's² translation.

¹ Irving was apparently translating from the German of Frederich Kind, the libretto of Weber's famous opera. “Der Freischütz” had its first production in June, 1821, at Berlin; it was produced for the first time on an English stage at London on July 22, 1824,—with many ballads inserted. One infers Irving and Livius deserve, in this connection, credit that does not seem to have been given them by bibliographers of the drama.

² Franz Ludwig Schröder (1744–1816), whose dramatic works were published in four volumes (Berlin, 1831).

Saturday, 31st. —Receive letter from Mrs. F.—at home most of the day writing “Freyschütz”—ev'g play “The Leper and his Son” and “Gabriele”³ —the former amusing—the latter has one or two

³ Presumably “Gabrielle d'Estrées, ou les Amours de Henri IV,” the opera by Méhul, first given in 1806. Saint-Just wrote the libretto.

209 interesting scenes. Cockburn complains at theatre of hav[ing] taken cold.

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June 1st. —Sunday. Cockburn ill—grand religious ceremony—procession below my window—Germ[an] physician visits Cockburn—round-bellied little man—one of your *Langsams*,¹ would not force nature for the world—would not give an emetic—prescribes various doses—after he goes out nature takes the liberty of relieving herself and C. throws up a quantity of bile—remain all day and night in his room—he is very restless, with high fever—sore throat, etc.

¹ “Slow fellows.”

June 2d. —Monday. Physician pronounces Cockburn's case to be scarlet fever—all day in his room—apply leeches to his throat—review of Austrian troops under my window—write to Mrs. F.—receive letter from her—write also to Livius. In ev'g Cockburn wakes and is light-headed for a few moments—send for doctor—C. is tranquil again—surgeon passed the night in his room—changes medicine—gives calomel—have mustard ready for plaster in case he is again light-headed or he complains of heat in head—he has tolerable tranquil night.

Tuesday, 3d. —Passed all day in Cockburn's room, excepting that I took a walk on the ramparts for exercise—and changed money at money broker's—Cockburn grows better and more cheerful—more leeches applied—surgeon sits up with him at night.

Wednesday, 4th. —Beautiful morning—Cockburn does not appear to be so well as yesterday—pass the day in his room, revising “Freyschütz”—humbug of a doctor tells Cockburn privately the 210 news of Engl[i]sh taking possession of Trinidad, but told him not to let me know it lest it should vex me. In the afternoon take an hour's walk in garden on the hills S. E. of the town. When I return I find the doctor has been with Cockburn—trying to frighten him—tells him he will be four weeks ill—that he must be abed nine days—even if the fever has left him—that many died of this fever in Prague last year, etc., etc.—a great humbug. In the evening went to theatre for an hour or so. Saw “Hamlet” played

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—the part of Hamlet by Bayer—very well done—a pretty Ophelia by Madame Piston—passed night on sofa in C.'s room.

Thursday, 5th, Friday, 6th, Saturday, 7th. —Cockburn continues confined to bed—passed most of the time in his room—in evenings looked in at theatre—Friday evening a comic piece called the “Berg-geist—oder Die drei Wünsche” very pleasant—Saturday, “Libussa”—so-so.

Sunday, 8th. —Rec'd letters from Mrs. F. and from Livius—reply to them—in the afternoon go to one of the islands to see shooting at target—evening, play—“Freischütz”—very meagrely got up.

Monday, 9th. —Morn'g early, cross river and walk to the house on the hill and go by the chapel and return over Kleinseite—pass most of the day at home—looking over Mss. and trying to write on “Ms. of Author.”

Tuesday, 10th. —Morn'g write till breakfast—walk to the top of hill above Kleinseite—return home, order pantaloons, etc., from tailor, who has a room full of workmen—pass most of the day at home—writing. Cockburn sat up great part of the day, contrary to physician's orders. In afternoon walked to the garden on hill east of the town— 211 theatre —“Zauberflöte”¹ in two acts—first act delicious—second very heavy and tedious. Germans make cows and old women work—women seem in this country to be among the beasts of burden—and it appears to be computed that a healthy peasant woman can carry as much as a donkey. They are of course broken down, destitute, etc., when old.

¹ Mozart's “The Magic Flute,” written during the last year of his life (1791), and “The Marriage of Figaro” (1786), are still, as in Irving's day, the most famous operas of the great Austrian composer.

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Wednesday, 11th. —At home most of the day—writing, etc. Evening—walked on ramparts —theatre—three pleasant little pieces very well played— viz. —“Eine hilft der ander”—“Der Schatzgraber”—and “Ein Stündchen at Töplitz.”

Thursday, 12th. —Walk early *an die Grosse Venedig*² —beautiful island in the Moldau— see group of females on grass.

² If, as seems probable, Irving wrote here *an die Grosse Venedig*, his German was faulty.

Friday, 13th. —Walk in garden—Grosse Venedig—in afternoon very warm.

Saturday, 14th. —All day writing on “Hist[ory] of Author.” Evening, had grand thunder-storm.

On bridge—put letter in post-office to Mrs. F.

Sunday, 15th. —Hot, showery morn'g—receive long letter from Mrs. F.—ev'g, walk on ramparts.

Monday, 16th. —Anniversary of battle of Leipsic³ —all the garrison march out to the parade ground and form a grand square with military trophies in

³ Irving's manuscript is clear. But the battle of Leipsic, so decisive in leading to Napoleon's overthrow, began on October 16, not June 16, 1813. Possibly it was a preliminary celebration of that battle, 1823 being its decennial year; or they were getting ready to celebrate the anniversary of Waterloo (June 18, 1815), which began in a sense on June 16, when Ney was repulsed at Quatre Bras, although Blücher lost at Ligny.

212 centre—Mass and anthems performed—fire five rounds and return—fine sight, entrance of troops into town with oak leaves on caps, etc.

Ev'g play—“Die Holländer,” a very tolerable piece and well played—an excellent regimental surgeon play'd by Feistmantel—oil-cloth cocked hat—red underclothes—a long

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half surtout, half greatcoat with sword sticking out behind and tarnished sword case—pig-tail—Mad. Holbein a very pretty little actress.

Surgeon who had administered leeches twice to Cockburn, sat up two nights and made several unimportant and unsolicited visits, charged thirty florins *gutes gelt* , about seventy-six francs—nearly twice as much as he ought to do.

Tuesday, 17th. —Rainy day—passed the day at home—wrote to Mrs. F. but did not send it yet—rain continues the whole day.

18th. —Rain continues incessant—remain at home all day—letter from Mrs. F.—continued my letter giving anecdotes of self.

19th. —Continued rain—letter from Mrs. F. giving acc't of her children and asking hints—finish my letter and as weather partly holds up I put it in post-office. Ev'g, go to theatre—a comic fairy tale dramatized—“Die Fee aus Frankreich.” Feistmantel played very well in it.

Friday, 20th. —Rainy weather—holds up part of the day—read—write a little—some remarks on war. In evening see Mr. Pigott and his two sons passing the hotel—run out and overtake him—arrived at one o'clock to-day from Töplitz—went with him to theatre—“Freischütz.”

Saturday, 21st. —Rain—house all day—ev'g, play—“Fridolin”—interesting German piece.

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Sunday, 22d. —Hold up in middle of day but rains again—home nearly all day read'g—ev'g, “Brauts[ch]muck,” a very absurd French play.

23d. —Weather clears up—walk about—get everything ready for a start—ev'g, play—“Aline.”

Cockburn pays doctor eighty paper florins—about eighty francs.

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24th. —Leave Prague—at a little after six.

N. B., bill for one month between us both—

paid chamber-maid 21 flor. paper

Waiter 20

John 25

Hostler 5

Mr. Pigott and sons start at same time in *post calèche* —old horse.

Beautiful views of Prague after leaving it by the valley.

At about eight miles change with Mr. Pigott—fine morning—gold, rosy morn—order horse at the post—ride on ahead—pass by mistake thro' Urltrüs—the post station—cross picturesque ferry over the Moldau—ride on in rain, bad road—etc. The carriage does not come on—stop at a hamlet and give the horse a feed—get beer and bread in wretched tavern called the *Weisse Ross* —White Horse.

Bohemian country inn—great gateway—stable-yard—room—deal table—wooden chairs—green earthen stove—clock of wood, ticking—cradle with child rocking it—long deal table—dresser with a few white plates—hungry dogs prowling about.

Set off in rain for Lauban—lose my way several 214 times—ferry across the Eger—pass —Leitmeritz, then the ferry to Leitmeritz—old broken bridge—yellow light on it—willows about it—handsome square—arcades—get to post—find it is only post of letters—my companions not here—go to the Inn of the Cub—get feed for mare—get cold veal tongue, half bottle of wine in corner of billiard room—several fellows playing—two dogs sit by me as companions. Set off at half-past five—cross ferry—rain over and gone—beautiful

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ev'g—ride along the Elbe—beautiful scenery—arrive at Lobositz—go to post-house—companions not there—put up horse—postmaster tells me I have rode between forty and fifty miles. Go to hotel of Lion—find companions just arrived—retire to bed, excessively weary.

25th. —Leave Lobositz at half-past seven for Toplitz—fine, pure, bracing day—beautiful drive thro' the mountains—arrive at Töplitz before twelve—find letter from Mrs. F.—see Montucci—put up at Töpfurshänke—walk about a fine garden laid out in English taste—take tea with Montucci.

26th. —Cloudy and drizzly early in morn'g—but clears up. Mr. Cockburn feels indisposed—we determine to push for Dresden—order post-horses and leave Töplitz at half-past ten o'clock. Beautiful, warm morning—fine line of hills cover[e]d with forests to our left—ruins of castle on an height—grass beginning to grow yellowish green.

One o'clock—seated on rock beside the road near Peterswald—among the mountains of the Eisgebirge—deep blue of distant pine-cov[e]r[e]d mount[ain]s overhung by dark clouds—blue sky overhead—bird singing near—wild flowers about 215 my feet—sweet smell of woods. Stillness excessive—broken by now and then the smacking of a waggoner's whip as his team toils up the steep road—give of “halloo” in forest—baying of a dog—mount[ain]s breasted with dark firs—with here and there birch trees.

Half-past one—higher up overlooking Töplitz, Kulm, etc., etc., mountains of Eisgebirge—and great plain of Bohemia like a sea beyond.

Look down on Kulm below me—little patterns of earth on which so many breathed their last¹—so poor a scrap of earth—a little hill so fought and struggled for! How scanty it looks from here—yet how enormous the amount of human suffering that must have taken place there!

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1 At the battle of Kulm, August 30, 1813, Van Damme was taken prisoner with 10,000 men. This defeat coming four days after Macdonald's defeat by Blücher at Katzbach, brought to an end Napoleon's ascendancy over Europe.

A little further on, lay on the grass under some pines and take a farewell look at Bohemia—dark clouds stretching over it—a rattling shower of rain falling on Töplitz and extending over the land—fine, sunny day where I am—pure, breezy air among the trees and bushes—larks singing—flies buzzing—black patches of pine among mountains.

At post-house, Peterswald, we get cold meat and wine—a little beyond we pass the Austrian boundary where our passes are examined. We enter the Saxon boundary without any questions about pass or anything else—simply at the post-house near Pirna, the postmaster asks to see them. Arrive at Dresden—about eight o'clock and put up at my old quarters—Hôtel de Saxe.

Arrange dress and call on the Fosters—fine ev'g alone seated in dusk in salon. The rest of the family 216 come in—pass the ev'g till 12 o'clock—Mrs. F. gives me letters from Newton, Leslie, and Sullivan.

27th. —Fine weather—call on Rumigny—find Mad. de Bergh there—pass some time there and promise to come back to dinner—call at Fosters'—eat a little dinner at two, then go to Rumigny's—dine. Present, Count and Countess Bree, Count and Countess Palffy, Count Luxburg, Count Allegri, Capt. Morier, Mr.—, Secretary of Legation.

After dinner return home for a time, then call on Mad. de Bergh—then on the Moriers to take leave of Mr. M—who goes to-morrow morn'g to Eger. Mrs. Foster comes in—accomp'd her home and pass the evening there.

28th. —Dine at the Fosters'—ev'g at Rumigny's.

29th. —Walked out early in morn'g to Briesnitz to see Mr. Cockburn whom I found in very good condition. He and his brother walked back a great part of the way with me. On my way out I met Prince Max walking with his hat under his arm—serv[an]t behind him. He stopped and talked with me.

Went to Court, held by the princes and the King—was very kindly received by them all—they had heard I did not mean to come back to Dresden. After Court dined at Mrs. F.'s then drove into the country. They set me down at Baron Lowenstein's, where I was welcomed back in the most friendly manner. Mad. de Bergh came in there—lovely evening. The view of the Elbe is uncommonly beautiful from the place (Lobezag)¹ —Count de Bree and his lady and family there. She is a daughter of Baron Lowenstein. The Count goes to Paris as Minister from Russia.

¹ Unidentified. Irving later seems to give another name.

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From the Lowenstein's went to Count Luxburg's—a *soirée* in cottage on the banks of the Elbe—strawberries and cream—returned in carriage with the Fosters and sat some time with them.

Monday, 30th. —Called in morn'g at Gallery and made a sketch from Teniers' St. Anthony—went to Mrs. Foster's and planned route—walked out towards Baron Loewenstein's to dine—caught in shower and stopped under a tree in Grosse Garten—resumed my route expecting to be overtaken by Count Rumigny—took the wrong road and did not discover my mistake until after three o'clock (the dinner hour)—inquired and was put on right road and had above a mile to go—comp'y at dinner when I arrived—comp'y, Count and Countess Luxburg, Count Rumigny, Countess Einsiedel and hush[and] and daughter, Count Jordan, Chev. Campuzano, Count and Countess de Bree, Mr. Böttiger, Mrs. Annette, the Chanoine[sse]. After dinner we had a delightful sail on the Elbe up the river—landed and visited the establishment of Prince Putrani,¹ then returned thro'

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meadows. Had a long talk with Count Rumigny, who thinks it possible that he may be sent Minister to America. Stopped at Baron Lowenstein's—took tea—then returned with Count and Countess Rumigny in their carriage. Stopped at Mrs. Foster's, where I found Mr. Nachwasky and his mother—remained there till eleven o'clock.

1 This name has already baffled us.

July 1st. —Tuesday. Read in my room—ordered books to be bound, etc.—called at Mrs. F.'s—sat for some time chatting—called at Resource at four o'clock—dined at Mr. Morier's—met there Lord and Lady James Stewart, Mr. Clark and Mr. Fane, Mr. Briggs, etc., etc.

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After dinner called at Mrs. F.'s—walked in country and returned by Grosse Garten—shower of rain obliged us to take shelter under trees where we told dismal stories—resumed our route—when in open fields a little cloud broke open and deluged us. Returned home—changed my dress and called on the Pigotts, where I passed the ev'g.

July 2d. —Wednesday. Drove out with the Fosters to Pillnitz—beautiful day—fête—peasants in gala dresses—crossed flying bridge—saw Royal family at dinner—all dressed in blue. Each day has its appointed colour—great crowd of peasants, etc., in salon and galleries. Royal family preceded us in the gallery and made us many nods, bows and smiles. Duchess des Deux Ponts, sister of the King, was seated by his side. Dined at the Golden Lion—a miserable inn near the palace—no wine to be had. Called on the Baroness Lutzerode—found her mother-in-law with her.

Returned along the right side of the Elbe. The Fosters stopped at a cottage to see the child of Mad. Canicof—it was not at home. Fine view from the hill by the cottage—over the winding of the Elbe and Dresden in distance.

Went to theatre and saw “Marriage of Figaro” indifferently performed—introduced by Maj. Whiteford to Lord Gray¹ —returned home with Fosters and sat with them till eleven.

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¹ This may have been Charles Grey, the second Earl, Premier, 1830–1834.

Thursday, 3d. —Called at Fosters' early in morn'g—stopped at gallery and sketched—called on Mr. Black—on Lord and Lady James Stewart, with whom I sat for some time. She was finish'g a landscape sketch. Dine at my lodgings—went to 219 Werry's and read Lord Byron's "Age of Bronze,"¹ etc. Went to Fosters'—drank tea in open air—Mr. Schönwitz and son there—walked in Grosse Garten—returned with Fosters—ate fruit and came home at eleven o'clock.

July 4th. —Drove out in carriage with Countess de B. to Baron Lowenstein's at Laubergast—got there near one o'clock. Miss Lowenstein sketched my likeness in her sketch-book—not at all like. Before dinner crossed the ferry and strolled thro' a pretty meadow and orchard on the banks of the Elbe. At dinner Chevalier Campuzano—after dinner crossed the river and had a beautiful stroll with the ladies among the hills. Returned in Baron Lowenstein's carriage about nine o'clock—passed ev'g with the Fosters.

July 5th. —Saturday. Morn'g early—old dictionary maker called on me to get pronunciation of English words. Went to Mrs. F.'s for a while—at half-past one, or about two, drive out with the Fosters to Zschoner ground, a pretty valley near Briesnitz—Livius accomp'd us on horseback—Cockburn and his brothers met us. We dined on the grass, then strolled about the valley—returned home in ev'g—passed ev'g with the Fosters—read'g German legends.

July 6th. —Sunday. Went to Court—held by Queen and King—Queen very kind and affable—talked a great deal with her and the princess. After dinner Livius called—read the "Freischütz" with him. He dined with me—in ev'g went to Mrs. Foster's—found Mad. Seidelman and young Countess

¹ "The Age of Bronze" was published anonymously in 1823; but its author was easily recognized. It was among the last works of Byron, who died in April, 1824.

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220 Vitzthum there. Mr. Hartman, painter, came in—chatted a great deal and very pleasantly—walked in garden until eleven o'clock—then walk in garden with E[mily].

Monday, 7th. —Call in morn'g at Mrs. F.'s—dine at home—call on Count Rumigny, Mr. Pigott, Mr. Morier—pass ev'g at Mrs. F.'s—Mr. Werry there.

Tuesday, 8th. —At five o'clock start in hired carriage for Schandau in the Sachsische Schw[e]itz—the two Masters Foster with me—the *kellner* of inn on coach-box—pass thro' Pirna—drive over high hill and up narrow valley to ferry—cross to Schandau—arrive at bath house half-past one. Dine, then walk to the Polnis[cher] ground, Tiefer ground and Brand. Return home—take tea with Garforth and lady, then pass the ev—g at the De Berghs'.

Carriage hire and *trinkgeld* seven dollars Prussian.

Wednesday, 9th. —Rise at a little after four——about five set off with the boys and walk to the Reichtal. Our guide a little humpbacked fellow, in forest coat of green—return at a little past eleven. Called on Garforth—Mad. de Bergh, etc., and started for Dresden in a gondola. Shower and gust of wind on the way oblige us to take shelter in cottage where we get bread and milk. Stop at Baron Lowenstein's for half an hour—at eight arrive at Dresden—ev'g at Fosters'. Boat hire four s[hillings]—sixteen groschen.

Thursday, 10th. —Out of order, having taken cold—take warm bath—dine at home—lie down and sleep for two hours—call at Fosters'—walk with them to garden near Linkischen Bad—take coffee in the garden—fine view of the Elbe—fine 221 evening, tho' cool. Leave them at the bridge and called at Morier's—pass the evening there. Mr. Smith and Mr. Fane came in—talk of England—of the Germans, etc., etc. Morier gives anecdote of furious quarrel between two Frenchmen—ended by one exclaiming with great emphasis, “ *Monsr., vous êtes un grand F—* ”—“ *Et vous aussi* ,” replied the other.

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Friday, 11th. —Morning, packing up trunks—called afterward at Mrs. F.'s—bo[ugh]t hat—gave old one and three bills for it. Cockburn came in to see me—called and dined at home with Cockburn. In evening took leave of Rumignys and Pigotts and sat some time with the Fosters—Mr. Werry and Livius there—last ev'g in Dresden.

[*This ends the daily entries of this volume. Irving then turned the book around and began at the other end with the following notes:*]

“In the country,” said Sylvanus, “a man becomes acquainted with his own mind.”

“Ay,” said Urbes, “but in the city he becomes acquainted with a thousand other minds.”

Sylvanus: “In the country a man learns to think for himself.”

Urb[es]: “Egad, in town he has no need of the trouble; he has a thousand others to think for him.”

Love cooled down into fr[ie]ndsh[i]p, which is Love retired on half pay.

Old gent used to have his pew well lined and stuffed as he did his carriage. He took his nap there twice 222 on Sunday very cosily, and thought to travel comfortably to heaven as he did to town, dozing comfortably all the way.

[*The next page is devoted to three small pencil sketches showing types of peasant costume, with head dresses of men and women. There are also a few faded flowers, violets which Irving has pressed between the pages of his diary—“Flowers taken from churchyard of Herrnhut.”*]

Remark of an advocate at Aix-la-Chapelle: “The Prussians have done in two years what Bonaparte for the French could not in twenty-five. They have caused the French to be loved.”

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Great men are generally more anxious to have the reputation of talents which they do not possess, than to be extolled for those on which their greatness is founded.

Cuvier would be thought great politician, and is little elated by any praise as comparative anatomist. Wellington makes light of the science of war, but values himself on a talent for science; and Bonaparte was continually aspiring to the name of a great legislator, instead of great captain.

“La belle France,” says Col., “ *c’est une belle chose*. If the French have their faults they have 223 likewise their virtues. If the massacres of the [] displayed the cruelty of the assassins, they likewise displayed the virtues of the victims, and both are French. We must not take our ideas of France from 224 the *palais royal*. Visit their Court of Justice, their theatres, and see their judgment and clearness of perception. They are amiable in manners.”

Story of old soldier at Metz when King is sick—his contempt for bishop—his *compagnie*.

Louis le bien-aimé et mal gouverné.

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Old French songs preserved in Canada—songs of the wine countries—sing them on the lakes to the sound of the oars dipping in the glassy water.

The great use of mirrors commenced under the Regency—luxury was more ingenious, but lighter and more changeable and contributed less to national glory.

The Regent purchased at an immense price the diamond which bears his name.

Formed the gallery of the Louvre.

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During the Regency, success in society was an object of emulation among men of letters. They studied even among courtiers, the fitnesses of court life, and sought to display them in all their writings.

Solitary miners of literature in Germany—men working hours and hours each day in little, dull towns.